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By Arnold Bennett

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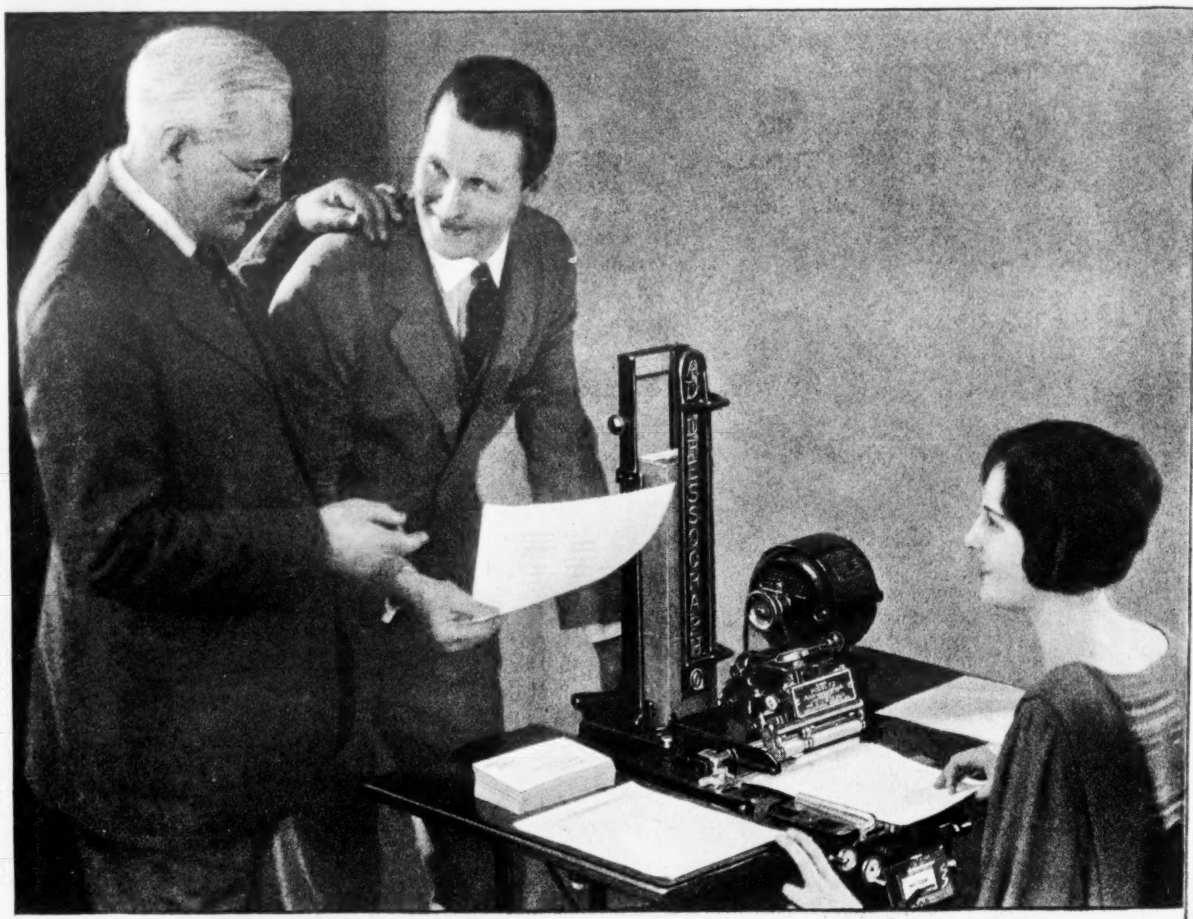

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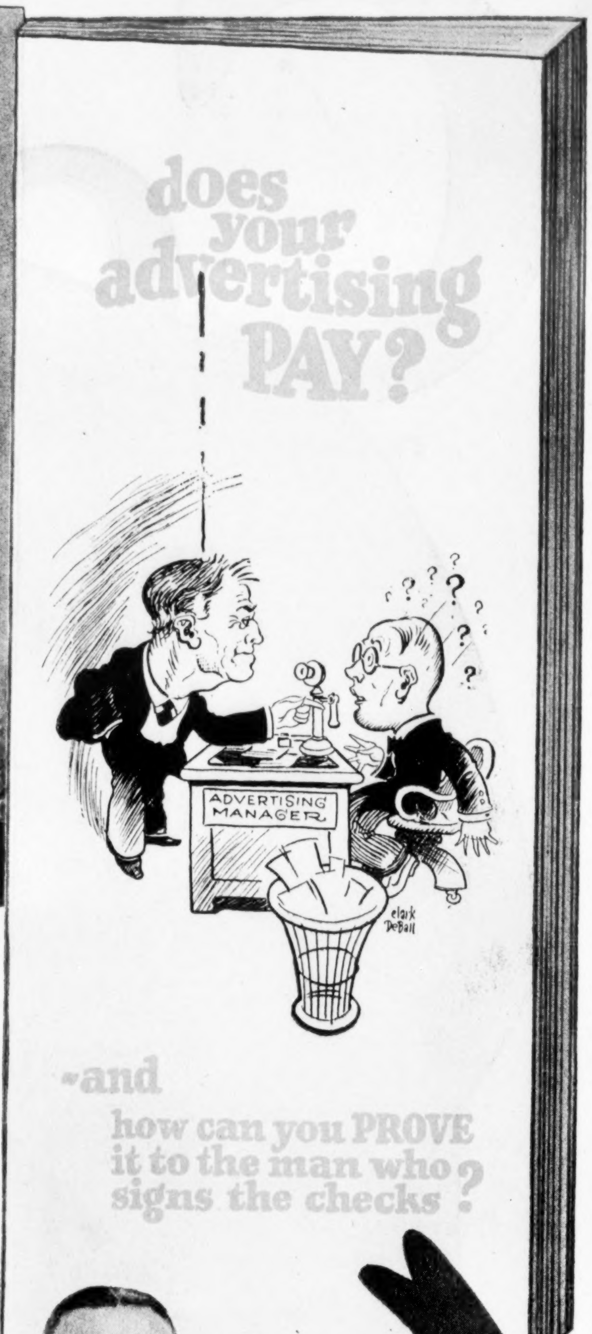
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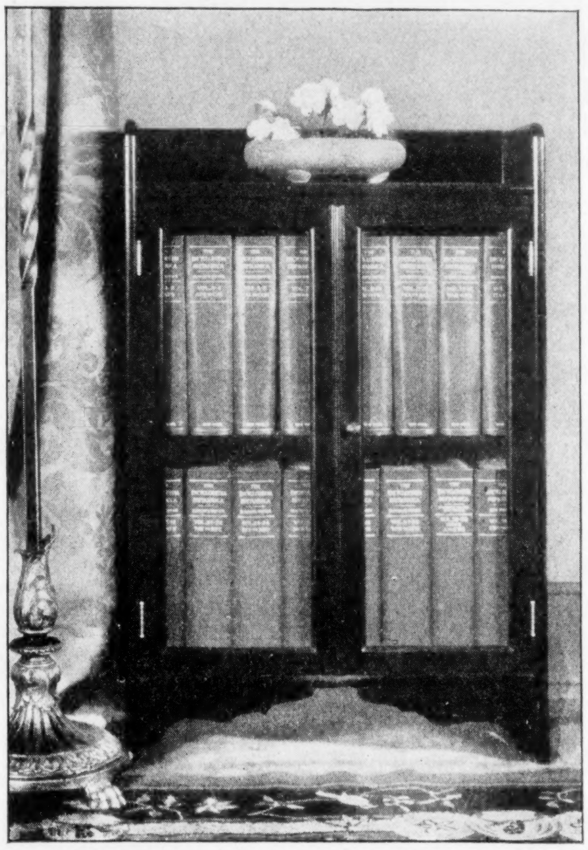

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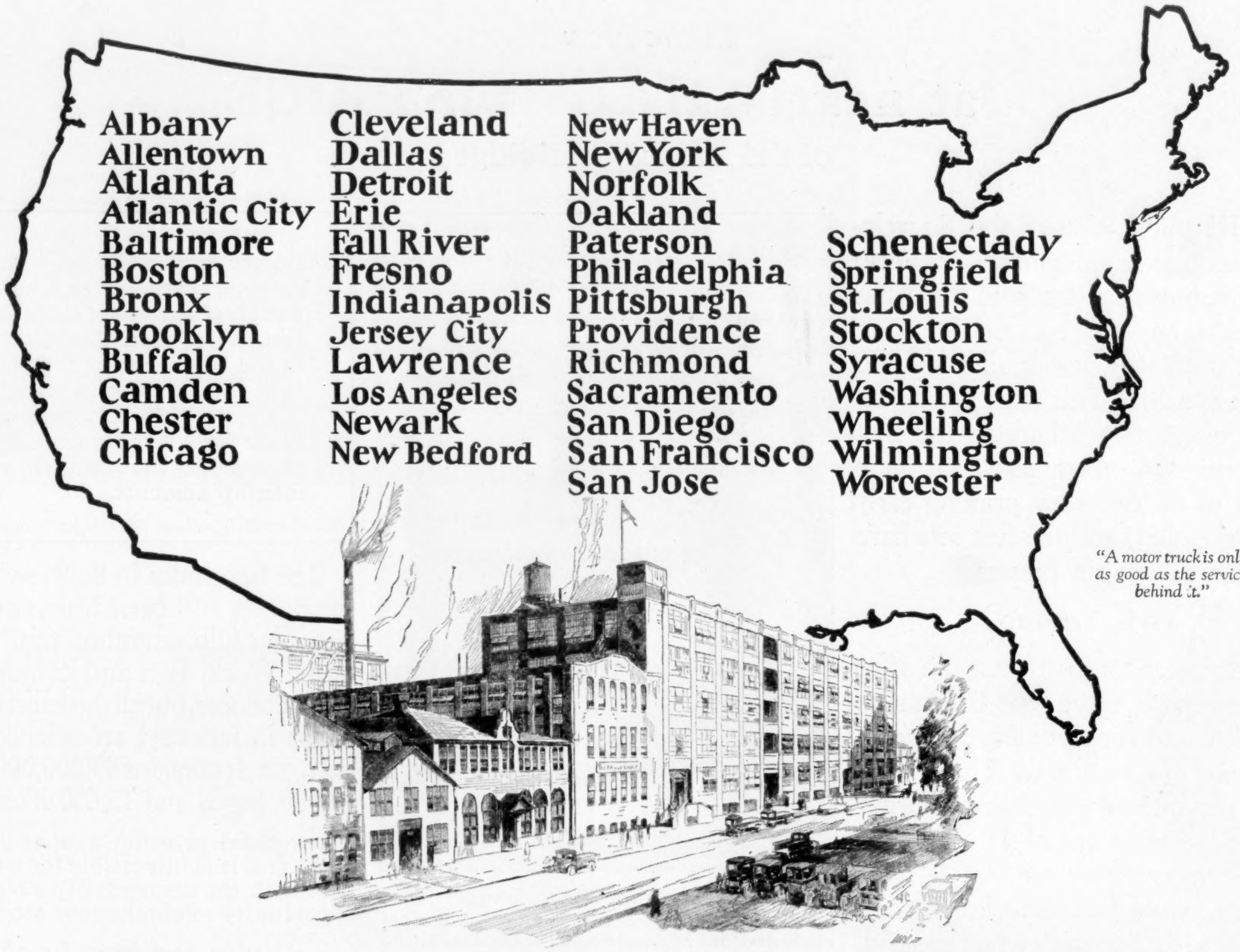

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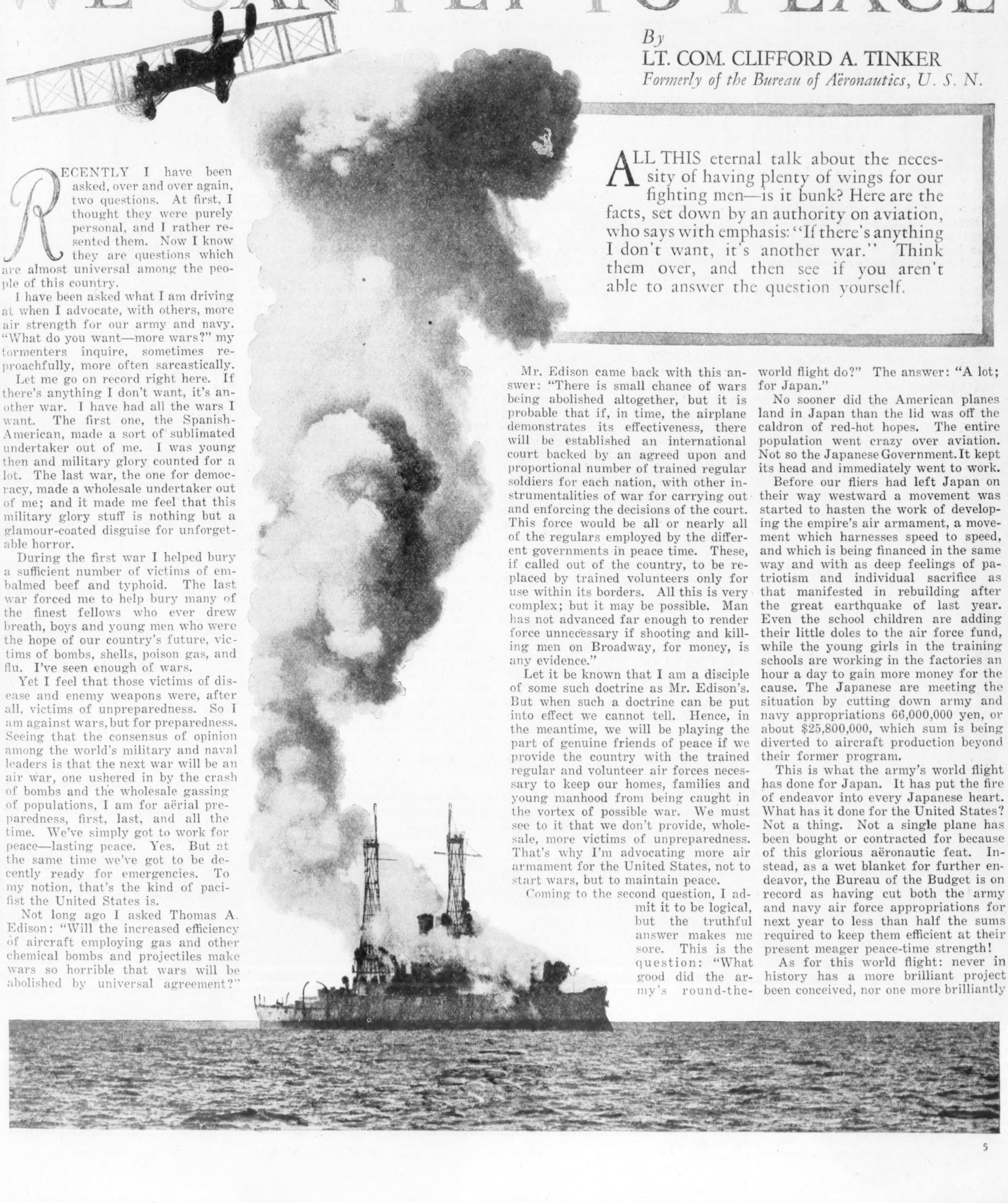
WE CAN FLY TO PEACE

By
LT. COM. CLIFFORD A. TINKER
Formerly of the Bureau of Aëronautics, U. S. N.



ALL THIS eternal talk about the necessity of having plenty of wings for our fighting men—is it bunk? Here are the facts, set down by an authority on aviation, who says with emphasis: "If there's anything I don't want, it's another war." Think them over, and then see if you aren't able to answer the question yourself.

RECENTLY I have been asked, over and over again, two questions. At first, I thought they were purely personal, and I rather resented them. Now I know they are questions which are almost universal among the people of this country.

I have been asked what I am driving at when I advocate, with others, more air strength for our army and navy. "What do you want—more wars?" my tormenters inquire, sometimes reproachfully, more often sarcastically.

Let me go on record right here. If there's anything I don't want, it's another war. I have had all the wars I want. The first one, the Spanish-American, made a sort of sublimated undertaker out of me. I was young then and military glory counted for a lot. The last war, the one for democracy, made a wholesale undertaker out of me; and it made me feel that this military glory stuff is nothing but a glamour-coated disguise for unforgetable horror.

During the first war I helped bury a sufficient number of victims of embalmed beef and typhoid. The last war forced me to help bury many of the finest fellows who ever drew breath, boys and young men who were the hope of our country's future, victims of bombs, shells, poison gas, and flu. I've seen enough of wars.

Yet I feel that those victims of disease and enemy weapons were, after all, victims of unpreparedness. So I am against wars, but for preparedness. Seeing that the consensus of opinion among the world's military and naval leaders is that the next war will be an air war, one ushered in by the crash of bombs and the wholesale gassing of populations, I am for aërial preparedness, first, last, and all the time. We've simply got to work for peace—lasting peace. Yes. But at the same time we've got to be decently ready for emergencies. To my notion, that's the kind of pacifist the United States is.

Not long ago I asked Thomas A. Edison: "Will the increased efficiency of aircraft employing gas and other chemical bombs and projectiles make wars so horrible that wars will be abolished by universal agreement?"

Mr. Edison came back with this answer: "There is small chance of wars being abolished altogether, but it is probable that if, in time, the airplane demonstrates its effectiveness, there will be established an international court backed by an agreed upon and proportional number of trained regular soldiers for each nation, with other instrumentalities of war for carrying out and enforcing the decisions of the court. This force would be all or nearly all of the regulars employed by the different governments in peace time. These, if called out of the country, to be replaced by trained volunteers only for use within its borders. All this is very complex; but it may be possible. Man has not advanced far enough to render force unnecessary if shooting and killing men on Broadway, for money, is any evidence."

Let it be known that I am a disciple of some such doctrine as Mr. Edison's. But when such a doctrine can be put into effect we cannot tell. Hence, in the meantime, we will be playing the part of genuine friends of peace if we provide the country with the trained regular and volunteer air forces necessary to keep our homes, families and young manhood from being caught in the vortex of possible war. We must see to it that we don't provide, wholesale, more victims of unpreparedness. That's why I'm advocating more air armament for the United States, not to start wars, but to maintain peace.

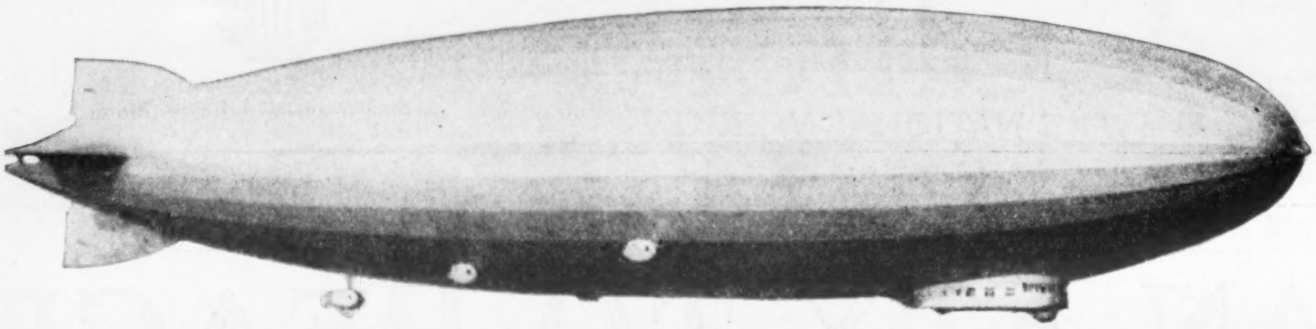
Coming to the second question, I admit it to be logical, but the truthful answer makes me sore. This is the question: "What good did the army's round-the-world flight do?" The answer: "A lot; for Japan."

No sooner did the American planes land in Japan than the lid was off the caldron of red-hot hopes. The entire population went crazy over aviation. Not so the Japanese Government. It kept its head and immediately went to work.

Before our fliers had left Japan on their way westward a movement was started to hasten the work of developing the empire's air armament, a movement which harnesses speed to speed, and which is being financed in the same way and with as deep feelings of patriotism and individual sacrifice as that manifested in rebuilding after the great earthquake of last year. Even the school children are adding their little doles to the air force fund, while the young girls in the training schools are working in the factories an hour a day to gain more money for the cause. The Japanese are meeting the situation by cutting down army and navy appropriations 66,000,000 yen, or about $25,800,000, which sum is being diverted to aircraft production beyond their former program.

This is what the army's world flight has done for Japan. It has put the fire of endeavor into every Japanese heart. What has it done for the United States? Not a thing. Not a single plane has been bought or contracted for because of this glorious aëronautic feat. Instead, as a wet blanket for further endeavor, the Bureau of the Budget is on record as having cut both the army and navy air force appropriations for next year to less than half the sums required to keep them efficient at their present meager peace-time strength!

As for this world flight: never in history has a more brilliant project been conceived, nor one more brilliantly



Remember what ships like this did to London? We have only two

carried to success. It is a tribute to American daring, skill, fortitude and pioneering enterprise. Lieut. Lowell Smith and his gallant companions, without thought of anything but their country's welfare and prestige, breasted the uncharted air currents of Arctic latitudes, braved the humid, sweltering heats of the tropics and the sand-laden winds of the desert, dodged treacherous icebergs and mountain peaks, and by sheer courage and devotion set a new milestone in the path of adventure and human achievement against vast odds.

Despite the statements that this enterprise was purely scientific, that it was intended to be the trail-blazer of world-wide air commerce, we know it was undertaken for another purpose, science and commerce notwithstanding. It was done to awaken national interest in aviation, to show our own government as well as the rest of the world what American fliers can do. It was done with the hope that the Congress and our leaders would be stimulated to action, to the end that increased appropriations might come for expanding our present inadequate peace-time air establishments.

Did you ever go to the "big boss" with a project that you knew could be done, and which when done would prove the value of a suggested policy? And did the big fellow say: "Go to it!" And did you put it over one hundred per cent? And then when the policy was put before the board of directors was it turned down flat? All your sweating, long hours of overwork, maybe injured health, gone to pot. How did you feel? What about your loyalty to that board; your faith in your fellow men? Isn't it enough to make a man quit and lie down, such treatment as this?

Well, then, isn't such a course as that pursued on the part of our authorities in connection with the world flight enough to break the iron hearts of those who constitute our air forces? If ever public servants have earned recognition, these fliers have. But their soul-stirring deeds have brought comfort to others; to their own people their successful efforts are lost through governmental indifference.

True, President Coolidge is asking for enlightenment respecting the relative value of the battleship and aviation in naval warfare. This indicates some interest, as the President himself states, resulting from the successful completion of the world flight. But this inquiry merely reopens the discussion concerning the truth of the statement that battleships are obsolete, made so by the development of air power.

Congress Has Done Nothing

REGARDING this project, certain advocates of air power and sea power alike have gone beyond the truth in their contentions. Yet the truth is bad enough when our lack of fleet and coast-defense aircraft is considered. Because to-day—never mind their status in the future, that will take care of itself—aircraft are of the most vital importance to navies. They are mobile periscopes, covering enormous distances with speed greater than the hurricane's, mounting miles into the sky; they are the eyes, ears, and nose of a fleet, they are the "senses" of naval forces. Hence they give to the battleship a new and augmented potency for destruction, permitting accurate gunfire at extreme ranges, spying out an enemy below the horizon, directing the great floating fort to advantageous positions impossible by surface methods.

With the advent of the aircraft carrier—seagoing airdromes that they are—with the perfection of the catapult for launching airplanes and seaplanes from ships at sea, and with the long-range monster rigid airships, we have a scale of activities in the aërial arm which really gives a new and terrible effectiveness to all types of surface and subsurface craft. Aircraft, then, assure us a manageable three-plane navy: air, surface, and under-sea. With these things in mind the reader can readily understand that aviation extends our search and protective scouting to limits that make surprise attacks impossible, that it wipes out the sailor's "no man's land," that it enables us to bomb and torpedo the enemy out of action, that it gives us the power to gas ship's crews to lethal impotency—in fact, that aviation has changed the whole aspect of fleet mobility and administration at sea in war.

Happy is the nation whose fleet is possessed of a preponderance of air power; worse than useless is the navy deficient in air power when facing one adequately supplied. The latter fleet, even though lacking some otherwise important units among its surface and subsurface craft, has the advantage, for the former cannot put to sea unless bent upon suicide.

Only among the unsound strategists and guesswork tacticians is there controversy regarding the relative value of aviation and the battleship. Common sense alone emphasizes the great need of both. For instance, while the around-the-world fliers were covering 25,000 miles by air, naval vessels steamed more than 75,000 miles to make the flight possible. Only over the land are aircraft directly independent of surface vessels; the oceans are so vast, oversea distances are so great that, once at sea, aircraft need mother ships, tenders, carriers; floating landing fields and repair shops, if you please.

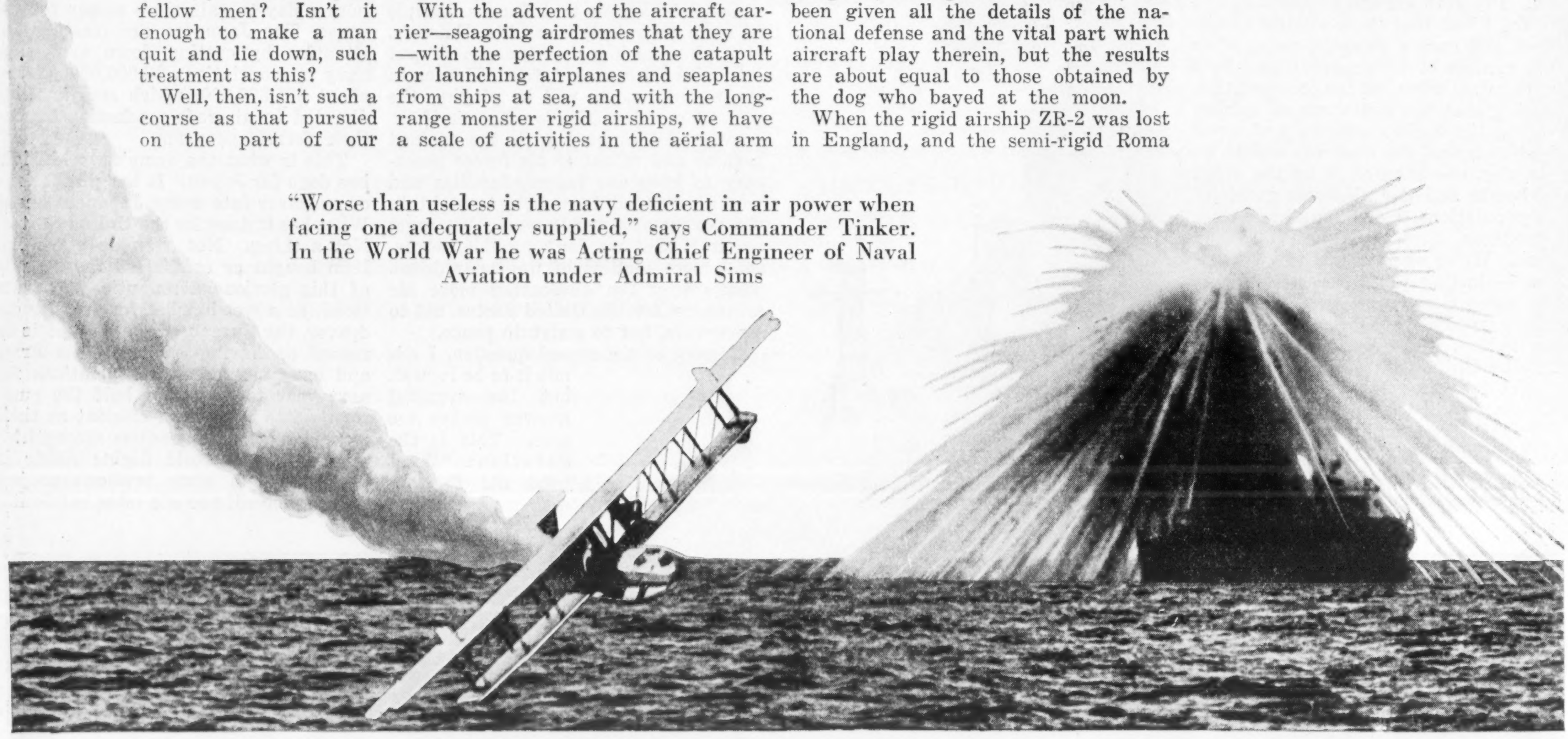
These truths have all been brought home to the federal government. The Congress, through its committees, has been given all the details of the national defense and the vital part which aircraft play therein, but the results are about equal to those obtained by the dog who bayed at the moon.

When the rigid airship ZR-2 was lost in England, and the semi-rigid Roma wrecked and burned at Hampton Roads, the terrible loss of life (44 were killed on the ZR-2 and 34 on the Roma) was due, in great measure, to the burning of hydrogen gas with which the two ships were inflated. The lesson learned was that we should never use hydrogen, highly inflammable, as a buoyancy medium for airships, but that we should extract and use helium, a non-inflammable gas, found in quantity only in this country. In spite of this, and knowing that the Shenandoah was in commission and that the Los Angeles would be, during its recess the last Congress failed to provide funds permitting the navy to extract enough helium to fill the two ships. Now, when the Los Angeles is in use, the Shenandoah must be deflated and kept in her hangar, while her helium is in the balloonets of the former ship. One ship only can be used at a time, with the expense and waste of inflating and deflating added to the loss of service.

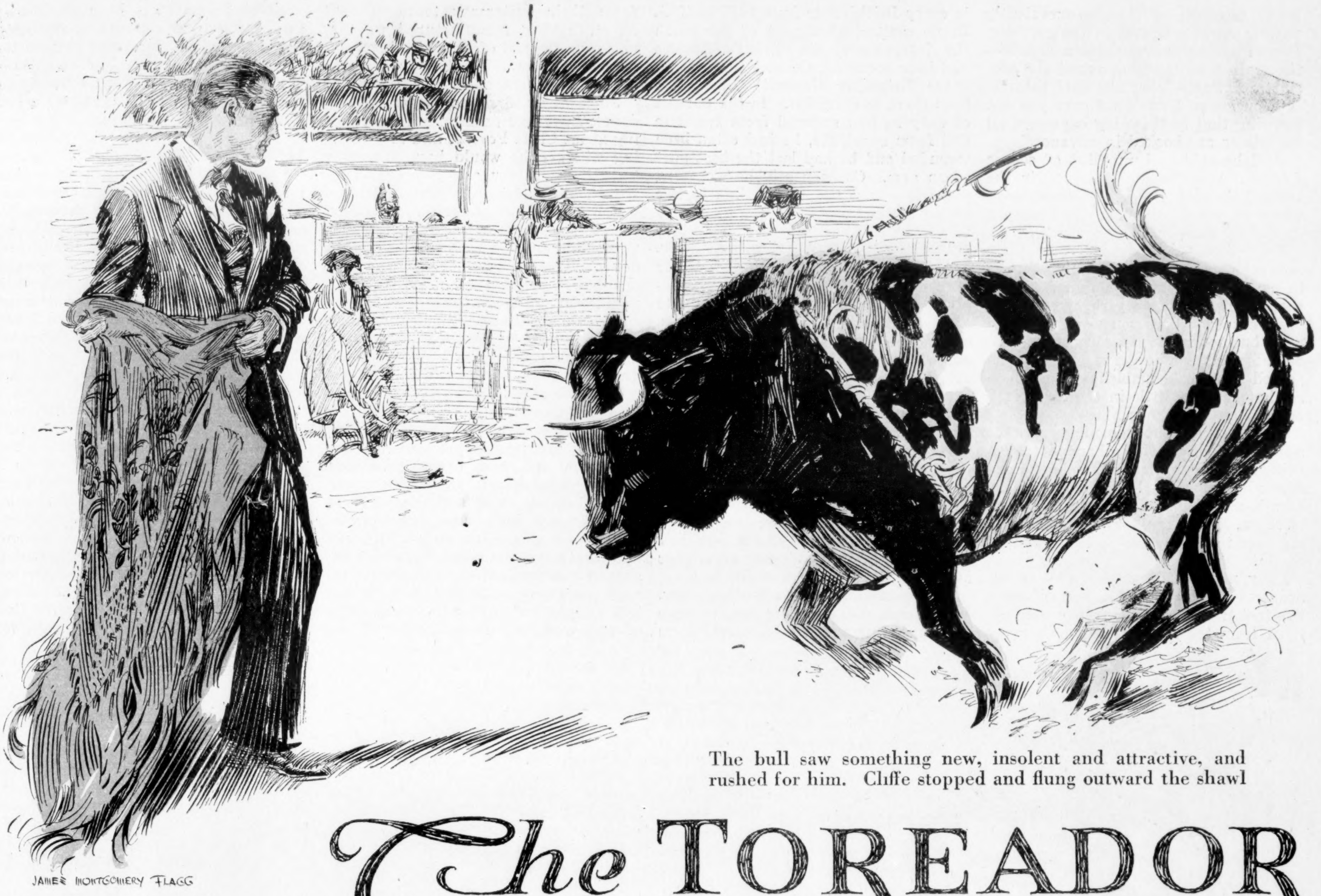
Can this be called sense? Hardly, particularly when we recall that it was the failure of the Congress to provide $14,000 to transport helium from Fort Worth, Tex., to Langley Field, Va., that cost us the 34 lives on the Roma. There was plenty of helium in the retainers in Texas, but in Texas it was of no avail in the hour of disaster in Virginia. Congress, in the name of economy, sold out those 34 lives for about $412 each. The training of the poor chaps alone cost the government an average of about $15,000 each, officers and men, and the Roma herself represented nearly $1,000,000.

Let's see what our defense problems are, and what air forces we have to meet the situation. Our long and widely separated coast lines, now leading thousands of miles southward to encompass the Panama Canal, our total lack of naval bases and fuel stations along the trade routes traversed by our new merchant marine, and our remote possessions in the Far East, placed as they are "on the map," thrust upon us strategic problems which make our defense a matter of extraordinary difficulty.

It is along our tremendously extended defense line that an enemy intent on invasion (*Continued on page 35*)



"Worse than useless is the navy deficient in air power when facing one adequately supplied," says Commander Tinker. In the World War he was Acting Chief Engineer of Naval Aviation under Admiral Sims



The bull saw something new, insolent and attractive, and rushed for him. Cliffe stopped and flung outward the shawl

The TOREADOR

By ARNOLD BENNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

CLIFFE was standing, a suit case in either strong hand, on one of the platforms of the maritime station at Calais, when he glimpsed Lucy through the window of one of the luxury trains that waited here and there, casually—as it seemed—to be assaulted, stormed, and taken possession of by imperious throngs of well-dressed travelers who knew what they wanted, were determined to get it, were evidently accustomed to get it, and were in fact getting it. Cliffe had recently paid a tailor's bill, and he knew that there was scarcely an overcoat in that throng worth less than fifteen pounds; as for the women's plain but perfect apparel, he could not face the estimate of its value; but he knew the cost of their apparently simple hand bags, for on the previous afternoon he had been pricing hand bags, for his mother, in Bond Street. He was positively shaken at the thought of the amount of loose money in the world and of the number of persons in the world who were so placed as to be able to devote themselves to expensive pleasures involving large movements over the world's surface.

And he was more shaken because he had just escaped from a northern town, appropriately called Workington, where he worked upon research in the laboratories of a vast chemical manufactory, the property of a limited company with a capital of seven million pounds. At Workington his surroundings were ugly, squalid, smoky, even filthy. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the inhabitants toiled laboriously amid the smoke for weekly sums which these occupiers of luxury trains would spend without a second thought on trifles like an umbrella, a scarf, or a bottle of scent; probably none of them had ever traveled farther than the Isle of Man, and all of them had to take their brief, crowded holidays in August.

The astonishing contrasts of life, however, did not seriously disturb Cliffe's peace of mind. He was twenty-three, tall and muscular; he had the boundless, careless, cheerful confidence which comes to a small extent from a good education and training at an ancient university, and to a large extent from perfect health. He had a fortnight's leave, a passport, and a couple of hundred pounds—the product partly of earnings and partly of bonuses; and he was going to join one or two fellows in Paris for Easter. It was by no means his intention to scatter all of the two hundred pounds, but you never knew what might happen to you.

On the previous evening he had made the acquaintance of Lucy at a dance in London, and since the encounter he had passed many hours in thinking about her and in wondering how and when he might plan to meet her again. Then he had seen her on the Dover-Calais steamer, and had been prevented by the crush and her strange, flitting elusiveness from getting at her; and now he saw her for the third time with only a pane of glass between them. She had not noticed him.

He perceived upon a metal disk dangling from the side of the coach the words, "*4 ème voiture.*" At the door at the end of the carriage was a uniformed attendant.

"Is this the fourth carriage?" he demanded of the attendant, with that calm, jolly assurance which is the outcome of spacious homes, public schools, and universities.

"Yes, sair."

"Right. You just take these, will you?"

And the attendant eagerly hauled up the two suit cases. Cliffe followed the suit cases. The compartments and saloon of the coach were full of a disorder of travelers finding their places and generally settling themselves.

"HELLO, Lucy!" he exclaimed, smiling lightly at the princess of his thoughts.

"Hello, Cliffe!"

(They had acquired in a night the easy intimacy of post-war manners.)

"Where are you going to?" she inquired, shaking hands.

"If it comes to that, where are *you* going to?"

"Seville, for Easter."

"So am I," said Cliffe.

"How ripping!" she exclaimed simply.

There can be no doubt that the princess was pleased to be pleased.

"All alone?" he questioned.

"Yes, except for auntie's maid. I'm joining uncle and auntie in Seville."

"I must just get my place," said he, and left her. He vanished, not only from her sight, but also from the sight of the coach conductor. It was not until after the train had well started that he approached Lucy again, with an admirable simulation of a long face.

"I say," said he. "I'm in the dickens and all of a mess. It seems you have to book your places in advance in these trains, and I didn't book a place. Did you?"

"Of course!" said Lucy, astounded and superior. "Weeks since! Do you mean to say you didn't know?"

"How should I?" he retorted. "I've never had time to go to the Continent since I was a boy and carted about like a parcel. The head mandarin here is fearfully cross, and he can only speak thirteen and a half words of English and I can't speak any French. Do be a sport and tell him I didn't know. I expect you talk French like one o'clock."

Lucy laughed freely, very freely. The sequel proved that she did talk French like one o'clock. Trouble there assuredly was, and much of it. But, after a somewhat heavy financial transaction of a secret nature, the tangle with the train authorities was smoothed out, and Cliffe was accommodated with the berth of the head mandarin himself. True, that during the daytime, if he wanted to sit he had to sit on a tip-up seat in the corridor, but he did not much mind that. Lucy benevolently passed many moments in the corridor. It was during one of these moments—the train was dawdling round the outskirts of Paris—that she said to him:

"You know, I can't get over you not knowing that in these big expresses all the places are booked in advance."

And he said to her: "But of course I knew. Only when I saw you in the train I decided all of a sudden to go wherever you were going. So I jumped in and chanced it."

Lucy blushed; Lucy frowned; Lucy left the corridor; Lucy did not appear in the restaurant car for dinner. Cliffe thought how strange girls were. You always knew where you were with any man, but never with any woman. Still, he admired her reserve, though he feared her incalculableness—so much so that he slept little in the tiny berth of the head mandarin.

When, the next morning, at the Spanish frontier, they changed trains, Cliffe had to be diplomatic and generous toward another head mandarin without Lucy's aid. But she did speak to him, later on, as the train was switch-backing over the interminable mountains of Spain.

Lucy was a tall, dark girl—indeed, nearly as tall as Cliffe, who reached five foot ten quite. Her father, now retired from the army, had done service in every British war from 1895 to 1918. In no matter what part of the earth the integrity of the British Empire had been menaced, Colonel (once for a space Brigadier General) Brest had been there to defend it. In the pursuit of duty he had suffered from frostbite and from sunstroke, he had often been wounded and he had lost the best part of an arm. Consequently he was very poor; it was easier to die than to live on his retired pay.

CONSEQUENTLY Lucy was poor. Nevertheless Lucy, being familiar with a large number of well-to-do people, contrived to have a wonderful life of pleasure: suppers, dinners, lunches, automobile excursions, theatres, dances, dances, and yet again dances. She got everything for nothing. Her very cigarettes were given to her; even books were given to her. Thus she was thoroughly accustomed to the fruits of money, while having none; and she had the fastidiousness, the yearning for the absolute best, of a millionaire. How she managed to be always smartly dressed I cannot explain; she herself could not have explained; it was just a girl's miracle. But many such girls accomplish many such miracles.

Her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Brest, did a lot for her, because she amused them and often saved them from their customary tedium. John Brest, having manufactured military uniforms instead of wearing them, was of course very rich. Still, not a bad fellow—and generous.

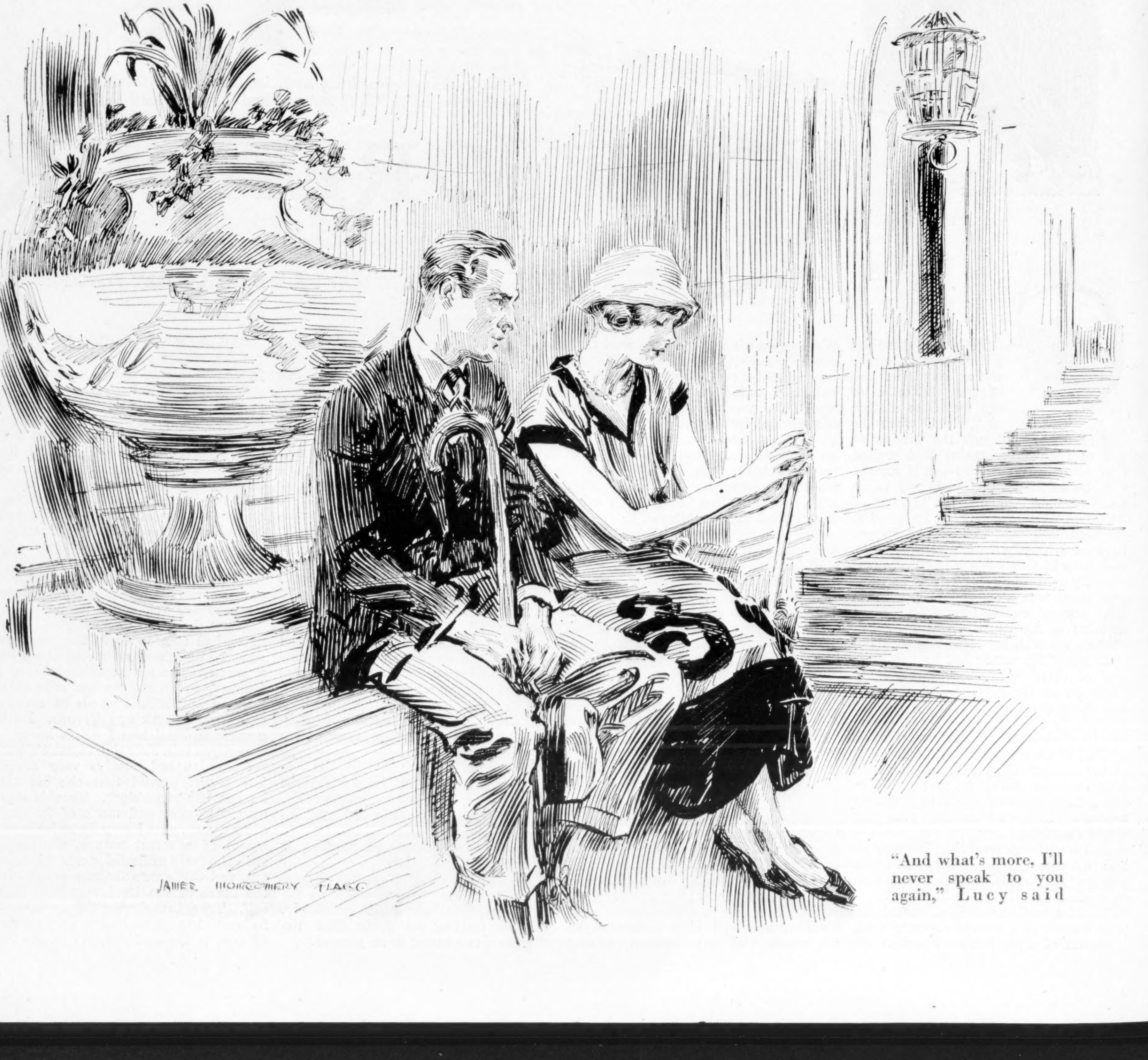
Since their first encounter, at the dance, Lucy had passed hours in thinking about Cliffe Forrest and in wondering whether he would have the sense to take any measures to see her again. He did not belong to "her crowd," of which most of the young male members somewhat bored her. She could not quite make him out, add him up, or take him down. Hence, though breezy with him, she had been careful. Any ordinary youth who had bored her less than usual she would have casually asked where if ever they were to meet once more.

Cliffe attracted her because he did and knew few of the things that her crowd did and knew, and because he was obviously very keen on certain strange and horrible toil at which he labored in a strange and horrible town of which she had never previously heard. His descriptions were amusingly phrased. And he had *sang froid.* The calmness with which he recounted to her how something (she understood not what) had exploded under a pressure of two hundred atmospheres (what were two hundred atmospheres?) and left naught but a few tiny fragments of two workmen, both frightened and enchanted her. Yet I doubt whether Cliffe would have seriously attracted her if he had not danced rather masterfully, had not had a fair complexion with fair hair, had worn a mustache, had not had sparkling eyes and a funnily deep voice.

WHEN she glimpsed him on the steamer she had ingeniously avoided him and could not explain to herself why. When she saw him through the carriage window she had dropped her gaze. When he accosted her in the carriage and told her he was going to Seville she had begun to believe in fate. When he sought her aid to get him out of a most absurd and inconceivable mess she was really delighted. Could such ignorance as his exist? She felt like a protective aunt to him, and enjoyed the feeling.

But when he brightly and impudently informed her that the mess was of his own deliberate making and that he had audaciously changed his destination to Seville for the sole reason that Seville was her destination too—then she became stiff, queerly resentful. And she was afraid. Further, she suddenly ceased to feel like a protective aunt to him, and constituted herself a protective aunt to Mrs. Brest's maid, who was sampling the Continent for the first time and mournfully

(*Continued on page 36*)



"And what's more, I'll never speak to you again," Lucy said

He Likes to face Lions ALONE

What A. J. Klein learned in his fourteen years of hunting big game

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

He has killed eighty-eight lions

"WHAT was the most-thrilling incident—the closest call—that you ever had in your career as a lion hunter?"

A. J. Klein, one of the world's foremost lion hunters, took the question as calmly as the captain of a less dangerous industry might have taken a query concerning the biggest deal he had ever put over. He looked thoughtfully out of the window of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, whither he had just returned after fourteen years of hunting in Africa. He had killed eighty-eight lions and been in at the death of four hundred others.

"I have been close to getting mauled several times," said Mr. Klein. ["Getting mauled" means being frightfully clawed and bitten by the most savage of wild animals.] "There was one lion that actually reached me. But for the fact that he was dead when he struck me, I might not be here.

"It came about in this way: We were trying to get a lion out of a thicket, so we could get a cinematograph picture of a native warrior spearing the animal. He refused to come out. I was standing about fifteen feet from the edge of the brush. I picked up a light rifle and fired into the thicket, and it happened that I wounded the lion, the animal springing at me. Four other hunting companions were standing by. They fired simultaneously and killed the lion in the air. His body struck me, and we rolled over together, but I was unhurt. Any one of the four bullets would have killed the animal instantly. Good shooting, I call it.

"You see," said Mr. Klein, pointing to a statuette of a charging lion in the far corner of the room, "a lion can jump thirty feet. He begins his charge anywhere from one hundred feet to sixty feet; and he usually ends with a spring. If you will shout at the exact moment a lion springs you may disconcert him a little and make him pause an instant, which should be long enough for you to plant a bullet in him.

"Or, if you will jump back or to one side a yard or so when the lion is in the air, of course he cannot get you until he strikes the ground and makes another spring—although I have known of a lion changing its course in mid-air. A hunter was standing by when a lioness charged a native. He fired after the lioness had sprung at the warrior. The lioness, which was only wounded by the shot, actually changed her course in mid-air sufficiently to reach the hunter and give him a severe mauling.

"Another time when I was nearly done in by a lion was when there was no one standing by to give aid. I had built a *boma*, or circle of brush, a sort of protection which is used in hunting lions at night. I had staked a dead zebra as bait outside the entrance to the *boma*. I waited nearly all night for a lion, but as none appeared I went to sleep. I awoke at daylight just in time to see a big male stick his head in the entrance and make for me. I rolled over and grabbed my rifle and managed to kill him just as he sprang."

Mr. Klein began as a naturalist but turned to lion hunting as the one business with variety and excitement enough to keep him out of civilization's familiar ruts.

A setting of ostrich eggs was responsible for his taking up this strange calling.

"I was out hunting eggs, fourteen years ago, with a friend of mine who had gone into the ostrich business," he told me. "It was at a time when nearly everybody in South Africa seemed to go in for ostrich raising. The nests are hunted at sunrise. The male bird sits on the eggs all night, while the female feeds, and in the morning they change places. By tracking down the female, it is possible to find the nest. The eggs are taken out of the warm sand and put in an incubator. We were out looking for nests in this manner, when a lion came at us from a thicket. I killed the lion, and—well, I had found my vocation. Since then I've made it my principal business to guide hunters into the districts where they can get lions."

"How does the average man react when he faces a lion?" I asked.

"Any man is nervous, to say the least, when he faces a lion for the first time," was the answer.

"It is only natural that his nerve should be shaken. You come up to a thicket where a wounded lion is tearing around and making the air and the very earth vibrate with his roaring, and it cannot help but be terrifying. Some of the native warriors will spear lions, but they show their nervousness and fear by the way their legs twitch.

"It is easy enough to be a hero, in lion hunting, when there are others standing about ready to help, but the real test comes in facing lions alone. The sporting thing to do is to run a lion down on horseback or on foot, alone. Few men do either. A lion can be run down by a hunter on foot inside of a thousand yards, provided there are no clumps of brush for the animal to dodge into. Usually a lion will make off, not because he is afraid of you, but because he wants to have nothing to do with you. If you keep on his trail, he will turn and charge. Most men fire too soon, and, if they merely wound the lion, he keeps coming. As a lion is one of the swiftest of animals, he is on you before you realize it.

"In running down lions from the saddle, it is the sporting thing to jump off your horse and meet the charge on foot. Lions are so speedy that, unless you have a good horse, it is difficult to turn and make a getaway before the lion reaches you."

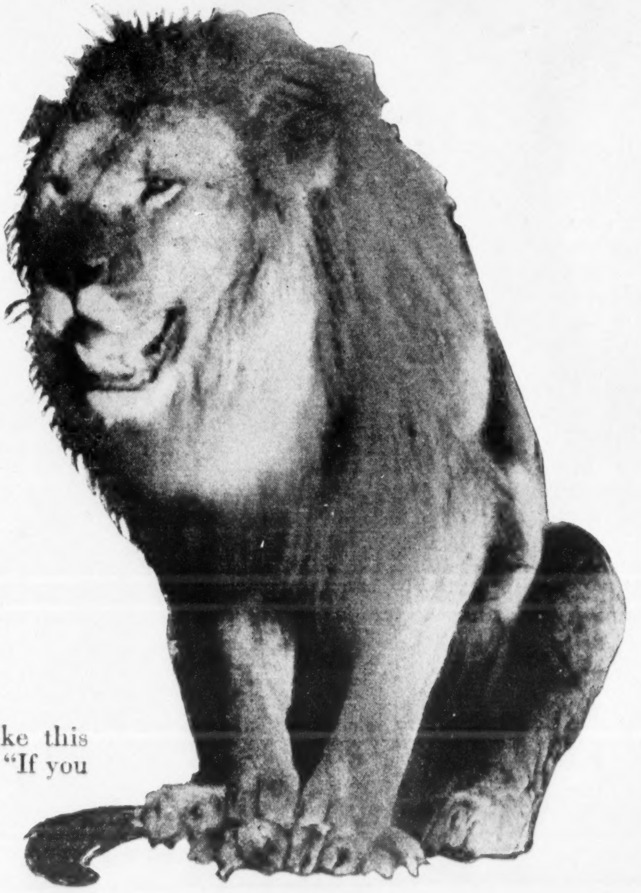
Its unexpectedness gives lion hunting its constant thrill for Mr. Klein.

"No two lions are killed under exactly the same circumstances," he said. "You may be stalking one, with every chance, seemingly, of getting a shot at him before he knows you are coming. He may be a big fellow at his ease, sunning himself with all four paws in the air. Before you get within firing distance, perhaps another lion, or maybe two or three others, will jump out of the grass. In fact, there may be lions all around. Once my partner and I were stalking a big lion through the grass. Just as my partner fired, a lioness jumped at him, not fifteen feet away. I saw him shoot the second animal dead, right off the end of his gun."

There is no real basis to the stories about the cowardice of lions, according to Mr. Klein.

"Such stories are spread by hunters who have killed lions under exceptionally easy conditions," he said. "They will shoot two or three lions that are making off, and then spread the stories that lions are cowardly. But the lion has no fear in him. Undoubtedly he knows that the zebras and other animals that are planted as bait have been manhandled, but, unlike our Western wolves and other animals that are wary of the scent

(*Continued on page 41*)

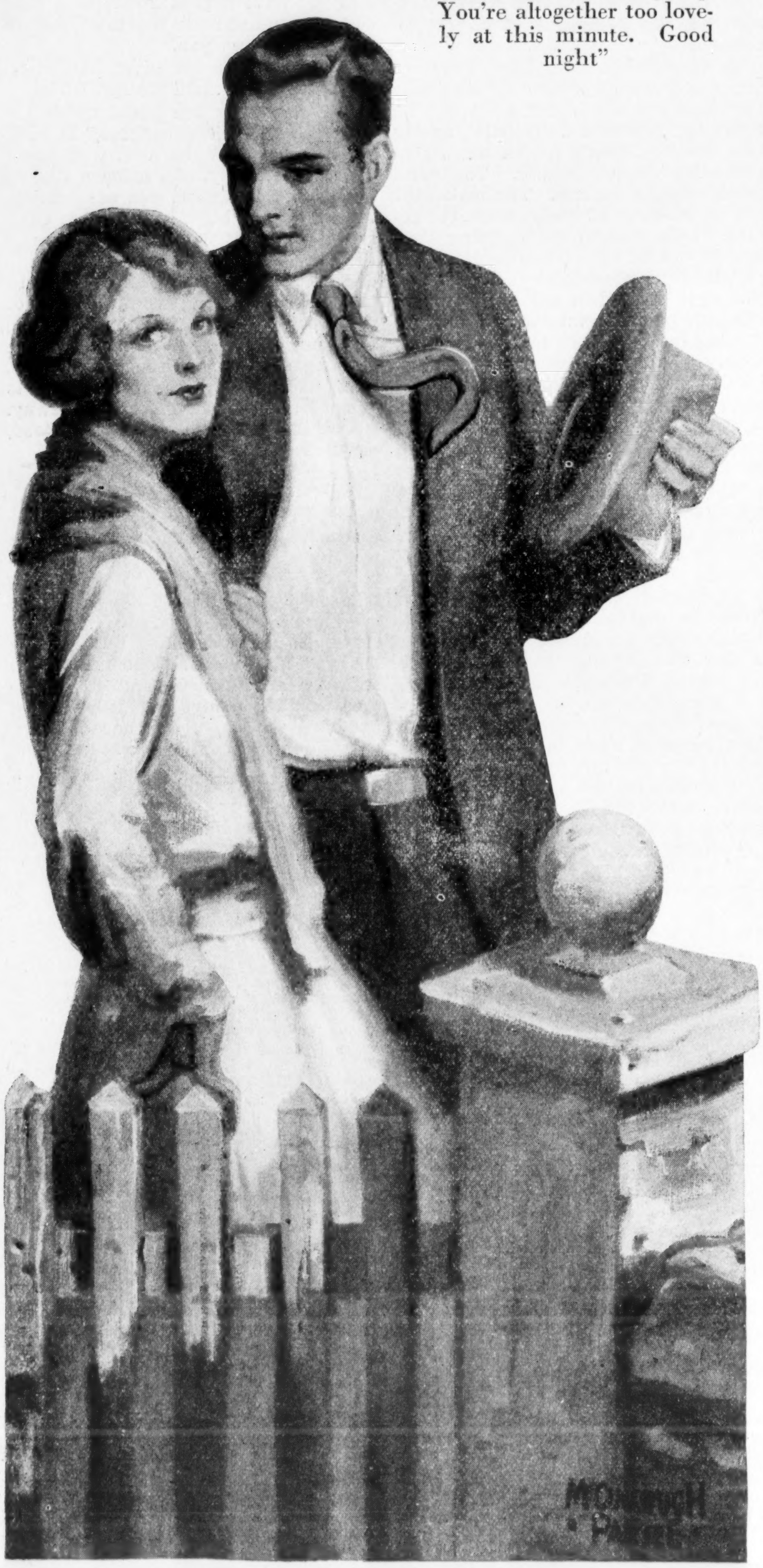


When a big one like this charges, step lively! "If you don't get him with two shots you are gone," says Mr. Klein

Not in the CONTRACT

By
JOHN BARTON OXFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY
McCULLOUGH PARTEE



Steve said very thickly, "Eve, I'd better be going. You're altogether too lovely at this minute. Good night"

TO STEVE TRASK the best part of his more and more infrequent visits to the old place was the hours he spent with his mother by the west window of her room. There was a splendid view from that window, and by it daily for the past eight years Mary Trask, helpless from a paralytic stroke, had set propped in the chair with the bunches of grapes carved on its frame of black walnut, and looked out on sloping fields, rolling pasture land down by the brook, and pine woods beyond the pasture.

They were trim, well-kept fields; the tilled acres showed rich, brown earth without a stone in it; the hay land was guiltless of rowan; the small orchard and the scattered clumps of fruit trees, peaches, pears, and plums had no dead limbs nor unsightly patches of shoots to mar them; for Charley Trask, even though he was not making the farm pay any too well, at least kept it in good shape. The place looked prosperous, anyway.

Steve was sitting with his mother by that west window and April dusk was shutting down. In the kitchen Annie Lang, sixty-two by the calendar and two hundred and ten by the scales, who kept house for Charley and his mother, sang tunelessly of roses with dew upon them while she maltreated the supper dishes in the tin dishpan. The red tail light of Charley's flivver followed the turns of a road that wound down the slope at the far edge of the hayfields and disappeared in the shadows of the pines across the brook.

STEVE was watching that red light and smiling as he did so, although it was too dark for his mother to notice this. He had been telling her about a big sale of lumber he had engineered when it seemed as if the fates themselves were against him. He stopped abruptly in his narrative.

"Tell me, Mom, has Charley got a girl?" he asked her.

"Yes, dear."

"Who is it?"

"It's Eve, Stevey."

"Eve Stowell, Mom? Doesn't seem possible. Why, I think of Eve as a skinny little girl, face not too clean, hole in one stocking, shaking the upper branches of one of the cherry trees in the Stowells' back yard. Eve always was a young ape for climbing trees."

"Her face has been very clean every time I've seen her lately," said his mother with a smile, "and I'm sure I haven't noticed any holes in her stockings. I don't believe she climbs trees now, Stevey."

Steve did some counting on his fingers. "Good Lord, she must be twenty-two," he said as if he had made some startling discovery.

"They will grow up," said Mary Trask dryly. "She's a very pretty girl, dear, and a lovable one, as well. I'm glad she seems so taken with Charley."

"That's where he's gone to-night, then?"

"Of course. Now finish telling me how you finally got them to take that lumber."

Steve resumed his interrupted story. Mary Trask listened to him, nodding her head now and then and interpolating softly, "I see," or "So?"

"That was clever of you, Stevey," she said as he finished. "You get all that cleverness from your father. I envy clever people because I never was clever myself."

"Oh, no. Just good, which is infinitely better," said he.

"No flattery, young man, if you please," she warned him.

He took one of her thin hands in his own and patted it. It might have been the evening breeze at the window casing, but he fancied he heard a gentle sigh.

"Tired, Mom?" he asked. "Say, I'm keeping you up too late."

"No, you're not. Nobody does that these days when I want to go back to bed." Again the wind at the casement or the sigh, whichever it was. "Steve, I do wish Charley had a chance—like yours."

"A chance like mine, you say, Mom? Charley's got a chance that makes me envious—the chance to live here on the place and see you every day of his life. Besides, there's Eve; this wonderful grown-up Eve Stowell. I don't see where Charley needs any better chance than he's got."

She shook her fine old head, a trifle sadly, he thought. "Charley hasn't been very contented lately."

"Has he said so?"

"No, indeed. It is one of those things that you feel rather than see. He never says a word about it, and never would, of course, but I think there are times when he feels he is tied down, handicapped, with the place—and with me."

"It's Eve," said he promptly. "She wants him to have a big chance. She wants him to go away from here. Well, that's only natural, I suppose."

"It is not Eve at all," Mrs. Trask returned with spirit. "I think, perhaps, it's because you have done so well these past three years, and the place hasn't brought in very much to Charley. Quite possibly he can't help drawing comparisons. I'm afraid at times he feels he has drawn the worst end of a bargain."

"I'd hate to have him think anything like that," said Steve thoughtfully.

"So would I, Steve. Can't you find some opening for him, some good chance away from here?"

"I might. But you, Mom? What about you?"

"Annie and I could get along here nicely by ourselves. Of course we would sell off all the stock. For our running expenses I could dispose of a piece of land now and then."

AGAINST the faint light that still came through the window the slight figure in the chair was very straight and very proud. Back in the shadows where he sat Steve was able to scowl as much as he chose without attracting attention to the fact. He reached over to lay a hand on her shoulder.

"You would do all this for Charley?" he said.

"I would do it for either of you if it seemed best," she answered. "You boys must have your chance, the best chance possible, both of you. And fifty farms like this, or a hundred helpless old women must not stand in the way of it. Will you try to find an opening for Charley?"

"If you say so, Mom."

"Do you think you can find one for him?"

"I think so."

"Then do it, Stevey. He mustn't feel anyone has taken an unfair advantage of him. Now I'm a little tired.

If you don't mind, I think I'll get back to bed. Will you send Annie in, please?"

After the ponderous Annie Lang had waddled off toward his mother's room Steve kept on through the kitchen and the shed behind it to the short flight of steps at the rear door of that shed. He sat down on the top step, fumbled in his coat pocket for his pipe and tobacco pouch, found them, and began cramming tobacco into the pipe bowl. But, once the pipe was filled, he did not light it. Instead he sat tapping the rubber stem against his teeth and staring at a long, ragged shadow down the slope, which he knew was the outline of pine tops against the last pallid smudge of light that still remained in the west.

It was very warm for an April night; clear too, with the stars hanging low and seeming very intimate and friendly. Somewhere brush was burning. The pungent smell of the smoke in the warm night air came to him faintly and not at all unpleasantly. From his mother's room Annie Lang's voice, deep as a man's, drifted out to him:

"Jest lean on me, Mis' Trask! You know; this way! Now lemme get a good holt of ye."

HERE was peace that the human atom was forever desperately seeking. The farm, properly worked, should make good returns. He wondered if Charley realized what he had in his possession. The answer to that was perfectly obvious. Charley did not, else he would not have known such discontent. He recalled now, as he came to think it over carefully, that Charley had been different these last few times he had come home; somewhat more reserved; more than a little downhearted. For some time Steve had felt Charley was not getting all out of the place that he should. But that was his brother's affair and consequently he had been loth to offer either criticism or suggestion. He would offer neither now, but he did not intend to have Charley running away with the idea that he or anyone else was putting anything over on him.

Steve struck a match and belatedly lighted the pipe. He smoked so slowly that presently it went out. But he did not notice this; kept it between his teeth and pulled away at it methodically quite as if it were going full blast. And he was still hard at this dry smoking when Charley's flivver rattled up the slope and turned into the yard.

"Hello!" Steve called. "Didn't you make a hit with the lady this evening? You're home early, seems to me."

"Going to plow the lower lot to-morrow," Charley explained, "and when you've got a job like that on your hands, believe me, Steve, you want a full night's sleep before you start in."

"I remember the lower lot perfectly well. I'll say you're right, boy," Steve laughed.

Charley backed the flivver into the open wagon shed where he kept it and came across the yard, his face lighted by the flare of a match he held to a cigarette. Three years younger than Steve, he looked several years older. Where Steve's shoulders were thrown back, Charley's sagged forward; where Steve's hands were smooth and well-kept, Charley's were knotty and lumped with calluses; where Steve walked with a firm, springy step, Charley shuffled. Charley's face too showed wrinkles at the corners of the eyes, where Steve's showed no hint of them yet; and the corners of his mouth, when the face was in repose, were inclined to droop.

Charley settled himself on the lowest of the shed steps and took off his hat.

"Large evening, I'll say, Steve," he observed; then he noticed Steve's dead pipe. "Want a match, don't you?"

"Got a pocketful," said Steve, fishing one out and flaring it with his thumb nail. "Mom tells me she's an awful nice girl, Charley," he chuckled as he prodded down the half-burned tobacco in his pipe bowl and held the flame of the match to it.

"You've known her all your life," said his brother.

"If I had drawn a mental picture of her to-night before Mom mentioned her, I should have placed her in the top of one of the Stowells' cherry trees; way up in the very top, Charley, with a dirty face and a hole in one of her stockings."

"She's a little mite different from that nowadays," Charley explained. "Better run over there to-morrow and see for yourself."

"Mom's tickled to pieces about it, Charley."

"Yeah. I guess she is, all right."

"When is it to be? Have to begin to save up for the present pretty soon, will I?"

A change came over the man on the bottom step. It was nothing Steve could see. As his mother had explained it that evening, it was something he felt; something chilling, accusing, although Charley had neither moved a muscle nor spoken a word.

"You won't have to worry about anything like that for some time yet, I guess," said Charley after a long silence had intervened. "For one thing, there's Mom. I've got her on my hands, ain't I? Not but what Mom's all right, as far as she can be. Bet I wouldn't be half so decent nor uncomplaining if I was in her shoes, nor you either. But I ain't bringing any woman into this house to be tied to an invalid. Besides, it's getting harder every year to grub a living out of this place. I don't intend to run such a girl as Eve Stowell into any skimp-and-conniver proposition."

The words had begun quietly enough, merely a dreary statement of facts, but Charley's voice had risen as he went on. The end was very much in the nature of a bitter tirade. Steve, smoking on calmly, made no comment.

"So you needn't think of me being married yet a while," Charley resumed. "You'll find me right here for some years yet, most likely, looking after Mom and the place, and coming home from Eve's this early in the evening because I've got to plow or mow or something else all the next day."

"Now, I wouldn't put it off too long, Charley," Steve advised. "Mom's not the worst person in the world to get along with. I don't believe Mom would ever tie you or Eve up much unless you wanted to be. And I've been thinking for a long time you could get more out of the place if you changed things over—"

"Well enough for you to say not to put it off," Charley interrupted him. "If I had your job, I'd set it for to-morrow, no fear about that!"

"My job?" said Steve slowly. "Do you wish you had my job or one like it, Charley?"

CHARLEY jumped up from his seat. He began pacing back and forth close to the steps with an odd, shuffling, rolling gait. His hands were in his pockets; his head was bent.

"Say, Steve, when we talked things over and concluded this farm could offer a chance for only one of us, and you said for me to take the place and look after Mom and you would go out and trust to luck, I thought you were big, Steve—big. I made all kinds of resolutions what I'd do to help you out if you didn't make good. I got all choked up thinking how fine you were."

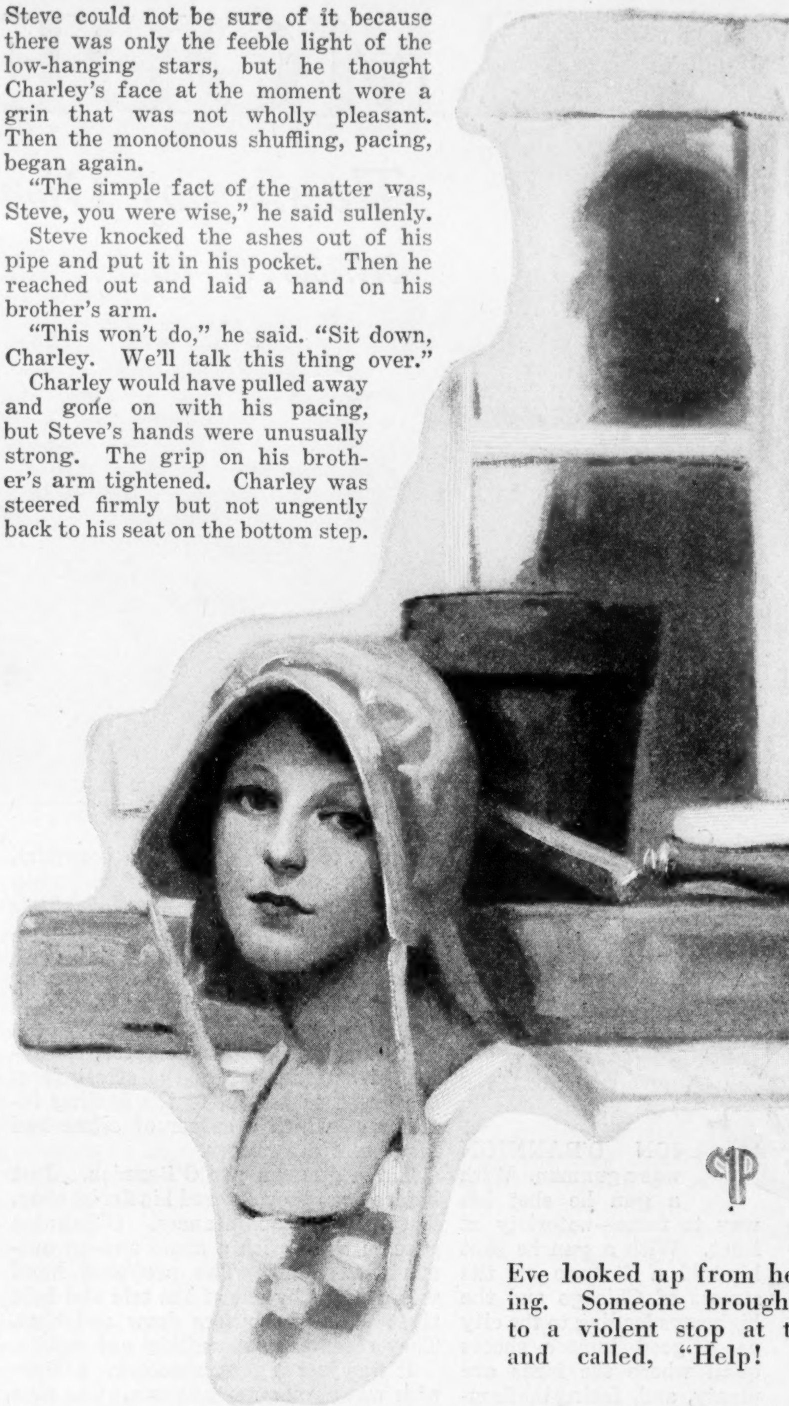
He stopped in his pacing close to Steve and stood there peering through the darkness at his brother's face. Steve could not be sure of it because there was only the feeble light of the low-hanging stars, but he thought Charley's face at the moment wore a grin that was not wholly pleasant. Then the monotonous shuffling, pacing, began again.

"The simple fact of the matter was, Steve, you were wise," he said sullenly.

Steve knocked the ashes out of his pipe and put it in his pocket. Then he reached out and laid a hand on his brother's arm.

"This won't do," he said. "Sit down, Charley. We'll talk this thing over."

Charley would have pulled away and gone on with his pacing, but Steve's hands were unusually strong. The grip on his brother's arm tightened. Charley was steered firmly but not ungently back to his seat on the bottom step.



Eve looked up from her weeding. Someone brought a car to a violent stop at the gate and called, "Help! Help!"

"Now, then, I don't intend to have you or any other man running away with the idea that I'm making a goat of him," Steve began quietly enough.

Reaction was already setting in on the younger man. He had said far more than he ever meant to say, anyway. He tried to retreat from the untenable position in which he found himself.

"Oh, I guess I'm just a fool, Steve," he apologized. "Forget it! What's done is done. I had the same chance you did. That was darned unfair of me to say what I did."

"That's all right," said Steve. "Maybe you didn't mean it, boy. But it tells me a whole lot, just the same. You don't feel you've got much of a chance with the farm, do you?"

Charley sat with his head in his hands, the picture of contrition.

"I guess I'm just discouraged," Charley admitted. "Things have been particularly tough these past two years."

"And you think if you had a chance like mine you could make good. Am I right?"

"Oh, a bargain's a bargain, Steve. I'll carry out my end of it."

"I'm going to make you a proposition," said Steve. "Suppose I get you a job as good as mine. Will you take it?"

"What kind of a job? Where is it?"

"You know lumber as well or better than I do, Charley. You put in three winters in the woods, didn't you? And two more winters at the saw mills. You could sell lumber as well as I ever have. I'm sure I can get you a chance to try."

"What about Mom, Steve? Someone has got to stay with her. That was in the bargain in the first place."

"That's all right, Charley. I'll stay."

"How about your own job?"

"That's the one I intend to get for you."

"Steve, I've got to hand it to you. You are big. And I guess I'm small pickings, all right. But I'm not quite so small as that."

"Wait a minute, boy! Suppose I told you I wanted to stay here. Suppose I told you I had thought for years that you had the best end of the deal. Suppose I spoke right out in meeting and said I didn't think you had been making all out of this place that you could; that if you paid more attention to the dairy, and got the right market for your milk and your cream and your butter, you could make this old place come across handsomely. And suppose I convinced you that I'd like nothing better than to try out that theory. You would take the job I'm offering you then, wouldn't you?"

"Take it? You bet I would."

"Then get ready to get out of here as soon as I can fix it with the firm."

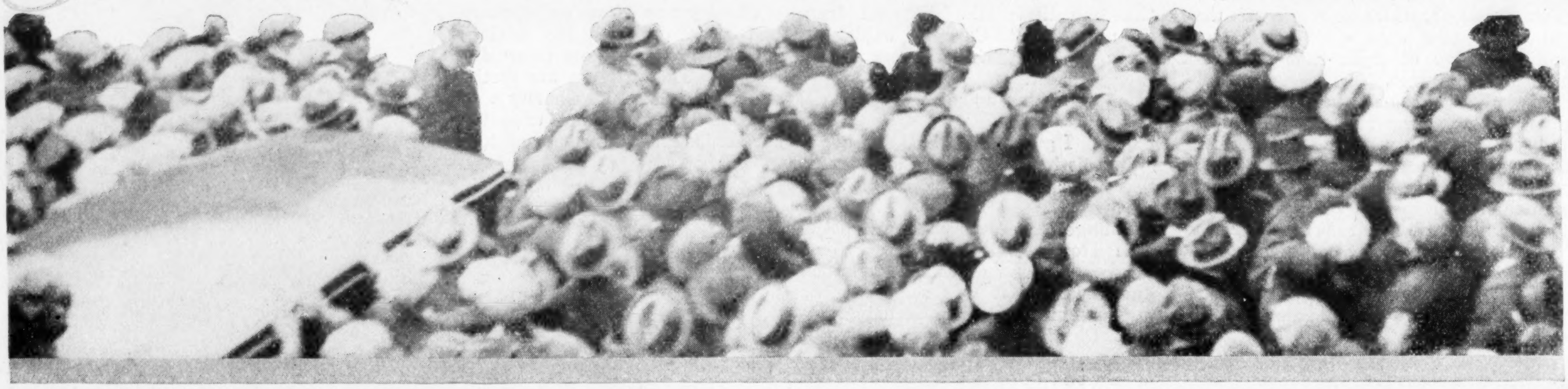
"Steve, there's got to be one condition. If things don't go right here, if the dairy business doesn't pan out, if the loneliness gets you, you'll speak up and let me hand you back the job, won't you?"

"I will,

(*Continued on page 28*)

A MODERN PIRATE

The story of Dion O'Bannion, millionaire buccaneer of booze, who lived and died by the gun



Crowds choked the streets and burdened the roof tops. Scores of thousands watched the magnificent procession through the streets

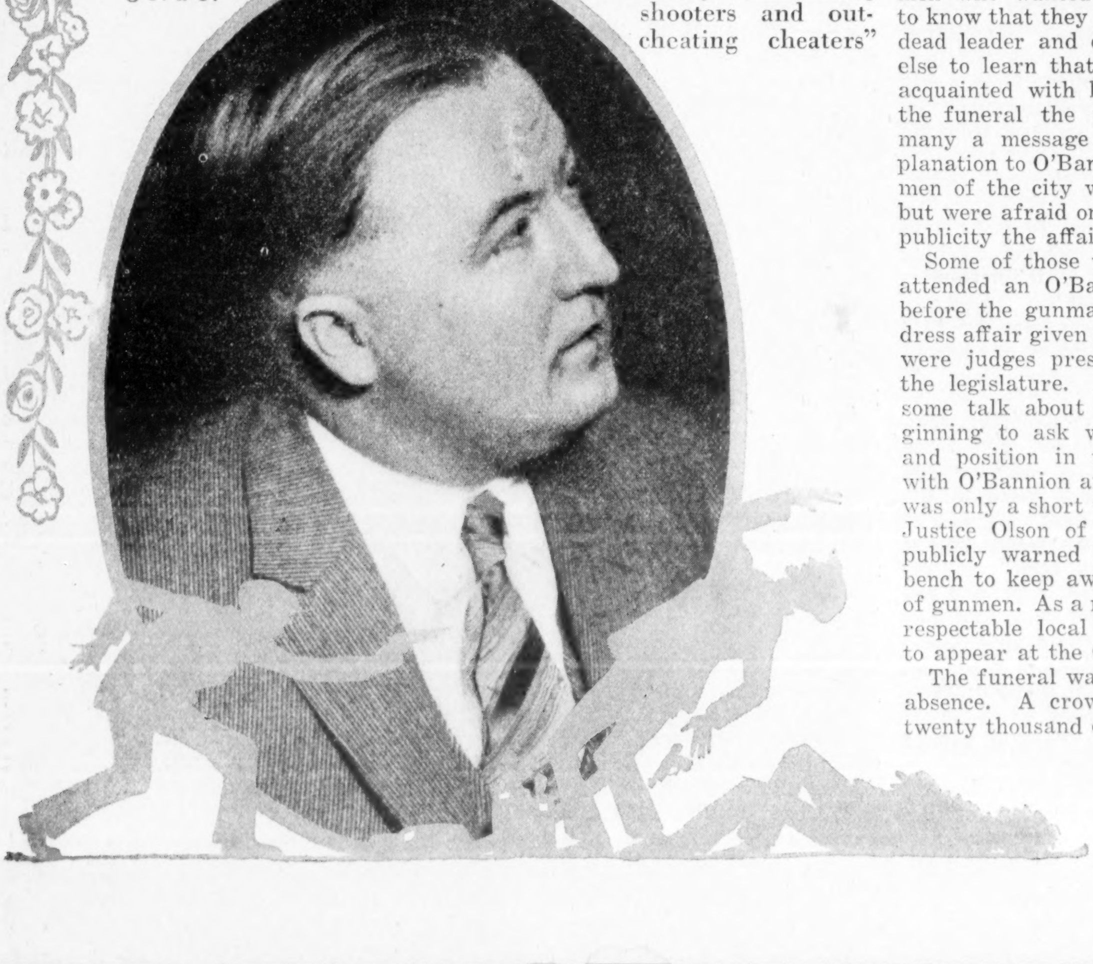
DION O'BANNION was a gunman. With a gun he shot his way to fame—notoriety at least. With a gun he shot himself a fortune on the streets of Chicago and the highways leading to the city as a good hunter shoots quail where the birds are plenty, and, facing the flaming muzzles of two guns, he sank to his death in the beautiful, fragrant showroom of his florist shop just across the way from the Holy Name Cathedral on North State Street.

In addition to being a gunman, O'Bannion was a florist, so he belonged among the flowers where he died. Also, during four years of his youth he had been an altar boy, so perhaps, too, he belonged at least across the street from the great cathedral, to the healing interior of which a career of crime had made him a stranger.

Three gunmen got O'Bannion. Just before noon they entered his florist shop. They were acquaintances. O'Bannion greeted them with a smile and an outstretched hand. The proffered hand was gripped by one of the trio and held tight while the others drew and shot. They escaped in a waiting automobile.

It was just a gang shooting. O'Bannion was a gangster gunman. The men who shot him were the same. A gang shooting is no novelty to Chicago. But the shooting of O'Bannion was run on the front pages of Chicago newspapers as big as type and make-up skill could play it.

"It was his brag that he made his money outshooting shooters and outcheating cheaters"



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The body of the dead gunman lay in state in a North Side undertaking parlor in a casket that cost ten thousand dollars. The body was dressed in well-tailored dinner clothes. It is estimated that upwards of forty thousand persons viewed it. More than fifty thousand dollars' worth of flowers was sent by friends and admirers. It took twenty-four automobiles and a pair of big trucks to carry those floral offerings to the cemetery. Reporters, sob sisters, special writers galore, covered that undertaking parlor while Gunman O'Bannion's body lay there, but not one of the lot got a look at the names on any of the floral pieces. Gunmen guarded those flowers day and night. No outsider must see those names.

It is a matter of outside knowledge nevertheless that many of the cards bore the signatures of locally prominent men who wanted O'Bannion's friends to know that they had not forgotten the dead leader and did not want anyone else to learn that they had even been acquainted with him. On the day of the funeral the phone wires carried many a message of apology and explanation to O'Bannion's intimates from men of the city who wanted to attend but were afraid on account of the great publicity the affair was receiving.

Some of those who sent regrets had attended an O'Bannion dinner shortly before the gunman's death. It was a dress affair given in a fine hotel. There were judges present and members of the legislature. And there had been some talk about it. People were beginning to ask why men of standing and position in the community dined with O'Bannion and his lieutenants. It was only a short while later that Chief Justice Olson of the Municipal Court publicly warned his associates of the bench to keep away from the funerals of gunmen. As a result of all this, many respectable local notables decided not to appear at the O'Bannion funeral.

The funeral was not marred by their absence. A crowd of from fifteen to twenty thousand choked the streets and burdened the roof tops immediately around the "mortuary parlors" in which the services were held. Scores of thousands more watched the long and magnificent procession through the streets of Chicago to the Mt. Carmel Cemetery. Other thousands watched the burial which took place just outside holy ground. The tomb of a bishop is visible from the spot where the gunman lies, and the grave of O'Bannion is visited weekly by more people than the bishop's tomb attracts in a year.

Why does a dead gunman attract all this attention?

Respectable, responsible men who knew him say he was a likable, interesting fellow. That is not an answer.

One is told that he was an excellent husband and son, a home lover, good to his wife and thoughtful of his father and stepmother. True—but unimportant. It doesn't explain the flowers and the wide interest.

He dressed well. His manners were those of a near-gentleman. He wore dinner clothes frequently and with credit. What of it?

He was a sort of twentieth-century Robin Hood. He sent a poor tubercular clerk to Arizona to give him a chance for his life. He sometimes gave broken old women one-hundred-dollar bills. He sent a crippled boy to the Mayo brothers. To a broken man who came to him hoping for a small loan he gave a thousand dollars. He did a hundred and one kindnesses of this sort.

True, but still not an answer. Still one asks why all this pother and powwow of publicity about one who, after all, was a gunman, a gangster, an all-around unsavory citizen?

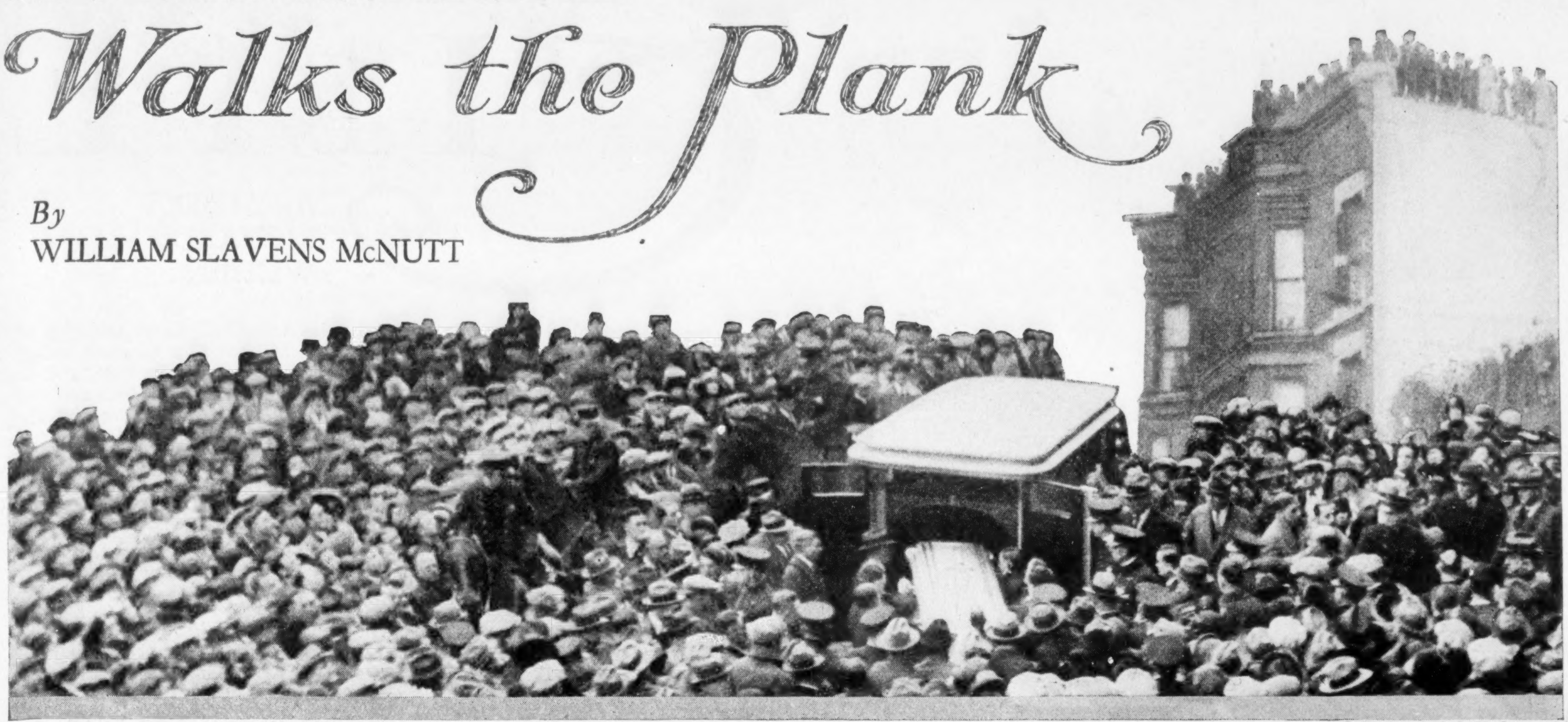
Booze! That's the answer. Bootleg booze! Prohibition beer and prohibition whisky. Minus the aid of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, "Dean" O'Bannion would have lived and died just an obscure fellow around town.

But "Dean" O'Bannion, the gunman, was a booze operator. He was, first of all, a hijacker. He went into the business with only his gun and his nerve as assets. He made so much money for himself and others that within less than four years he traveled the route from the position of a neighborhood tough fellow to the spot where he was a municipal power, a character whose death and funeral made a national front-page story!

This is the truth about O'Bannion and booze as I got the story from a man who knows:

Walks the Plank

By
WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT



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FOUR years ago O'Bannion was broke, his only assets an iron nerve, a quick trigger finger and a shock-absorbing conscience. When he died amid the roses of his florist shop he was a millionaire. It was just a gang shooting. Chicago has seen hundreds of them. But Chicago never saw a funeral so incongruous. Forty thousand persons jammed the streets. Fifty thousand dollars' worth of flowers filled twenty-four automobiles and two trucks. Respected citizens phoned their regrets. Why did this hijacking gunman have such a funeral? What social whirlpool spun him to the surface? These are the questions Mr. McNutt went to Chicago to answer—and here's the answer.

He was born thirty-two years ago on the north side of Chicago. They christened him Dion, which quickly became Dean. His father was a painter and paper hanger. Dean's mother died when he was just a few years old. The hard-working father kept the home going the best he could and Dean grew up hit-or-miss. He was an altar boy for about four years and went to school for a little longer time than that. He was around thirteen when he quit school and began selling newspapers.

He was a small kid then, and ordinary. Just like the run of youngsters of his time and class. A little wild, but nothing for his father and stepmother—the elder O'Bannion had married again—to worry about.

Dean was seventeen when he did his first jolt. Nine months in the house of correction. Burglary.

It sounded bad, but after all it really wasn't so terrible when one knew the facts. More a boyish prank. He had broken into a neighborhood drug store and stolen some candy for himself and some perfume for a schoolgirl friend. There was a branch post office in the drug store, so the charge was a federal one. But still it wasn't such a terrible offense. You didn't feel that it was a real, grown-up, honest-to-goodness crime if you knew the boy and liked him, as many did. Just a bad break.

When he was nineteen—that was in 1911—he fell again. Three months in the House of Correction. Assault with intent to kill, this trip. However, there were extenuating circumstances. Dean was small, a scant five feet four. His left leg had been broken in a fall from a street car, leaving him slightly crippled. There was a fight. Dean's opponent was big and tough. Dean crowned him with a gun butt. He shouldn't have done that of course, but still— Dean was a good boy, the neighborhood folk insisted. He was a little wild and he had a temper, but he'd be all right. He'd settle down.

For a long time events apparently justified the neighbors' optimism. Dean O'Bannion was never again convicted of a crime—not even after he became notorious—and for ten years after that sentence for assault his name does not figure in the police records in any way.

Dean worked during those ten years. He handled a milk route for a while. Then he drove a truck. After that he got a job driving a newspaper delivery wagon. From that he got into the newspaper circulation business.

In 1919 he married a nice, wholesome, eighteen-year-old schoolgirl. It was a love match. Dean had never been a ladies' man, although women liked him. He never became a ladies' man. He stayed in love with his wife to the finish.

He was twenty-seven years old when he married and he proudly blew himself to a taxicab to his wedding. That was a spectacular extravagance for Dean O'Bannion then. He was thirty-two when he was killed and the four flower-laden cars that immediately followed the hearse were his own automobiles, among the most expensive on the market.

Just a few months after his wedding O'Bannion chanced upon the path to wealth and destruction. At the time he was running an errand for a man with whom I have talked.

The errand took him from a place in the Loop to his old neighborhood north of the river. It was night. On his way he came to an alley from which the nose of a big truck protruded, partially blocking the sidewalk. The driver was twisting the steering wheel preparatory to backing further in. Dean, waiting for him to get out of the way, noticed that he was at the rear of a certain big hotel. He noticed then that the truck was filled with cases of liquor only partly covered with a tarpaulin.

Bootleg! Illegal stuff! A fortune on that truck to which the owner was not legally entitled! A chance for a job about which there could be no legitimate squawk!

O'Bannion was wearing a gun. He drew it, leaped onto the front wheel of the truck and thrust the muzzle of the weapon into the driver's face.

"Get down off this and light running!" he commanded. "If you stop or look back I'll kill you!"

The driver was just a driver. Loyalty unto death was no part of his conception of a truckman's workaday duty. He got down and lit—running.

O'Bannion took his place and drove the truck away along the dark street.

For a little time that night O'Bannion drove the kidnapped truck around the streets of the North Side, not knowing just what to do with his cargo. At last he looked up a friend who had a house in the neighborhood and declared him in on the profits for the use of his cellar as a storehouse. Together they unloaded and hid the booze, after which O'Bannion abandoned the truck.

The next day Dean started out to sell the stuff. He was as green at the job as a country boy in a cabaret. The booze was worth at least fifty thousand dollars. Dean ultimately managed to peddle it for eighteen thousand. He had taken aboard one or two more confederates by this time to aid and advise him, so his cut of the total was only seven thousand dollars—money to him, big money, probably fourteen times as much as he had ever had at one time in all his life.

He salted that stake away and began to dream of a certain sum of money and the things that a young fellow and his wife could do with it.

One hundred thousand dollars was the exact sum of which he dreamed. With that he could buy a farm and settle on it in assured comfort. That was exactly what he dreamed of doing!

But even then, with the proceeds of his first liquor haul in the bank, O'Bannion did not realize that the quick outlaw way to big money was over the bootleg-booze trail. He was dumb about it. All the gangsters who have cleaned up big in bootleg were slow to realize the opportunity that defiance of a law had created for the lawless. The first men in the game were shady business folk, soft, greedy people who were glad to be crooked to get outlaw money but could not be game to protect it.

With his appetite for easy money aroused by that first booze haul, O'Bannion ran into a drunk who babbled of the amount of currency kept in the safe of the Typographical Union on a certain date. Thirty-five thousand dollars!

O'Bannion went to two young friends in the neighborhood and suggested blowing the safe. They were willing but knew nothing about safe-blowing. Neither did Dean. So they declared an expert in on the job, an old cracksman known as Ox Reiser.

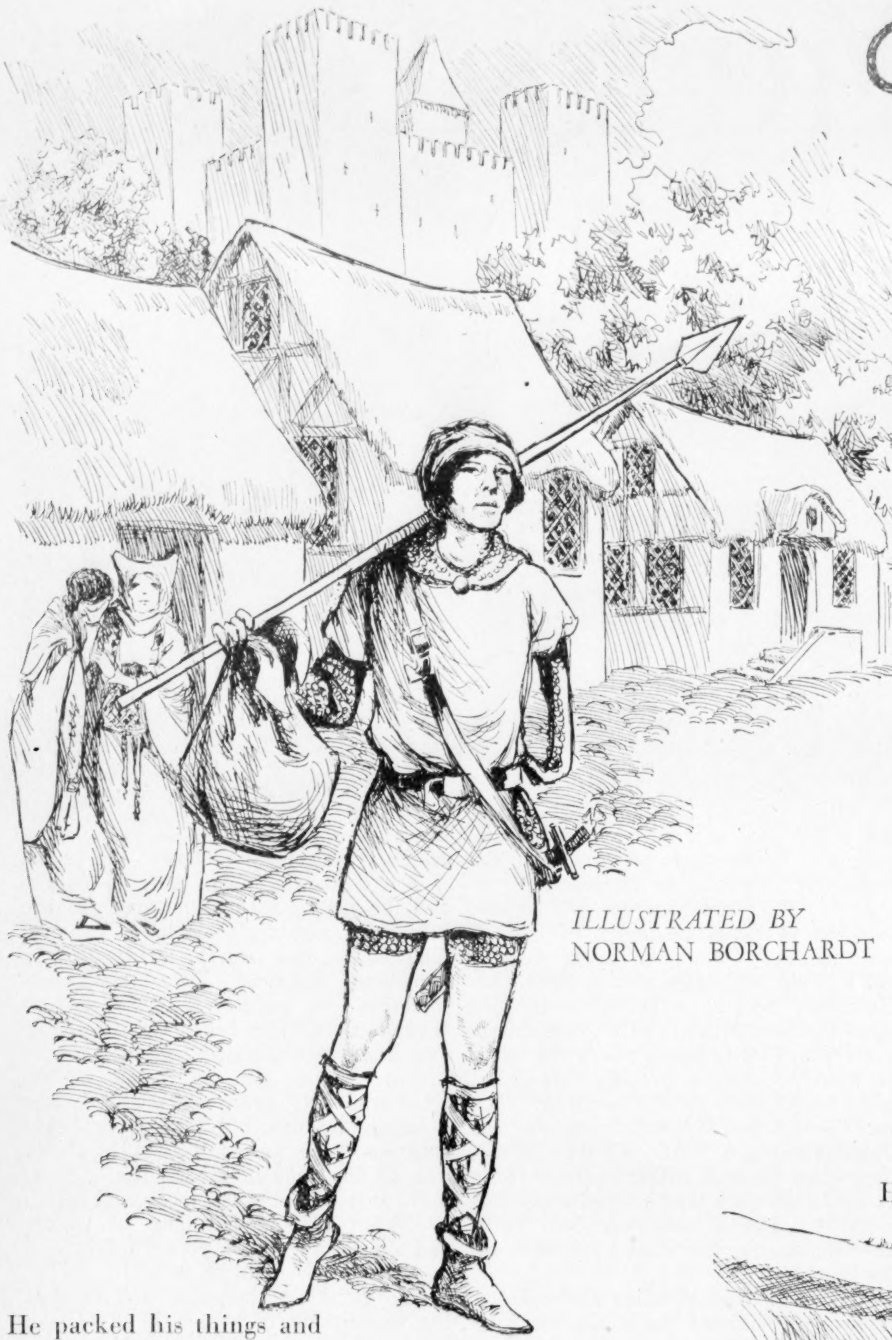
A police sergeant caught the quartet in front of the safe. The drilling had been done. The "soup" had been poured in. The four burglars had laid their guns on the floor, knowing that the jar of an explosion will sometimes fire a revolver. If ever crooks were caught without the ghost of a chance for defense those four were.

They were taken to the station house, held for burglary and indicted. For the first time in nine or ten years the name of Dean

(*Continued on page 42*)

TIME

By ALBERT
RICHARD
WETJEN



ILLUSTRATED BY
NORMAN BORCHARDT

He packed his things and went adventuring

THE actual beginning was when the Aryan race grew restless and poured across mountains and rivers and marshy plains and settled Europe. Perhaps the thing went back further even than that, back to jungle days and ages when the seas teemed with life and the land was a desolation. The seed of the curiosity of things lies deep in the stomach of eternity. However, the visible beginning was when Peter Schessler came home from the crusades minus one arm and with a new discontent seething in him. The old cobble-streeted town where he had been born seemed drab and silent. The sun was dull, the sky overcast, though often there were days when it should have been bright and blue. Life lost its zest.

Wherefore Peter Schessler hitched up his belt, packed his scanty belongings in a square of red cloth, and went adventuring again. He saw many more men and lands. In spite of his missing arm he was still a good fighter. In the end, very weary and travel-tired, he settled in London town and married an apple-cheeked widow whose husband had left her a quite respectable hostelry.

In the course of things Peter died and his wife died, and Diedrich Schesler (the family name had already lost one letter) carried on the affairs of his father. He worked faithfully until his twenty-fifth year. He was a pillar of the church. He was moderately well-to-do. He was a placid, capable young man with clear blue eyes and the rugged Schesler nose. There was no reason to suppose he would ever be anything but a good citizen.

But toward the end of his twenty-fifth year he had strange stirrings inside him, and every time he saw a uniform he was thrilled. When tarry, queer-talking seamen came to drink in his taproom he felt very small and futile. In the end he sold his hostelry and disappeared. Thirty years later he died in the Moslem slave galleys somewhere in the Bosporus. The day of his death his little twelve-year-old son in London was found stowed away on a ship bound for France.

A restless breed were the Scheslers. By all the laws of chance they should have dribbled away into nothingness. But somehow each man contrived to leave a son to carry on the name and the family traditions before dying in some obscure place in a usually not at all obscure way.

It was well into the seventeenth century when Peter Shesler (the name was changed again) sailed to Virginia, settled on land, and became prosperous. This Shesler was a friend of Sir Walter Raleigh's and was at one time in high favor at court. Perhaps the fall of Raleigh sent him to Virginia, for the Sheslers were always true to their friends. Or more than likely it was only the old restless family spirit.

In Virginia, Peter Shesler married and begot a son. He was happy and contented, so it appeared. Yet, when his hair was beginning to gray, he heard a bearded wild white man from the interior tell his tale. And thereafter Peter Shesler was seen no more. His son went west too, when he was old enough. And his son. There was no satisfying the breed.

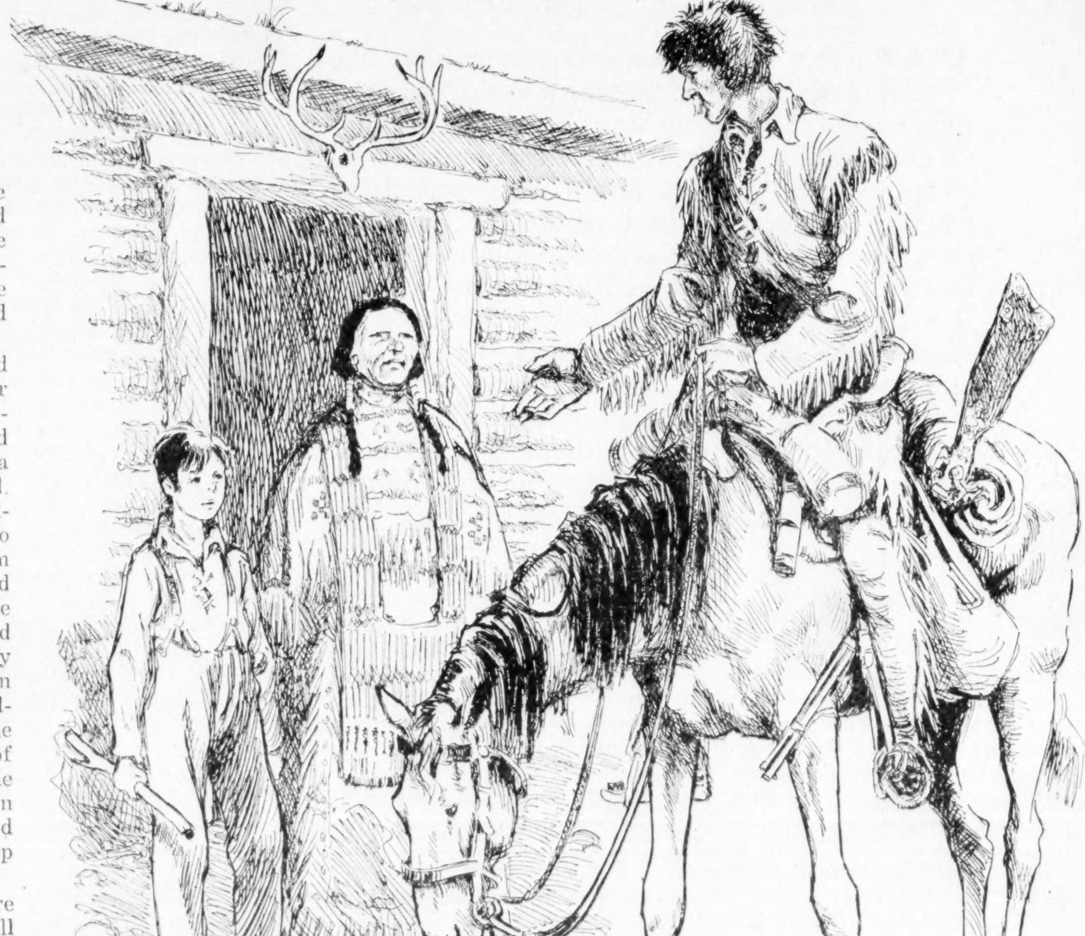
And eventually, after all the centuries, Hiram Shisler (again a change of name) came to the desert. He was a man of about forty-five when that happened and as he had fought through one terrific revolution, several small Indian wars, and three sea battles, he decided to settle down in fact and raise a family. So on the edge of the desert he hewed his logs and raised his home. He bought, he stole, and he fought for some three hundred acres of lush land along a deep river and for some two thousand acres of arid land that ran away from the lushness clear to the edge of the sage and sand that reached out of vision.

He bred cattle and children, three girls and a boy, and then, full of honor and years and whisky, he grew curious about the desert. He loaded a rangy horse, laid in a store of powder and balls and food, and started over the sand to find out what was beyond it. His wife being dead, he commended his son to a lined-face squaw and went serenely to his death. He knew very well that, if he failed to reach across the desert and return, his son would do so.

Adam Shisler grew up and bought a bit more land. The log house became a large, imposing structure of planed wood and paint. The cattle herd grew. One or two other men drifted in and started homesteads. Adam Shisler married and raised a son. And inevitably he set out over the desert.

He went with two loaded pack mules and a new sort of rifle that did not need

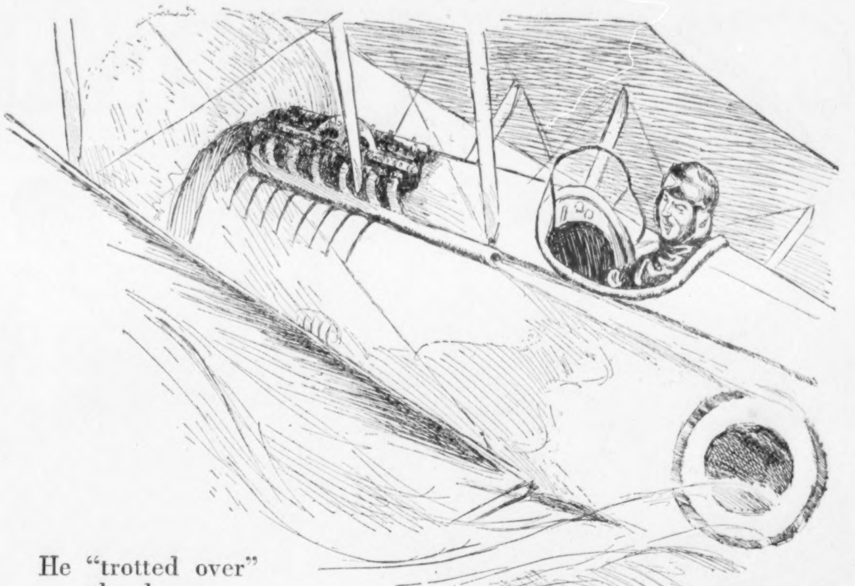
His wife being dead, Hiram commended his son to a squaw and started



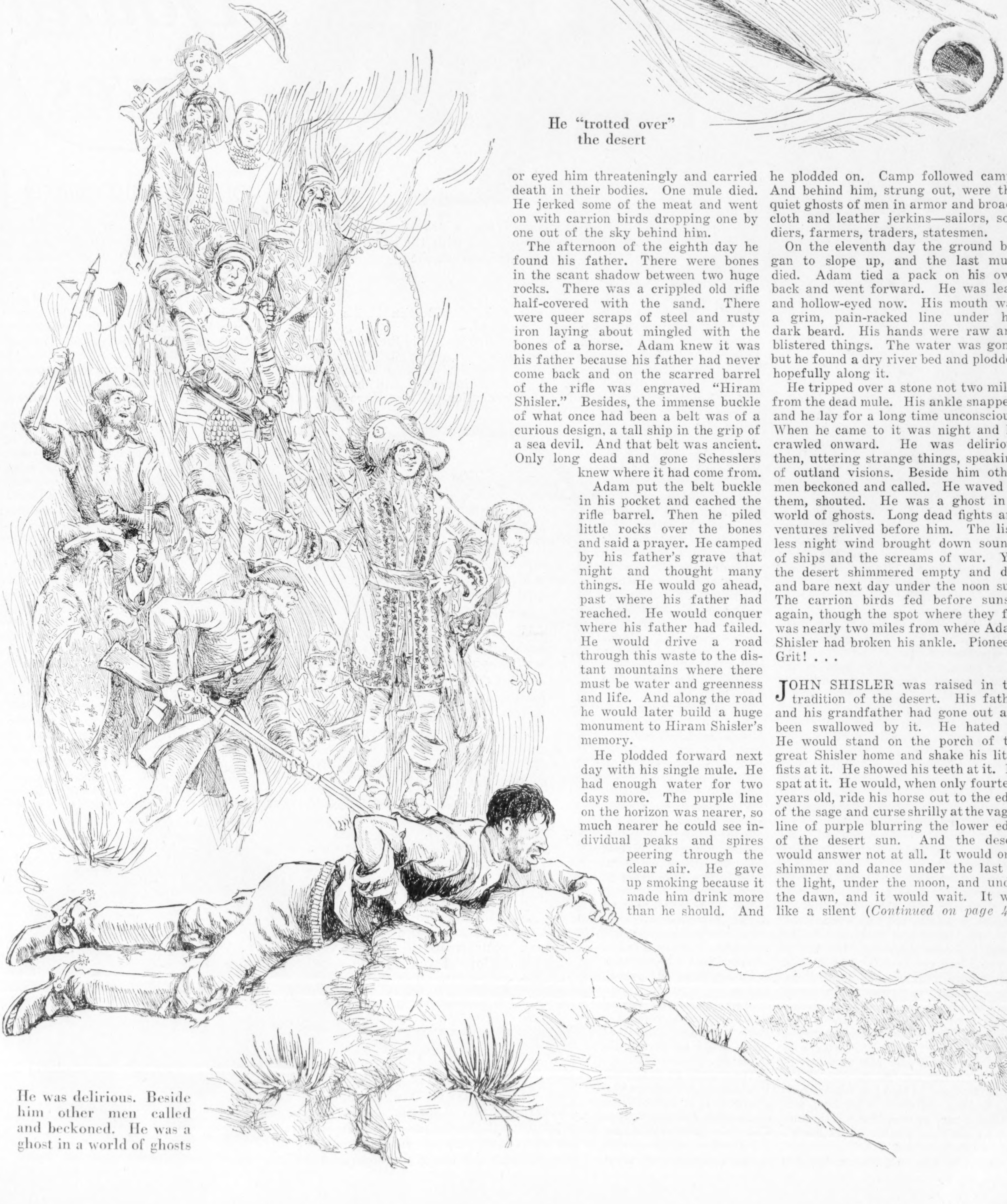
powder and balls. His food supply was in a more condensed form and he was a lot younger than his father had been when the desert had called him. He strode into the distance with confidence and lithe strides while those watching from the edge of fertility shook their heads and wondered what insanity it was that ran through the Shisler race.

Adam walked for fifteen miles and then camped. His general direction was west, where the sun sank redly behind vague purple hills. There was no reason at all why he should leave the prosperous ranch, and the comforts of the small town springing up, for a mad journey across the unknown waste. Yet he had had to go. There was a gnawing in him that made it easier for him to go than not to go. Curiosity filled him. He must know just what lay behind the purple hills or perish. He was so made.

He plodded on, day after day. There seemed to be no water holes—nothing but dry sage, and dryer sand, and queer animals that ran away when he came or eyed him threateningly and carried death in their bodies. One mule died. He jerked some of the meat and went on with carrion birds dropping one by one out of the sky behind him.



He "trotted over" the desert



He was delirious. Beside him other men called and beckoned. He was a ghost in a world of ghosts

The afternoon of the eighth day he found his father. There were bones in the scant shadow between two huge rocks. There was a crippled old rifle half-covered with the sand. There were queer scraps of steel and rusty iron laying about mingled with the bones of a horse. Adam knew it was his father because his father had never come back and on the scarred barrel of the rifle was engraved "Hiram Shisler." Besides, the immense buckle of what once had been a belt was of a curious design, a tall ship in the grip of a sea devil. And that belt was ancient. Only long dead and gone Schesslers knew where it had come from.

Adam put the belt buckle in his pocket and cached the rifle barrel. Then he piled little rocks over the bones and said a prayer. He camped by his father's grave that night and thought many things. He would go ahead, past where his father had reached. He would conquer where his father had failed. He would drive a road through this waste to the distant mountains where there must be water and greenness and life. And along the road he would later build a huge monument to Hiram Shisler's memory.

He plodded forward next day with his single mule. He had enough water for two days more. The purple line on the horizon was nearer, so much nearer he could see individual peaks and spires peering through the clear air. He gave up smoking because it made him drink more than he should. And he plodded on. Camp followed camp. And behind him, strung out, were the quiet ghosts of men in armor and broadcloth and leather jerkins—sailors, soldiers, farmers, traders, statesmen.

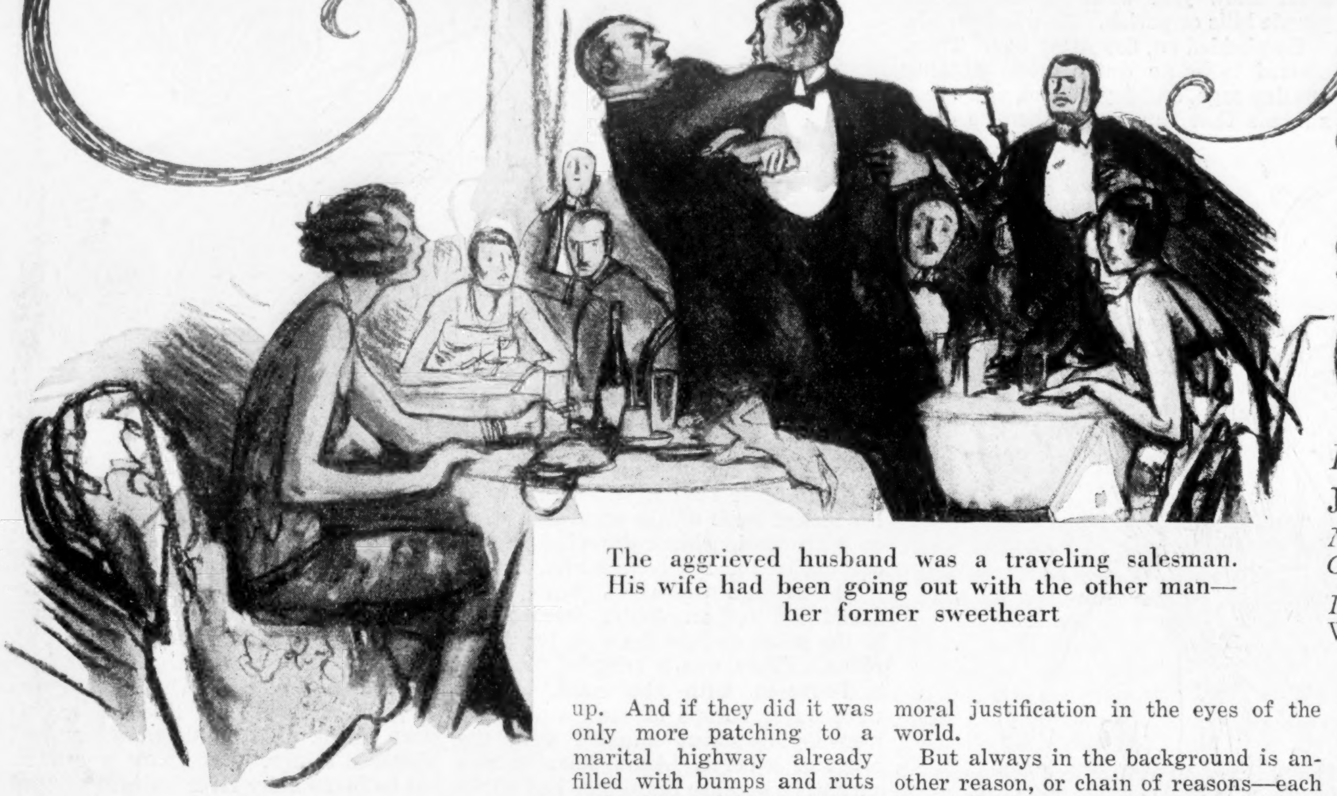
On the eleventh day the ground began to slope up, and the last mule died. Adam tied a pack on his own back and went forward. He was lean and hollow-eyed now. His mouth was a grim, pain-racked line under his dark beard. His hands were raw and blistered things. The water was gone, but he found a dry river bed and plodded hopefully along it.

He tripped over a stone not two miles from the dead mule. His ankle snapped, and he lay for a long time unconscious. When he came to it was night and he crawled onward. He was delirious then, uttering strange things, speaking of outland visions. Beside him other men beckoned and called. He waved to them, shouted. He was a ghost in a world of ghosts. Long dead fights and ventures relived before him. The listless night wind brought down sounds of ships and the screams of war. Yet the desert shimmered empty and dry and bare next day under the noon sun. The carrion birds fed before sunset again, though the spot where they fed was nearly two miles from where Adam Shisler had broken his ankle. Pioneer! Grit! . . .

JOHN SHISLER was raised in the tradition of the desert. His father and his grandfather had gone out and been swallowed by it. He hated it. He would stand on the porch of the great Shisler home and shake his little fists at it. He showed his teeth at it. He spat at it. He would, when only fourteen years old, ride his horse out to the edge of the sage and curse shrilly at the vague line of purple blurring the lower edge of the desert sun. And the desert would answer not at all. It would only shimmer and dance under the last of the light, under the moon, and under the dawn, and it would wait. It was like a silent

(*Continued on page 42*)

Ten COMMANDMENTS for Young Wives



The aggrieved husband was a traveling salesman. His wife had been going out with the other man—her former sweetheart

By
JOHN KOCHENDORFER
Magistrate of the City of New York

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALLACE MORGAN

THERE had been a row in a fashionable café. Blows had passed between two men, a panic had followed, and now the combatants were in court charged with disorderly conduct.

But underlying these commonplace facts was a significant story.

Those men were no ordinary tavern brawlers. Each belonged to a most prominent social set. And one of them had followed his wife and the other man to the place. The aggrieved husband, it developed, was a traveling salesman, and during his frequent absences his wife had been going out with the other man. What intensified the trouble was that the other man had once been the woman's sweetheart.

The young wife was torn between anger at her public humiliation and worry at the domestic tragedy that loomed.

"It's all due to his insane jealousy," she sobbed. "When he started to complain about me going out with men acquaintances I reasoned with him that nowadays marriage wasn't slavery that robbed people of the right to have proper friendships. It was only to avoid his unreasonable fussing that I stopped reporting everything I did.

"But, Judge," she concluded earnestly, "as God is my Judge, I've done nothing wrong!"

Her husband was deaf to reason. All arguments that, legally as well as morally, his wife was entitled to proper freedom of action, left him obdurate.

"I *know* there was nothing actually wrong," he said doggedly, "but so far as results are concerned it wouldn't be much worse if there had been something wrong! Everybody in town knows of her running around—all her friends and my friends and even my relatives. They've been sneering at me for months and I've had to swallow it. They think I'm a poor fool and haven't had enough spirit to rebel.

"I'm through! I told her what people are thinking—pleaded with her; but she didn't care enough for me to stop. Maybe I can't get a divorce, but I don't have to live with her!"

I do not believe they ever patched it up. And if they did it was only more patching to a marital highway already filled with bumps and ruts and whose ultimate terminus is divorce.

That foolish young wife had harped on *her rights*. She did not realize that in wedlock it is always a nice question where rights end and common sense begins. And that is the point where the rights of one come in conflict with the greater rights of the other.

Many a man who is thought to be insanely jealous of his wife is only jealous of his own honor. Marital pride for the average husband rests largely on the belief that his wife is above suspicion. Hence his inalienable right to expect that she do nothing to bring herself under suspicion.

The wife whose case we have just considered, though actually guiltless, was going to pay almost the same penalty as though she had transgressed that important Commandment: Thou shalt not commit adultery.

A lot of marital trouble would be avoided if this old admonition were revised to fit a special set of commandments for young wives. In these modern days of feminine independence, this is how it should run: *Don't commit indiscretions that lay you open to suspicion of graver things.*

Most persons, basing their idea upon court statistics, believe that the chief cause of divorce is infidelity.

The fact is that, though infidelity is usually charged, it is less often a cause than an opportunity. Countless people yearning for freedom seize upon it because it gives them moral justification in the eyes of the world.

But always in the background is another reason, or chain of reasons—each a contributing cause to the real cause of the shipwreck. And that big cause is alienation. Where there is love, even infidelity may be forgiven; but where there is alienation not all the virtues in the world will suffice to restore marital felicity.

The problem of avoiding alienation and divorce is more the woman's problem than the man's. The home and children are her special province and when divorce, or its running mate, comes it is home and children that are vitally affected.

There is no dodging the fact that, while husbands are more often guilty of the infidelity upon which divorces are granted, the wives almost always are the unwitting cause of the alienation that paves the way to the final smash-up.

Compiling a set of rules for young wives, I should after my first commandment certainly follow with this commandment: *Don't treat your*

(*Cont'd on page 40*)

I. DON'T commit indiscretions that lay you open to suspicion of graver things.

II. DON'T treat your husband as if he were omnipotent and then complain later because he believes it himself.

III. DON'T treat your husband as if he were a trespasser in his own home.

IV. DON'T sing the praises of other women's husbands, suggesting how much more generous they are than your husband.

V. DON'T everlastingly preach that your husband is a failure, thinking it will inspire him to success.

VI. DON'T tell all your private business to your women friends.

VII. HONOR your husband's father and mother—especially his mother.

VIII. DON'T preach economy to your husband while you spend extravagantly on yourself.

IX. DON'T hold your husband to a strict accounting of all the promises he made as a lover.

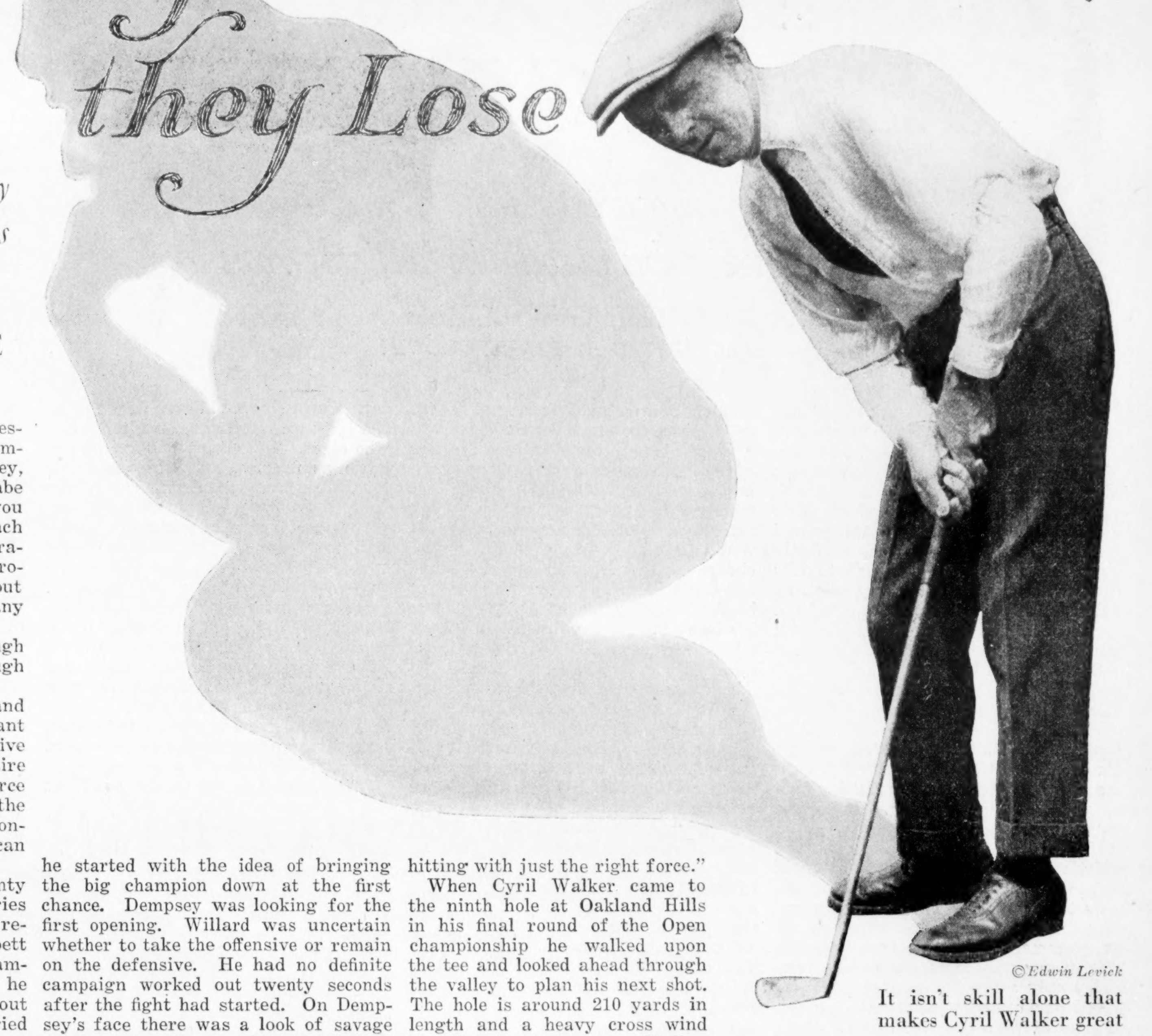
X. PERMIT no other loves to come between you and your husband—not even the love of your child.

Judge Kochendorfer is a magistrate of the city of New York. Thousands of domestic ships headed for the rocks pass through his court, and very often he puts the skippers on the right course

If they don't THINK, they Lose

One little secret that every champion learns in his long climb to fame

By GRANTLAND RICE


©Edwin Levick

It isn't skill alone that makes Cyril Walker great

DID you ever watch the expressions on the faces of such competitors as Jack Dempsey, Walter Hagen, Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth or Bill Tilden in action? If you have you will have noticed about each an atmosphere of detached concentration, concentration upon a certain program which they have mapped out with no waste of thought upon any outside factors.

They are merely thinking through the job at hand—all the way through to the finish of the act.

Form, speed, power, skill and strength are of course highly important ingredients in building competitive success. But they are not the entire story. There must be a mental force back of these qualities which in the main consists of determination and concentration, two elements which can crash through a concrete wall.

Here is a sample: More than twenty years ago Jim Corbett met Jim Jeffries at Coney Island in an attempt to regain the heavyweight title. Corbett had planned a perfect training campaign and he was at his best when he entered the ring. He had mapped out a certain campaign which he carried through in flawless style. For over twenty rounds he had outpointed Jeffries by a wide margin. He had the championship in his hands.

"And then," as he says, "I almost forgot I was fighting Jeffries. I began mentally to lay my plans for a big theatrical tour with flashy posters scattered everywhere. I could see my name and my picture on these posters with big, black type announcing the recovery of the title I had lost to Fitzsimmons. I had won almost every round. There were only two or three rounds to go and there could only be one decision. And then suddenly I came to, and they told me I had been knocked out."

Corbett thought through twenty-two rounds and had his hand again upon the crown. But he made the mistake of not thinking through twenty-five rounds, since this happened to be a twenty-five-round fight.

Why is Jack Dempsey such an annihilating offensive machine? Partly because he is fast and because he can hit with either hand. But also because he has gone into action with a decisive line of thought, with his complete concentration upon a killing punch that may bring his opponent to the floor.

Dempsey isn't thinking in two or three directions. His entire mental attitude is focused on attack. They have all hit him because he never thinks along defensive lines. He is willing to trade punches with anyone he meets, to *take* in order that he may *give*.

When Dempsey went after Willard he started with the idea of bringing the big champion down at the first chance. Dempsey was looking for the first opening. Willard was uncertain whether to take the offensive or remain on the defensive. He had no definite campaign worked out twenty seconds after the fight had started. On Dempsey's face there was a look of savage concentration. He was thinking through along one set line. There was on Willard's face a puzzled look of doubt and uncertainty. He was either thinking in two or three bewildered directions or he wasn't thinking at all.

Not Hurt—Just Thinking

YET when Dempsey met Tom Gibbons at Shelby conditions were reversed. In that fight Gibbons was thinking along purely defensive lines. His main idea was to protect himself and to keep the fight going as long as he could.

Dempsey was thinking in several directions. He was badly worried over the money squabble. He was worried over hints and threats of trouble at the ring. He had an armed guard around the ring, not knowing what might happen. He lacked the old concentration which had featured his other fights. He was an entirely different man two months later against Firpo when he came tearing across the ring with the idea of ending the battle in a punch. That wasn't the result of thinking through, but rather of recklessness, of over-eager impetuosity. It was not until the second round that he came to work with his mind focused in the right way on the job at hand.

"The trouble with most golfers," says Jim Barnes, "is that they rarely think of the right thing at the right time and they rarely think on through the stroke. Even at the top of the swing they are still wondering whether they picked the right club and whether or not they are hitting with just the right force."

When Cyril Walker came to the ninth hole at Oakland Hills in his final round of the Open championship he walked upon the tee and looked ahead through the valley to plan his next shot. The hole is around 210 yards in length and a heavy cross wind was blowing at the time. Walker was trying to decide whether to use a driver or a spoon. At this moment some friend stepped from the big crowd and spoke to him. Walker, two feet away, never heard him. He had brought his entire concentration to bear upon the selection of the right club.

Two other friends from a few feet distant called out, but again he heard nothing. He finally selected a driver and once the decision was made he hit the ball with full force in a most decisive fashion. It stopped just two feet from the cup for a 2, and this 2, which sent him out in 34, gave him the needed impetus for a winning march on the way home.

Walter Hagen is a marvel in this respect. He can be laughing and talking through an open championship one second, and a few seconds later switch his concentration immediately upon his work, eliminating all outside thought. When he addresses the ball he is thinking of nothing else but hitting it in a certain way.

A few years ago Charley Buell, the slender Harvard quarterback, ran a punt 35 yards to Yale's 17-yard line. As Buell was tackled he fell and then lay still. In a few seconds the club physician came running out to discover the extent of Buell's injury.

"Where are you hurt?" he asked.

"I'm not hurt," Buell said, "I'm trying to figure out the next play and to be sure I'm right." (He was.)

Ty Cobb is one of the game's greatest examples of thinking through a job. When Cobb starts for second it isn't merly a wild, blind dash. Even at full speed he is watching the position of the second baseman, which may show where the ball is coming and he throws his body in or out to carry the play through. He never lets his mind take a nap during a game.

The same is true of Walter Johnson. "I have never seen Johnson kick on a ball-and-strike decision," says Billy Evans, one of the best of the umpires. "Johnson refuses to let himself get upset over an argument that might easily take his mind away from the main business of the afternoon, which is slipping a fast one over the outside or inside corner of the plate."

This is always true. No man can think in two directions at the same moment. The habit of definite decision, and then thinking along the lines mapped out is one of the great aids to accomplishment.

The entry who can develop the habit of thinking through each attempt and then thinking through the entire contest has a winning jump on any field. Sooner or later he is going to arrive. For concentration and determination combined can break their way through almost any barrier.

Mr. Rice is writing for Collier's every week. "Dempsey Couldn't Knock Him Down" is the title of his next article. It's about one of the cleverest boxers the fight world has ever known.

How'd You Like to be THE ENGINEER?

Speed-crazy motorists would make you keep a nervous hand on the whistle-rope

By WHITING WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

THE gray-headed engineer leaned out of his cab to answer my query as to why he had pulled the whistle-rope so often when we were all trying to sleep.

"Well, if you'd 'a' seen three little kids," he said, "with their father and mother—not to mention a perfectly good automobile—all smashed to bits there at the end of this very pilot, as I did the other night a few miles back up the line, I'll bet you'd mebbe pull the whistle some yourself!"

Since then I've had the chance to sit in front of the fireman or stand beside the driver in a number of cabs in various parts of the country; and it has become plain enough that a new danger has lately come to meet both the railway worker and the railway passenger at every crossing. It is the automobile.

How we did have to scold with the whistle in the well-populated districts before we could feel sure of having the rails to ourselves! The moment a car appeared near the track ahead of us we grew nervous. More than once the hair upon our heads came back to normalcy only after the engineer had relieved our united pressures by an explosion of well-merited and, I must say, ably chosen profanity.

"In some parts of my division," a superintendent recently confided, "the boys positively hate to take out their engines on Saturdays and Sundays."

As the hundreds of thousands of new cars are crowded out onto the highways—there are now two and a half millions (or 20 per cent) more than a year ago—the blood grows thicker upon the cow-catchers and also upon the records of men whose carefulness has been for decades their chief source of pride.

"Thirty years of service I've had," one of the division's most honored veterans told me a few weeks ago just before we climbed up into the cab, "without a single casualty. And here last month I killed four girls in a car and then just fifteen days later, at almost exactly the same spot, two more! And yet I'm sure I oughtn't to quit. If you could have seen their carelessness!"

"Careless? That ain't the word for it!" chimed in a younger man. "Why, on my run the other day, a fellow was driving a bus with a lot of children—twenty of 'em at least—with me just parallel to him—a pullin' of my whistle-rope to beat the band, of course, for the crossin' just ahead. And what does that —— fool do! It makes me almost crazy just to think of it! Why, he speeds up and *crosses ahead of me!* I swear to God there wasn't six inches between me and him—and those twenty kids! I wrote back to the town where he lived and here's the letter that says his driver's license has been taken away from him."

Such near-catastrophes, and worse, often prove too much for the driver.

"Right here in town," a road foreman of engines recently related, "one of our best men completed last spring his twenty-fifth year without a single serious accident. This summer, as luck would have it, a whole family took a chance at the crossing and he found two little girls and their still smaller brother dead on his pilot. We had to lay him off. At the funeral—he knew them all, you see—the poor fellow broke down and had to be taken home. To-day, everybody in town is saying that old Tom's working days are about over. He certainly looks twenty years older."

In the old days we used to think it a one-sided affair when a big black engine disputed the crossing with a herd of animals. But old engineers tell me that a flock of sheep is practically certain to derail a locomotive. So this newer contest, also, for the right of way is not so uneven as it looks. Too often the car and the steel cow-catcher get rolled in under the big drivers, and crew and passengers, as well as motorists, pay the uttermost price. Only lately in Michigan not only were the four occupants of the machine killed, but the engine and nine of the train's eleven cars were derailed, many travelers were hurt, and the engineer and the fireman fatally injured.

It certainly is a shame that this danger should be added to all those which have come already from our constant call of "Faster! Faster!" These risks have long meant, according to President Warren S. Stone of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, that every year about 250 members meet death in the performance of their duty. Within the past few years, also, there has been an astonishing increase of suicides.

In spite of this—or because of it—there are few of us who haven't wished at some stage of our career that we could sit in the driver's seat with our hand upon the throttle. It's probably just as well we didn't try. Few of us could ever have met all the tests and screenings made of those who start. Out of every hundred who begin as firemen, only seventeen ever finally reach the coveted job of driver. And of every hundred who do, only six become drivers of passenger trains! And for them all the average length of service is said to be less than twelve years. Constantly, too, the period of years of testing as a fireman becomes longer. The reason is simple: trains become longer and therefore fewer as rapidly as engines become bigger and more powerful. To-day some of the newest "power" pulls what made not less than four trains a few years back when some of the present firemen were almost in sight of the hoped-for promotion.

"Why ain't I on my engine now?" an unhappy street-car conductor in a railway town shot back at me lately. "Simple enough. Arithmetic done it. I was beginnin' to figure I'd soon be drivin', when along come these big moguls—these super-dreadnaughts—and hang me if they ain't ever since been movin' just about the entire traffic of the whole blamed road in one big train!"

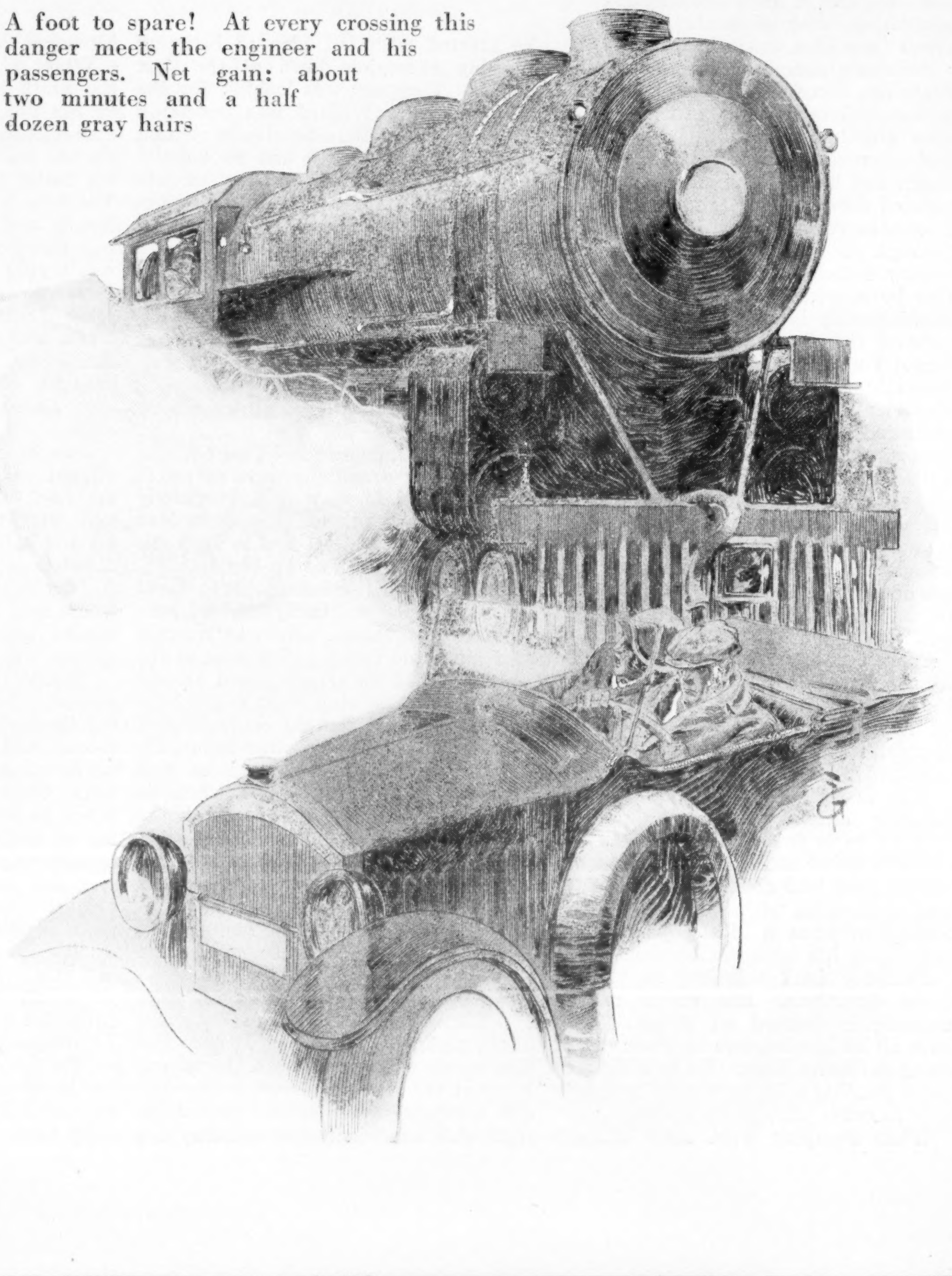
Even if he had continued and been one of the lucky handlers of those great three-hundred-ton beasts, he'd have had to step down again unless every so often he could meet the company's tests of his eyes, his arteries, and his heart, not to mention his all-round character and dependability.

"When you realize," so President Stone puts it, "that on limited trains the engineer must pick up and correctly interpret an average of three signals per minute, each of which spells the difference between safety and disaster, you can understand why every sense must be alert."

Naturally enough it was this kind of job and this kind of man that started the fight against John Barleycorn before even the churches took it up.

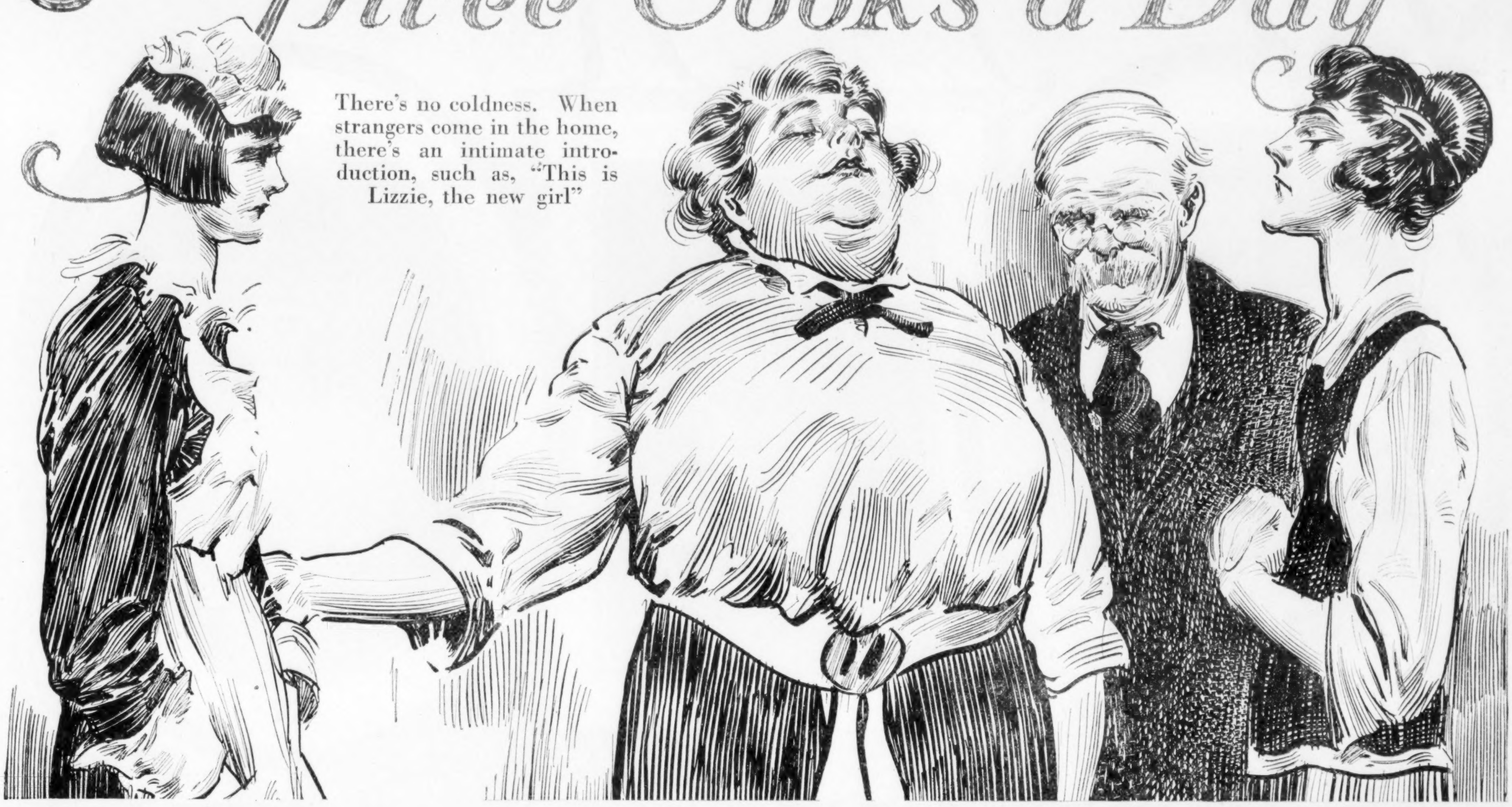
"I am sure," says "Chief" Stone, "that the

(*Continued on page 41*)



A foot to spare! At every crossing this danger meets the engineer and his passengers. Net gain: about two minutes and a half dozen gray hairs

Three Cooks a Day



There's no coldness. When strangers come in the home, there's an intimate introduction, such as, "This is Lizzie, the new girl"

Uncle Henry says that most families have to leave much to the corner German's sense of delicatessen

"I SEE where Edison says that it's only a question of time when all the work about a house will be done by electricity," remarked Mr. Stubbs. "Dishwashin', cookin' an' everything."

"Either that or it won't be done at all," said Uncle Henry. "Cooks have become so scarce an' shy you've got to hunt 'em with bird dogs, an' even then they won't get up until you actually step on 'em. What's worse, in most states they have game laws limitin' the bag to three a day. Now how's the average American family goin' to get along on three cooks a day? It only takes care of breakfast an' lunch at the most, leavin' dinner to the corner German's sense of delicatessen.

"Nothin' seems able to hold a cook's interest for more than an hour or two at a time. If you put a radio set in the kitchen they want a mechanical piano, an' if you install a piano it develops that their tastes run to graphophones.

"Yessir, 'Lonzo, I certainly hope that Edison is right. Unless electricity does come to the rescue, so that the lady of the house can discharge every domestic duty by merely pressin' a button as she lies on the chaise longue in the parlor, it looks as if we would have to take to the fields an' commence a search for nourishin' roots an' tender grasses. Certainly no true American wife is goin' to expose herself to the shame an' humiliation of doin' her own cookin'.

"It isn't that she doesn't know how. Nor is it that the women don't want to. Why, my wife would *love* to get out into the kitchen if she dared. Many a time, as she has sat there at the table, listenin' to dishes breakin' an' meat burnin', all the agony of the world in her eyes, I got the terrible feelin' of watchin' a tiger in leash.

"But it isn't as if she had only herself to think of. There are her daughters an' granddaughters, all with social positions to consider. Has she the right to put her own selfish pleasure above the happiness of her own flesh an' blood? Can she run the risk of havin' 'em ostracized by the Best People?

"Deny it as we may, the fact remains that the woman who does her own cookin' an' dishwashin' has no chance on earth to enjoy any social position in a 100 per cent American community.

"She may try to conceal her shame, changin' to a silk dress an' sittin' on the front porch while the oven gets hot, but sooner or later a smudge on her cheek or some flour on her hands will betray her guilt. Straightway the tongues of gossip will begin to wag, an' from house to house the whisper will creep, 'Miz' So-an'-So does her own work,' an' there's nothin' left for the wretched creature to do but hunt out a leper colony, an' demand her rights.

"But when you come right down to it, 'Lonzo, unless she's able to sit idle while hired help does her work, how is any woman goin' to prove that she's a lady? It's the one an' only sure test in the United States to-day, for now that books on etiquette are within reach of the humblest, almost anybody can *act* like a lady. Even the most ignorant know how to crook the little finger while eatin' a dill pickle, an' this trick of hidin' a roll in a napkin is an open secret.

"An' even if a woman who did her own work *was* admitted into good society, what would she have to talk about? How is it possible for her to take part in the flow of wit an' sense that marks a gatherin' of the Best People? Knowin' nothin' of the Servant Problem—unable to contribute illustrative incident as to the Insolence of the Creatures an' Their Outrageous Demands—her lips must remain locked."

"What puzzles me," said Mr. Stubbs, "is why a girl will drudge in a department store basement, workin' for poor pay, when she can get a job in some nice, comfortable home."

"That's democracy," said Uncle Henry. "We've got to be as good as anybody else whether we like it or not. What's comfort compared to equality? Take the case of the department store girl, for instance. There she is at a counter all day long, forced to wear her best clothes every minute. She runs a daily risk of bein' spoken to by men, an' has nothin' to do in the evenin's but run from one movie to another, or else drag her tired feet around some dancin' floor.

"Now if she was cook or maid in a nice family of eight or twelve, think of the long, quiet evenin's she'd have—six of 'em each week—when all she's got to do is sit an' read with a whole waste basket to pick from, an' maybe a story in the paper the laundry came home in. An' when the grocer boy or the policeman does call, there's a fine, warm kitchen to sit in until the lady of the house comes to the door an' lets 'em know that it's ten o'clock an' time for a decent girl to be in bed, especially if she expects to get an early start on the washin'.

"An' there's none of the coldness that marks the hard, outer world. From the very first day she's called by her first name without any of this formal Miss business that builds such an icy barrier around the clerk or stenographer. An' when strangers come in the home there's always some intimate introduction such as, 'This is Lizzie, the new girl.' I don't understand myself why American girls don't want to be servants.

"It's different in England. Over there kitchen jobs are handed down from one generation to another like heirlooms. Every English gentleman comes into the world with a nose cold an' a butler, an' he goes through life without ever losin' either. Some say it's because of the accident of birth, but I think the lack of proper heatin' facilities has somethin' to do with it.

"Y'see, about the only place you ever find a real fire over there is in the kitchen. A bundle of toothpicks slowly charring in a baronial fireplace is the English idea of a roarin' blaze, an' there they sit, steadily congealin', with no sound to break the stillness but the constant drip-drip from eaves an' noses. Why would any sane servant, snuggled up against a glowin' coal range, change places with a duke or duchess? As the poet says so beautifully,

"Warm feet are more than coronets,
And kitchen stoves than Norman blood.

"Between you an' me, 'Lonzo, I think most of our servant trouble comes from a point of view. We still think in terms of the day when our kitchen help was either a poor relation or else some fourteen-year-old girl we took out of an orphan asylum. Until we put domestic service on the same plane as every other form of business service, the delicatessen industry needn't be afraid of a slump."

"Even when you hire a girl," persisted Mr. Stubbs, "she doesn't know how to cook."

"You're wrong," said Uncle Henry. "Doin' the job badly is the democratic way of provin' that you're above your station."

Do You Know these

1.

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1. It isn't tattooing; it's lace. She stood an hour while the village dressmaker got it skin-tight. That was in 1905, the year she told the school board they'd have to get another teacher for next year because she'd decided to marry that young lawyer folks were saying might get to be mayor or senator, maybe even governor, some day. "He'll go higher than that," she smiled to herself. And he did. He has reached the top.

2. In Salt Lake City there lived a maid and she became known to the footlights. Many things, all differently lovely, have looked out of her eyes since at sixteen they gazed E. M. Sothern out of a part in his company. They no longer light the stage, but their owner is busy devising a new and merely mechanical way of lighting it.

3. Doesn't she remind you of that English girl who had such a big wedding two or three years ago? The family name is the same, but this one was married in 1893 and has lived at the same address in London ever since. She has a son who travels a good deal.

MAKE your guesses first, then read here the answers that follow. Perhaps you're satiated with cross-word puzzles and may welcome this as a new game. These photographs are from an early-day album of portraits of notable women of the footlights, screen and opera, American and British social and political circles. Now for their names: 1. Mrs. Calvin Coolidge. 2. Maude Adams. 3. Queen Mary of England. 4. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. 5. Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. 6. Geraldine Farrar. 7. Elsie Ferguson. 8. Lady Astor. 9. Ethel Barrymore. 10. Mary Pickford.

7.

International

7. She always did know how to dress and do her hair, which is really beautifully blond. You used to see her name in big letters on Broadway only, but since Hollywood caught her it's all over the side streets too. She was never outcast but once.

8. Last year she carried herself back to ole Virginny and showed her English husband a real Southern cook cooking. History fails to record his comment, but he became almost talkative when asked how he liked having an American wife who was beautiful but not dumb, and who could match him at his favorite sport, English politics.

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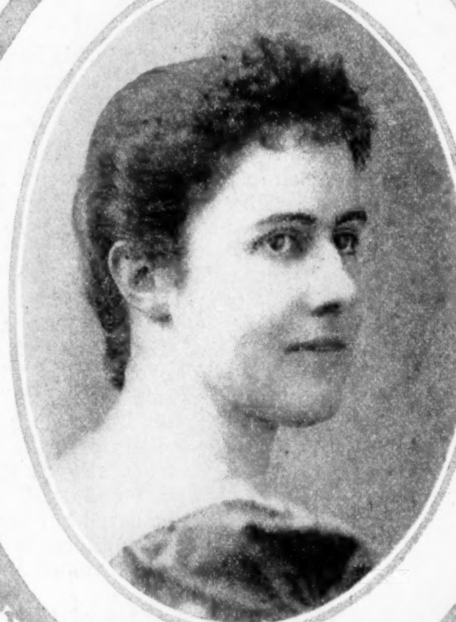
FAMOUS WOMEN?



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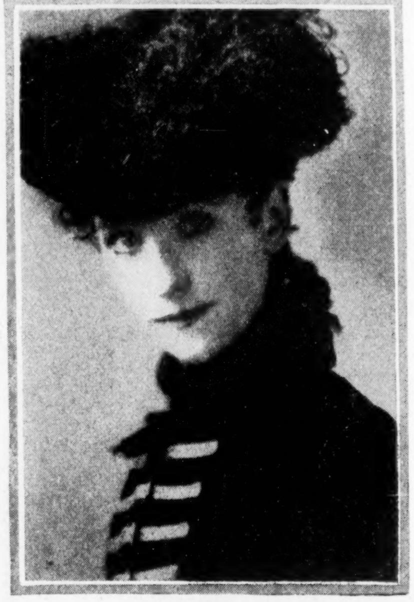

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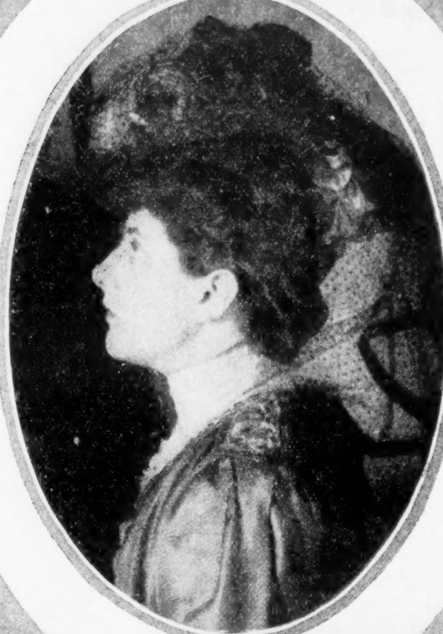

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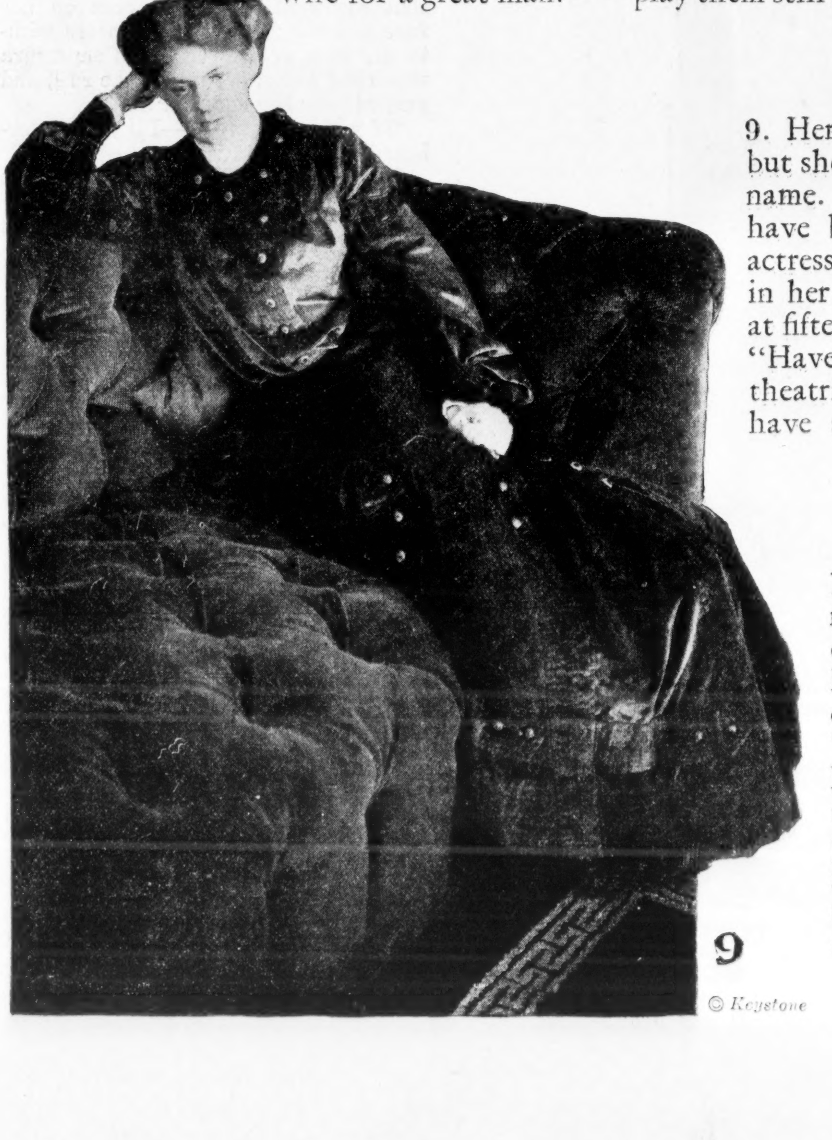
Brown Bros. *Brown Bros.*

4. This is the ear she later lent to a Princeton man who had been a teacher. They were married and went along to Washington. Finding that she was the wife of a great man she made herself truly a wife for a great man.

5. How well she knew that she was charming under that hat. She didn't go on the stage until she was three, and she wasn't starred until she was fifteen. By then she had played old ladies and lovely heroines. She can play them still and charm us as either.

6. She may or may not belong to the Lucy Stone League, but she never did call herself by her husband's name; and he had a bit of a name too. The folks that take their opera standing up call her by her last name. Singing or screening she is a great emotional actress, though here she was trying hard to pose as a Gibson girl.



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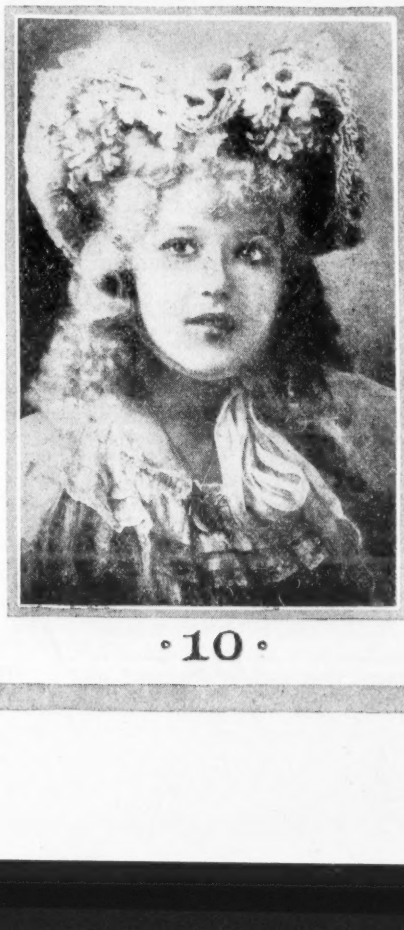
9. Her family name is Blythe, but she was a rose by another name. She couldn't possibly have been anything but an actress; it just wasn't done in her family. So she began at fifteen to be one of the real "Have you seen's?" of each theatrical season. You may have seen her brother too.

10. She started in life named Smith, and made everybody forget it. Here she is eleven, and dressed for her part in "The Fatal Wedding." Not wishing her own to be fatal, she took the precaution of waiting for the man with the smile. He won. Both smile on the screen.



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International

BOBBED HAIR

A NOVEL BY TWENTY AUTHORS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

Chapter VIII

By H. C. Witwer

IN THE same instant that the fear-stricken Connemara screamed wildly for McTish, with the prehensile fingers of Mr. Pooch pawing at her throat, the utter absurdity of her appeal struck her. The idea of the little, flame-haired, candidly drunk Scotchman in the rôle of knight errant would have changed her shriek of fear to one of mirth—under other circumstances. Just now, however, Connemara's sense of humor was conspicuous by its absence! A panicky terror gripped her, mingled with amazement. Where was the owner of the familiar voice that had just echoed her frenzied scream "*McTish!*" across the water? Who was—?

But Mr. Pooch gave Connemara no time for conjecture. This gentleman of the new school was all business! One hand almost encircling her quivering throat, he clenched the other and drew it back ominously.

"Gimme that fifty grand or I'll bump you off!" he yelled. "C'mon—make it snappy!"

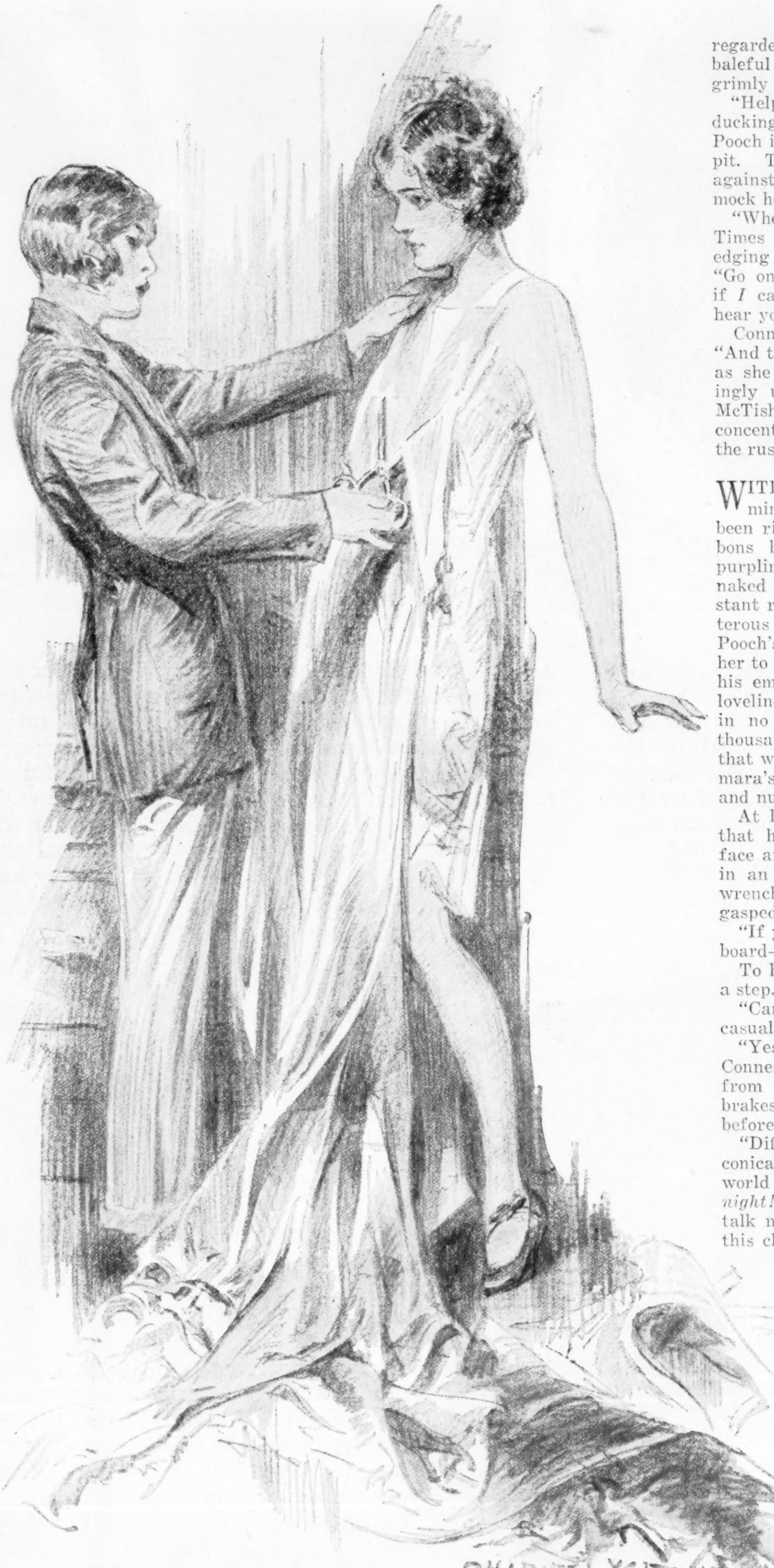
Connemara gulped and moved her neck painfully in Mr. Pooch's iron grasp. With frantic glances she signaled her captor that speech was practically an impossible feat under his restraining influence. Slowly and cautiously Mr. Pooch relaxed his grip, like a fisherman playing his victim by the feel of the reel. Connemara gingerly rubbed her aching neck and glared at him indignantly.

"You are frightfully rude!" she said haughtily. "And I do not desire your company further. Put me ashore at once!"

For a moment Mr. Pooch eyed her almost incredulously. He actually looked abashed and retreated a step, and Connemara had a wild hope that her sudden assumption of an imperious manner might be effective where her shrinking fear had failed. At least it might allow her to temporize with her assailant. She continued to regard him fixedly, in a desperate imitation of icy anger, but Mr. Pooch quickly dashed her brief optimism.

"Put you ashore, hey?" he chuckled sneeringly, again advancing toward her. "Where d'ye get that stuff? As long as y' don't 'preciate me *askin'* for that sugar in a nice way, I'm gonna *take* it off ya'!"

A lurch of the yacht enabled Connemara partly to evade his vicious lunge at her arm, and as she sprang away there was a sound of ripping cloth. Mr. Pooch sprawled back perilously close to the low rail, mouthing strange oaths and tightly clutching one sleeve of her bedraggled nun's robe. Connemara stared wildly up at the bridge, where she now, to her amazement, discerned McTish, white cap cocked rakishly over one eye, calmly surveying the scene below with the detached air of a spectator at a particularly boring performance. He might have been a hod carrier at a Greek drama; or Noah viewing Niagara Falls. And not many moments before she had seen the red-headed Mr. McTish most thoroughly slammed and padlocked in the forecastle. Mr. Pooch regarded the sleeve in his hand with a baleful eye, hurled it overboard, and grimly resumed the attack.



Sweetie held the stuff against Connemara and hacked away at it boldly

"Help! Help!" wailed Connemara, ducking and dodging the grunting Pooch in the narrow space of the cockpit. The waves swishing callously against the yacht's sides seemed to mock her.

"Where 'dye think y'are, kid—in Times Square?" chuckled Mr. Pooch, edging her relentlessly into a corner. "Go on, squawk yer head off and see if *I* care! The only ones which can hear you is me and the fishes!"

Connemara felt like adding bitterly, "And that poor fish up on the bridge!" as she stared scornfully at the seemingly unperturbed and still watching McTish. But she saved her breath and concentrated all her efforts in avoiding the rushes of the determined Mr. Pooch.

WITHIN the space of the next five minutes, Connemara's costume had been ripped and torn to fluttering ribbons by his hungry hands. Darkly purpling bruises were appearing on her naked arms and shoulders, but the constant rolling of the yacht and her dexterous squirming and clawing at Mr. Pooch's curiously working face enabled her to break away time and again from his embrace. The sight of her bared loveliness had swiftly brought a desire in no way connected with the fifty thousand dollars into the glittering slits that were Mr. Pooch's eyes, and Connemara's pulses leaped madly with a new and numbing fear.

At last, with Pooch so close to her that his panting breath beat on her face and his groping hands were within an inch of her throat, Connemara wrenched away, sprang to the rail, and gasped over her shoulder:

"If you touch me—I—I'll jump overboard—I *mean* it!"

To her surprise, Mr. Pooch fell back a step.

"Can you swim?" he inquired, almost casually.

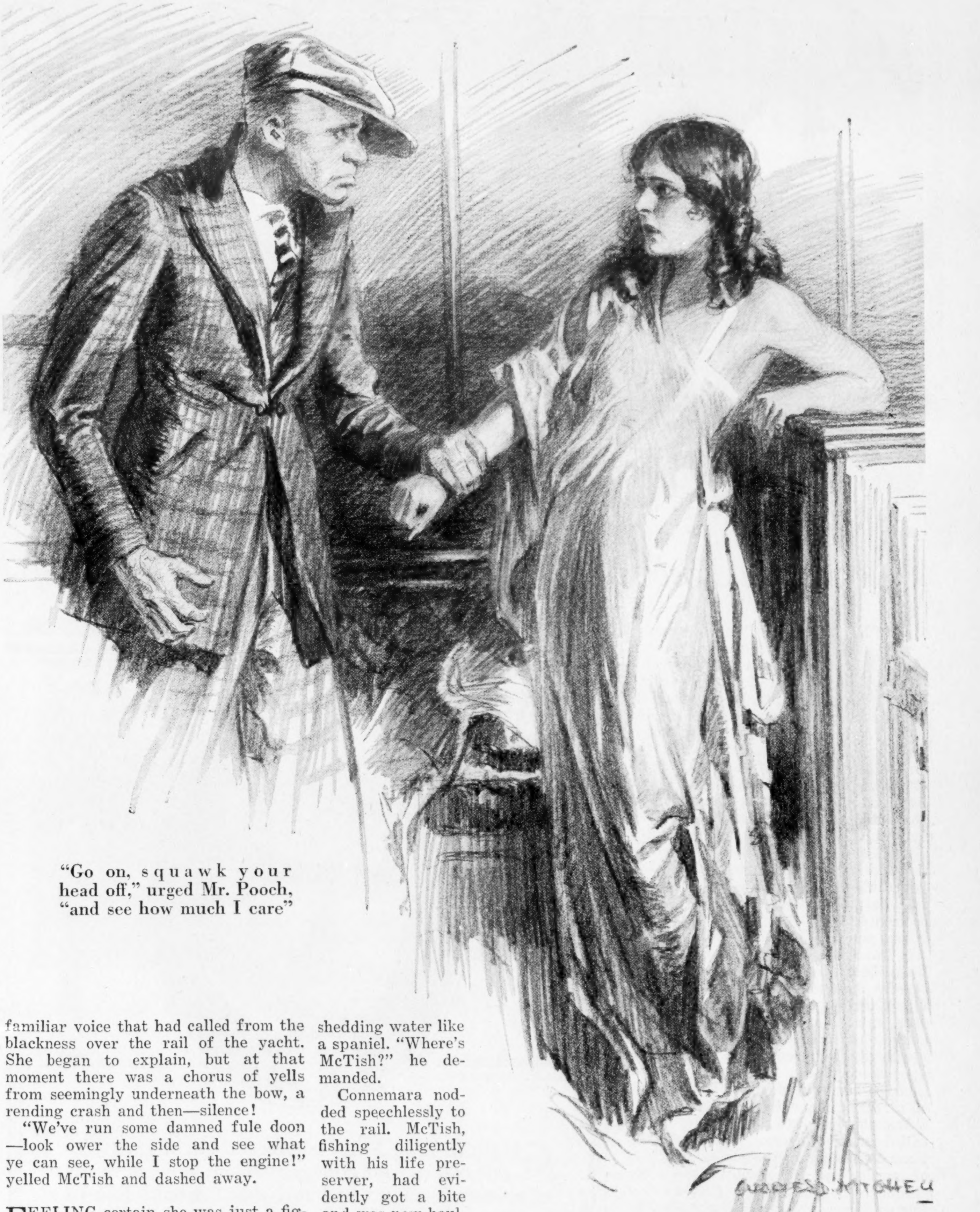
"Yes—very well indeed!" panted Connemara, on the verge of hysteria from this sudden application of the brakes to the heroics of a moment before.

"Different *here!*" said Mr. Pooch laconically. "And I'll tell the cock-eyed world I ain't gonna take no lessons *tonight!* Hop down off that rail and we'll talk matters over. I'm gettin' sick of this clownin'! Who in blazes *are* you, anyways?"

"Will you put me ashore?" parried Connemara, still poised on the rail.

"Oh, be yourself!" grunted Mr. Pooch disgustedly. "Every copper in the wide, wide world is lookin' for us now, and it's a cinch *you* don't wanna meet no John Laws any more than *I* do! Who's that cake eater which was with you on the ferry?"

"Who are *you?*" queried Connemara.



"Go on, squawk your head off," urged Mr. Pooch, "and see how much I care"

"Me?" grinned Mr. Pooch. "Why, I'm the fifth horseman of the yoo-cal-iptis. Never mind who *I* am! Why don't you get sensible and hand over that fifty thousand bucks and be done with it? You don't *look* like no Dumb Dora, why *act* like one? Your boy friend has left you flat on your ear and Swede's gang'll be along any minute, so—"

A faint hail over the water abruptly cut off Mr. Pooch's summing up. He stepped quickly to the rail beside Connemara, peering eagerly into the gloom with her. The hail was not repeated and, determined to guide any possible assistance to her, Connemara gathered her breath together and released a sudden, piercing, "*H-e-l-p!*"

With a startled oath, Mr. Pooch clamped his hands firmly over her lips and tore her from the rail. Connemara desperately sought to free herself from his nauseating embrace, but this time Pooch held her tightly gripped in the crook of one arm, while his free hand began an exploration of her garments in search of the packet of bank notes. Crimson with rage and embarrassment, Connemara fought wildly, encouraged by a louder repetition of the hail from the surrounding murk. It seemed closer this time, and Connemara, squirming frantically away from Pooch, prayed that it was.

THE thatch of red hair surmounted by the white cap of McTish slowly rose over the hatchway. In one hand the little man held an iron bar and he hefted it speculatively as he surveyed the struggling pair, before stepping into the cockpit. His movements were deliberate and unhurried—he might have been completely detached from the picture. Part way over he even stopped to arrange neatly a protruding coil of rope.

Mr. Pooch appeared not to see McTish, doubtless believing him safely accounted for by the hatch padlock, for at Connemara's hopefully eager glance at the little Scotchman over Pooch's shoulder, Pooch only laughed aloud, wrenching her wrist cruelly to restrain her struggles. McTish advanced, still slowly, but strangely sobered, until within inches of Pooch's straining back. Then McTish coughed, rather apologetically.

"Eh—that'll be a' o' that; stand awa' frae the girrl," requested McTish evenly.

"Take the air, you little rat—I'll slap you for a mock orange!" growled Mr. Pooch, too busy with Connemara to look around.

He should have done so! For without another word and as calmly as though driving a nail with a hammer, McTish raised his arm and the iron bar clunked on Mr. Pooch's head. Silently that gentleman sank to the deck at Connemara's feet.

"An' that's that!" remarked McTish lightly, tossing his weapon aside.

Amazement—and suspicion—momentarily overcame Connemara's gratitude. She stared at McTish almost accusingly. "Then you—you are *not* intoxicated—you *weren't* when we came on board?" she murmured. "You were shamming! Why—"

"What—*me* drunk?" broke in McTish, with a curl of his lip, "I dinna touch the stuff—eh—that is, I dinna *drink* it!" He touched Mr. Pooch's inert body with a contemptuous toe. "And noo, my girrl, wha's *this* swab and whar's the chief?"

"Chief?" repeated Connemara vaguely. "What chief?"

"Dinna stall, me girrl; I heard his voice a bit ago, as I was kicking me way oot o' the after hatch. Whar is he?" demanded McTish sternly.

Connemara suddenly recalled the familiar voice that had called from the blackness over the rail of the yacht. She began to explain, but at that moment there was a chorus of yells from seemingly underneath the bow, a rending crash and then—silence!

"We've run some damned fule doon—look ower the side and see what ye can see, while I stop the engine!" yelled McTish and dashed away.

FEELING certain she was just a figure in somebody's nightmare, Connemara leaned far over the rail, straining her eyes at the sullen black waters. The throbbing of the yacht's engine had ceased, and the boat now rolled aimlessly on the waves as McTish ran past her with a lighted flare in one hand and a life preserver in the other. Determined not to be left alone, Connemara summoned her nerve and cautiously moved forward. She reached the bow just as a drenched and bedraggled figure threw one leg over the yacht's side. At her involuntary exclamation the visitor from the sea halted in the process of boarding the yacht and stared at her, displaying a beautiful set of molars.

"Well, well, well—what a delightful evening!" smilingly greeted Mr. David Lacy, of hither and yon. "Fancy meeting *you* here!"

A helpless gurgle was the only witty retort Connemara could think of.

Lacy vaulted lightly to the deck, shedding water like a spaniel. "Where's McTish?" he demanded.

Connemara nodded speechlessly to the rail. McTish, fishing diligently with his life preserver, had evidently got a bite and was now hauling in with a will. Drawing near Connemara, Lacy observed her torn garments with a puzzled frown—then his eyes wandered to the prostrate Mr. Pooch, who was beginning to show signs of awakening. Shaking his head quizzically, Lacy knelt down and removed Pooch's coat, and, arising, tendered the garment to Connemara with a bow. Connemara hastily buttoned it around her bared shoulders, while Mr. Lacy began to twist the water out of his own soaked clothing.

"Well, what do you know—eh—Sister?" he inquired, with his winning smile.

"First, get some rope or something and tie that—that beast up!" commanded Connemara, finding her voice at last and gesturing to the recumbent Pooch. "He tried to— Oh, don't stand there looking at me. Tie him up or I'll do it myself!"

Lacy disappeared down a hatchway, returning a moment later with a coil of stout rope. Meanwhile McTish had assisted aboard from the sea a burly gentleman and a lady. The lady collapsed gracefully to the deck and as Connemara ran to her with quick sympathy, the big man turned on the scowling McTish.

"You rich boloneys think you own the ocean, don't you?" he bellowed, shaking a huge wet fist under the little Scotchman's placid nose. "I got a good mind to knock you silly, you red-headed boob!"

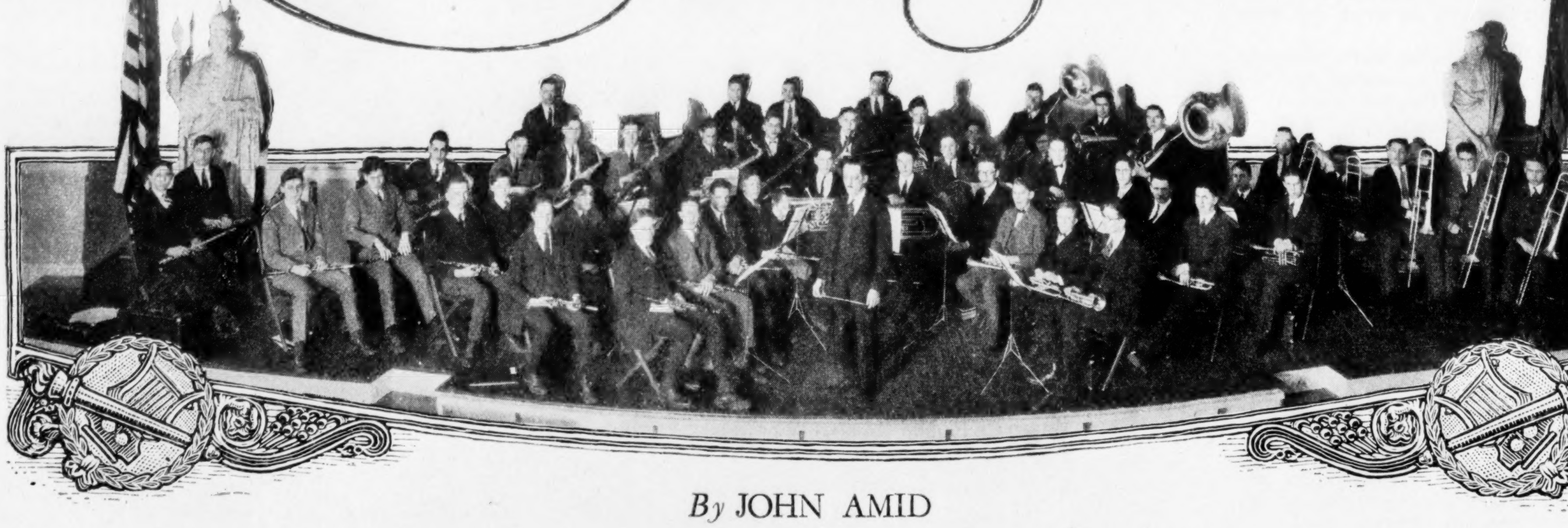
"Shut up, Doc, you're all wet!" called the lady weakly, sitting up on the deck. This was a true statement, however she meant it.

"Are you all right, Sweetie?" asked the big fellow anxiously.

"K. O.!"

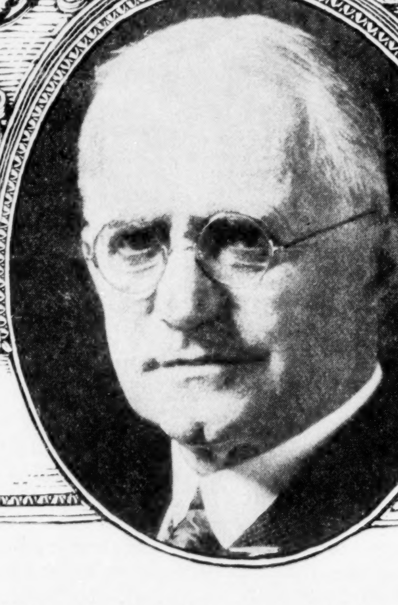
(*Continued on page 31*)

A CITY'S Tinkling Cymbals



By JOHN AMID

In Rochester they mix movies and the music of the masters



GEORGE EASTMAN said recently, as he gave $15,000,000 to four colleges: "I am now upwards of seventy years old, and feel that I would like to see the results from this money within my remaining years." For some time he's been seeing—and hearing—results in his home city, Rochester, N. Y. It's a city full of music—in schools and homes and theatres. This is the story of what music has done for a city that, in the beginning, didn't much care.

"STEP this way," the manager said. "Even if you're crowded for time, I want you to see it." He opened a door and pushed aside a heavy curtain. We stepped into the dark, at the back of the mezzanine gallery. Below us lay the cavernous interior of the big theatre. On the stage, at the bottom of an artistic gray-and-blue lighting effect, sat a single figure at a piano. Except for the notes that came, now singly, now in a musical run, now in rich chords, from the instrument, there was not a sound in the house. In the pauses of the music you could have heard a pin drop. It was so still that at first the theatre seemed empty. But when the number ended, applause filled the building.

I have seen many audiences, and have been trained to notice them. Rarely does any soloist get such interest, even in New York's Carnegie Hall, or at Boston's symphony concerts. Only at the dramatic moment of a play, ordinarily, can one find such tense attention. There is usually at least a cough somewhere in the house, a bit of movement, a rustled program.

But this was not an audience of so-called music lovers. Although the pianist was an instructor in a school of music, and his compositions were "highbrow"—Liszt, Chopin, Busoni—*that audience was an ordinary matinée audience* that had turned out to see a movie melodrama: Gloria Swanson in "The Humming Bird." It was at the Eastman Theatre, in Rochester, N. Y.

But wait. Passing along the corridors of one of Rochester's new grade-school buildings, I heard the squeaking of a fiddle. It was during school hours.

"It's just a special class," explained the school principal, who was with me, as he opened the door to satisfy my curiosity. "They only get it an hour a week," he added apologetically.

Rochester turns children of the seventh grade and over into junior high schools, so none of the youngsters in that building were more than sixth-graders. It was not a particularly large school either. But in that room were twenty-one children with violins.

On my desk as I write is a photograph of a dozen Rochester school-children, more girls than boys, with cellos; another of a group with French horns. A still larger group, all boys, with slide trombones; a long flashlight of the ninety-piece "Inter-High" orchestra that, when Rochester's symphony orchestra was making its début in New York, played the regular program at the Eastman Theatre in its place—the overture, instead of anything simple for youngsters, being Karl Goldmark's "Sakuntala," if you please.

Other pictures come to my mind, to complete the impression: the Eastman Theatre filled to the doors to hear the last symphony concert of the season; the same theatre, just as full, at popular prices, 25 cents up, to hear the last symphony matinée concert; the theatre crowded again, only a few hours later, with an evening audience paying two or three dollars apiece to hear a master violinist, Heifetz; the ninety-piece orchestra of one of the junior high schools, playing for the regular weekly assembly; the Eastman School of Music, adjoining the Eastman Theatre, belonging to the University of Rochester, of which the theatre itself is a part.

Rochester is a city of about three hundred thousand. It is safe to say that to-day there is no other city of its size in America that compares with it in musical opportunities, musical interest, and musical attendance. But only a few years ago Rochester was no whit more musical than any other city in the country.

They tell a story of Rochester before the days of the Eastman Theatre.

It was a stormy midwinter night. A good audience had turned out for the only musical event that at that time could command attendance—a famous solist: this time Madame Schumann-Heink. The city had then, as it has now, a symphony orchestra—but it was of the struggling, expensive variety, supported by the heavy contributions of a few subscribers who were willing to pay dearly for the privilege of hearing an occasional symphony concert. But the orchestra could not "draw." On the night of the scheduled Schumann-Heink recital the manager came before the impatient audience with an announcement. The great singer had been delayed by the storm, and would not be able to appear. Money for all tickets would be refunded at the box office. But, rather than disappoint the audience entirely, the management had assembled the symphony orchestra which would give, free, a program for those who cared to remain. In spite of the storm outside, in spite of the fact that they had come for an evening of music, in spite of the management's trouble, and courteous invitation, more than half that audience of supposed music lovers left and went out into the night rather than stay and listen to a symphony concert!

"That was when," said the man who told me about it, "it seemed about useless to think of getting Rochester to appreciate music."

How did the transformation come about?

Largely through the interest and experiments of one man, who has perhaps paved a way in which other cities may follow—George Eastman.

Right here is as good a place as any to say that, to me, Rochester is one of the most remarkable cities in this country. It has been called "an Eastern city with a Western spirit." I first visited it on a tour of secondary schools, and found that, with its development of the junior high-school system, it was setting a pace for the whole United States. If I were free to move to any city that I thought would give the best public school opportunities for my children, I would take Rochester.

Then I found that, in the matter of dental hygiene and the prevention of disease, Rochester was establishing a record. Dr. Goler, the head of the city health department, told me: "In a way, we're preparing a vaccine here for the whole country. We're trying out new things. We're making inprovements. From Rochester they may spread from coast to coast." And in its musical development Rochester is most remarkable of all.

Behind all three of these advances, to a greater or less degree, has been Eastman, a man who in the afternoon of his life has turned his attention and money and interest to the betterment of his community. Millions he has contributed to Rochester. Just as important as the money, he has contributed ideas. To-day he is as absorbed in the city's musical development as he might be in the construction of a new plant, or the discovery of a new method of photography. Music, as an expensive "highbrow" luxury for a few, does not appeal to him particularly. It presents no problem to solve. But to invest his money in such a way as to make music an almost self-supporting factor in enriching the life of the city—there's a job worth tackling! There's a real nut to crack!

"The average philharmonic orchestra," he said to me, "costs—how much? Two hundred thousand dollars a year? Probably more. And plays to perhaps that many people. Perhaps fewer. Well, I'm not interested in putting up a quarter of a million dollars to help rich people hear an occasional symphony concert. But I am interested in raising fifty thousand for an orchestra that will bring symphony music to millions."

We've all of us inherited, I suppose, a little of the true Columbus spirit, the desire to do what men said couldn't be done, the desire to tackle the impossible. Eastman is no exception. Show him something hard, and he's interested. Tell him it can't be done, and he'll likely start doing it. Even after the "best minds" of Rochester walked out into a stormy winter night rather than stay and listen to a symphony concert, he wouldn't give up.

Perhaps his own experience had something to do with it. For he's not a born music lover. Musical enjoyment and appreciation came to him late. He acquired them. Until middle life, he told me, he thought little, cared little, about music—heard little. Then when he could do as he liked, the idea came to him of putting an organ in his house. He had one installed. Then came an organist to play it. Next came chamber music, a quartet to play at the weekly gathering of friends, a sort of informal reception, at his home. About this time too he became a subscriber to the original Rochester Symphony Orchestra, a struggling, expensive organization. But he noticed at his home, as at the concerts, that people didn't really care, for the most part, much about the music.

"The men would get away in the other rooms and smoke and talk, when the quartet was playing," he said. "The ladies listened, of course. There wasn't anything else they could do. But you could see they didn't care much for it either."

The young idea begins to shoot—on the violin

These four boys decided to tackle the French horn. They are being taught in school

The problem of making the city of Rochester like music, as he had come to like it and support it, divided itself into three parts. The first thing was to find some way of supporting an orchestra at a reasonable figure, so that it wouldn't be merely a rich man's luxury. The next thing was to accustom people to hearing good music, so that they'd get to like it, and begin to feel pride in their ability to enjoy it. The third thing—and in the long run the biggest one of all—would be to get hold of the next generation earlier and teach them about music and how to enjoy it while they were still youngsters.

Motion pictures solved the first part of the problem. To help support a symphony orchestra, George Eastman built a real Movie Palace—the Eastman Theatre. People will pay to watch motion pictures. They enjoy listening to music while they're watching them, provided it doesn't take their attention off what's happening on the screen. The Eastman Theatre is one of the most beautiful in the country. As the leading motion-picture house in Rochester, it runs the best popular pictures. Seating more than three thousand persons, in a city of less than a third of a million, it has to have pictures that draw well, in order to meet expenses. The weekly expense of running the theatre is as great as that of Broadway houses in New York—well toward $15,000. Nearly 35,000 people, every week, have to watch pictures in the Eastman Theatre to make it pay. *And they do!* Each week a crowd equal to *one eighth of the entire population of Rochester* passes through the doors of the Eastman Theatre! Result? The Eastman Theatre is able to carry a weekly orchestra pay roll that averages well above $5,000 —*over a quarter of a million dollars a year for music*—a symphony orchestra supported in large measure by motion-picture admissions.

Seventy and more players of the Rochester Symphony Orchestra compose the Eastman Theatre orchestra. The balance of twenty-odd players, to make up the full philharmonic strength of ninety-five, come in from outside for rehearsals and concerts. Where the ordinary symphony orchestra costs $200,000 or more a year, over and above its earned income, the Rochester orchestra, largely supported by the Eastman Theatre, costs only between forty and fifty thousand.

Getting people accustomed to hearing good music, the second part of the Rochester problem, has been solved through the same theatre. People pay to watch popular pictures; they're not in the least averse to hearing a good overture while they're waiting—provided it's not too long. So two birds are killed with a single big stone: the Eastman Theatre, while supporting the bulk of the Rochester orchestra, gives the necessary training in symphony music. In time *nearly two million persons* attended the performances of the Eastman Theatre orchestra in a year and enjoyed them immensely, gayly supposing that they were merely going to a fine movie, with a little highbrow music thrown in.

Rochester school-children, through the solution of the third part of the problem, have the best opportunities of all. Again the idea was Eastman's. Each school is provided with instruments for the use of children who want to take music, and the city furnishes instruction. Music, for them, comes at a time when it still can open new doors to a fuller enjoyment of life.

Evidently the violin is popular with the younger set in Rochester

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JANUARY 24, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THE FIRMAMENT SHEWETH HIS HANDYWORK

FOR two precious minutes a little after nine o'clock on January 24th, weather permitting, millions of American eyes will squint upward to gaze at an obscured sun.

Those who happen to be within a narrow belt extending from Duluth across the Great Lakes through New York and New England to the sea will occupy front-row seats at one of nature's finest shows.

Two thousand years and more ago it was blasphemy in republican Rome to talk publicly of an eclipse of the sun being due to natural causes. The Romans, having a taste for censorship, passed a law to punish those guilty of such impious words. Their priests said the gods were troubled and good men should be silent.

Not many in America now think of an angry god when the rising sun goes dark. Instead, tens of thousands will tune in their radio sets to try to find out what effect an eclipse has upon the ether. Astronomers, after days of rehearsal, will be ready with their telescopes and cameras and other intricate instruments in the hope of getting further clues as to what is going on in the solar system.

Nothing shows better the forward march of the human race than the behavior of men at the time of an eclipse.

It is still a stirring event. Nature is seldom more spectacular. The shadow of the moon makes the light of day uncanny. It is as though the doom of the earth were about to be announced by the archangel of destruction. No wonder primitive men were terrified.

Yet what actually happens is that the most precise measurements are made, flames infinitely remote are analyzed, and progressively a great body of knowledge is built up.

Many years ago, other astronomers, measuring the light of the sun, saw in the spectrum an unknown band of color. They called it helium, borrowing the Greek name for the sun. Later helium was found in the earth. Now it is the unburnable gas used to make human life safe when men travel in the great dirigible balloons.

Will the sharp-eyed scientists see something as useful this time? No one can foretell. Yet out of their passionate curiosity as to the ways of nature has come this civilization we live in. Man peering into space, seeing meagerly through darkened glasses but looking in every direction and striving to understand, is the creator and builder.

So remember as the light fails Saturday morning that somewhere in the path of the eclipse an observer may be stationed whose lot it will be to push back a bit further the wall of uncertainty which first imprisoned man. This may be the great day, or it may pass without achievement, but from such efforts as will be put forth during the two minutes while the face of the sun will be hidden has come most of human progress.

Along the Highway to Health

JUST a generation ago an American dentist, a student of the great Robert Koch who discovered the active cause of tuberculosis, wrote a book which revolutionized his profession. Willoughby D. Miller in his way accomplished for dentistry what Lister did for surgery.

The work of many other scientists in the succeeding years has shown the enormous part teeth play in the scheme of health. The mouth has been proved to be the door to many of the most serious troubles which afflict the human race. Heart ailments, kidney disorders, diseases of the joints, mental and nervous affections—these are but a few of the evils which subsequent investigators have traced to the teeth.

The preventive is cleanliness. Many clinics have proved the great value of dental hygiene in reducing sickness. At the present time just eighteen states have laws which permit the employment of dentists' assistants who are competent for this work. Dentists alone could not care for more than a fifth of the population.

For this reason the recent action of the Mouth Hygiene Section of the American Dental Association at the Dallas Convention is a milestone. The profession is now on record as favoring the widest public discussion of the subject. It is impossible to overestimate the worth of spreading such a service. The road charted by the lonely pioneer thirty years ago is now the highway along which a great profession is leading the nation toward health.

A Note on Machinery

THOSE who wander about smugly saying the machinery of our government at Washington has broken down had better stop to ponder Carlyle's words on governmental machinery:

> For man is not the creature of Mechanism; but, in a far truer sense, its creator and producer; it is the noble People that makes the noble Government.

The lapses of any government are but reflections of the same faults in those governed.

A Challenge From the Pushcart

AN OLD peddler, bent and gray, stands before the magistrate between his two tall sons, one a professional man, the other an official of the city. The difficulty awaiting settlement was caused by a stranger's attempt to seize the ancient's long-held pushcart space on the curb of a busy street.

"But we do want to take care of him, your Honor," the elder son explains patiently. "If only you might help us—"

The father turns toward him with flashing eyes, "What!" he cries unanswerably, "Death should come and find me not busy?"

One likes to fancy the shades of many a king and wise man, of Washington and Franklin in our own land, saluting that old peddler across the dim void of bygone years. A man may sell hardware off a pushcart and yet have the heart of a hero.

Anyhow the Kids Get a Better Deal

THAT hot scrap, K. O. Prohibition versus the Bootleg Battler, is still on, as all know who read the papers, but—

The New York children's court reports an average per year of 3,000 fewer delinquent and neglected kids, 1922-24, than during the ten years 1912-1921.

Chicago had 5,238 such cases in 1919 and 3,350 in 1923, which last was not as prosperous a year as 1919 was.

Massachusetts reports an average decrease during the five years 1920-24 of thirty per cent in criminally tough kids. That state's prison population has fallen off one half since 1910, says Sanford Bates, Commissioner of Correction.

Give probation and charity and social effort all the credit you like, but had scarce booze nothing to do with it? The children and the children's children will tell the story.

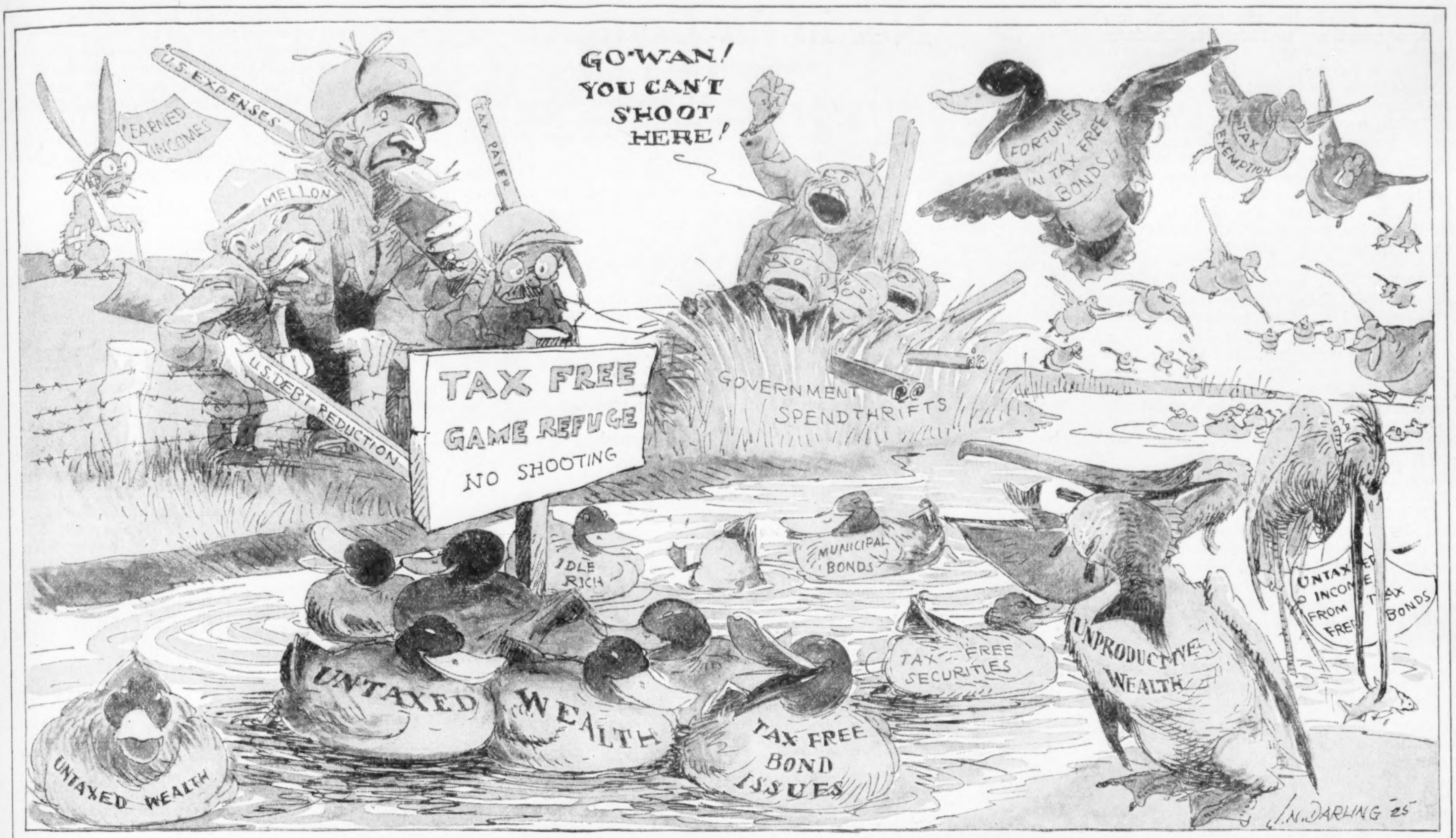
Neighborly Neighbors Are Best

GEORGE WASHINGTON and his friends insisted that friction among the separate states made our United States necessary. He was right and his argument won.

Greece is now spending $10,000,000 to move a million Greeks out of Turkey where their ancestors lived for centuries. Turkey is spending millions to move hundreds of thousands of Turks out of Greece where their ancestors lived for centuries.

Business, farming and trade in both countries are hindered and made worse. Homes are broken up. Disease, hardship, and suffering are increased. Three thousand years ago Assyria tried this policy in Samaria. The Kaiser's Germany tried it in Poland. Spain drove out the Moors. France banished the Huguenots.

Transplanting population is now urged to remedy boundary disputes between the Irish Free State and northern Ireland. Men have had a lot of experience with this notion that, somehow, people can dodge the need of getting along with one another. It does not work. For in politics as in business the one big modern asset is good will.



Looks as if there were some birds taking advantage of the refuge which was never intended

What Do Newspapers Owe the Public?

By Roy W. Howard

Chairman of the Board, Scripps-Howard Newspapers

WHAT has the public a right to expect from its newspapers? As I see it, first of all a newspaper must be a good citizen and a decent neighbor.

It is our theory that newspapers more nearly than most any other form of public service organization take on human attributes and characteristics. Sincerity is the foundation stone of character and standing in the community. If its sincerity is above question the shade of its political and economic opinions are of secondary importance.

Our editors are urged to visualize their papers as upstanding red-blooded citizens of their communities, possessing a sense of humor, a sense of proportion, a sense of decency, and a love of fair play. They are urged never to decry cynicism, encourage tolerance and never to forget that a smile has an asset value even in the midst of a fight.

That a newspaper must have courage and convictions is understood and accepted, but that newspapers must have the willingness and the resources to make tremendous financial sacrifices for editorial principles is not so generally understood. The newspaper which can be bludgeoned into accepting editorial ideas merely because they happen to be in accord with the ideas of advertisers is already a victim of journalistic anæmia and doomed to a brief existence.

Nickolas Muray

Next to its obligation of good citizenship a newspaper owes its clientele a complete and intelligently selected coverage of local, national and world news.

The newspaper owes its readers a clearly defined editorial policy appearing in and confined to its editorial columns. Unfortunately the recent tendency of all American journalism has been to overlook this obligation. With the decline of the personal and partisan journalism of a generation ago the star reporter has not only fallen heir to the place in the spotlight formerly occupied by editors of the Henry Watterson type, but he has usurped the prerogatives. The result has been an interlarding of the news columns with the opinions and viewpoints of the star reporter. Even with this digression the independent newspaper of to-day, taken as a whole, is a truer mirror of events than any of its predecessors.

Metropolitan journalism, like big-city life in general, is more impersonal and, outwardly at least, more cold and thoughtless than life in smaller cities. I believe, however, that even metropolitan journalism owes to itself a kindlier and more generous attitude toward those involved in stories affecting young people and children. No news story, however interesting, is worth to a newspaper what it costs in sacrificed good will and reader respect, if publication of the story puts a criminal brand on some young person in consequence of a first misstep which might have been retraced and atoned for if publication had not made the stain indelible.

How sex matters should be treated by newspapers raises a question that never has and probably never will be finally answered. No subject has so great or so general an appeal. Due to greater liberalism in schools, the teaching of sex hygiene and the more liberal trend of all current literature, matter which would have been taboo in newspapers of a generation ago excites no criticism whatever to-day. No newspaper seeking to reflect everyday life, as any successful newspaper must, can ignore sex or human interest stories involving the subject. At the same time, the best and most representative newspapers in the country lag behind rather than run ahead of the public interest in sex stories.

I think the public has a right to demand of newspaper editors that no story shall be printed apt to raise any question on the part of a clean-minded boy or girl of twelve or fourteen which cannot readily be answered or explained by any parent who has acquainted his children with the normal realities of life.

One hears much talk these days of the waning influence of newspapers in public affairs. The indictment must be brought against individual newspapers and not against journalism as a whole. Where editors and publishers have kept abreast of their communities and have readjusted their viewpoints with the changing thoughts and aspirations of their readers, the influence of the individual newspaper in any cause in which public welfare is involved is as great as at any time in the history of journalism.

Not in the Contract

Continued from page 11

provided you'll let me know at any time if you want to take over the farm again."

"It's a bargain," said Charley. He bounced up and held out his hand. Steve gripped it warmly.

"Well, boy, I imagine I'd better raise some money right off quick and get a bunch of good cows and start my fine little dairy. No doubt I'll have to be buying that wedding present soon now."

"If I've got half the stuff in me I think I have, you will," his brother assured him.

EARLY next morning, long before the hour Mary Trask was usually lifted into the chair by the window, Steve was tapping at her door.

"Sorry to wake you up like this," he apologized.

"I was awake, Steve."

"But I knew you wouldn't want me to go without saying good-by to you."

"I thought you weren't going back until Thursday morning." Mary Trask was plainly disappointed.

"It's that chance for Charley," he told her. "I'm going back to get after it right away. I think I shall be able to get back here by the first of the week, and then I'll make up for this by staying for a longer visit with you, a good long one, I think. Good-by, Mom!"

A thin hand patted his cheek as he bent to kiss her. "I can't tell you how relieved I am, Steve," she said.

In the back yard Charley was waiting in the flivver to take him to the station. Steve climbed in, and they jolted along the rutted road that wound down the slope. As they passed the Stowell place a girl, busy with some tulip beds by the front fence, got up from her knees. Steve had only a fleeting glimpse of a slim, young figure as it straightened up, brown hair with which the gusty April wind was taking all sorts of liberties, lips parted, eyes alight, and a bare, rounded arm waving a garden trowel in salute.

Charley said with a chuckle that was not without its hint of pride, "Blame me now for wanting a worth-while chance?"

"I never have blamed you for that, boy."

EARLY the following week Steve was back at the farm. Again in an April dusk, a lowery dusk this time with rain threatening, he sat with his mother by her west window. And again he watched the tail light of Charley's flivver as it twisted this way and that on the road down the slope that would take him to the Stowell place.

"It's with the same firm you work for, you say?" Mrs. Trask was saying.

"The firm that I used to work for," Steve corrected her.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked sharply.

"You see, Mom, Charley is going to have the job I was holding down. I've stepped out in favor of him?"

Mary Trask caught her breath. "Steve, what have I done?"

"You haven't done anything at all, Mom. You're not in the least responsible. I told you I talked things over with Charley. I'm going to take over the farm."

Mary Trask smote the arm of her chair. "You shan't," she said firmly. "Why should you be tied here any more than Charley?"

Steve leaned forward to pat her arm. "I suppose the main reason why is because it's what I want," he said. "I've got visions, Mom, of this place turned into a dairy farm, and a young fortune coming out of it."

"Can I help you, Steve?" she asked.

"I'm afraid you'll have to, Mom. There'll have to be a lot of cows; they ought to be pretty good cows too, of course; and a dairy with up-to-date machinery and equipment. Would you mind very much a mortgage on the place to start things?"

"As large a one as you need."

"Of course I was sure you would do it," he said. He launched into the details of his plans. Mary Trask's enthusiasm matched his own. But when it was time to say good night to her, she clung to his hand for a moment.

"Steve"—there was a lingering doubt in her words—"you've told me the whole truth about this, haven't you?"

"Good Heavens, Mom, whatever makes you ask a question like that? I have always wanted to make a dairy farm of this place. There's your whole truth in a nutshell, Mom."

"If I thought I was standing in your way, Steve; if you were staying here in Melford on my account—"

"Just watch me and see if those ideas have any foundation at all," he laughed.

"I will," said Mary Trask somewhat grimly.

Between arranging for the mortgage and looking over herds of cows and inspecting automatic milkers and separators and coolers and churns, Steve was very much on the jump.

AS HE came in one evening Eve Stowell was leaving his mother's room.

"This is Steve, of course," she said. "Is my face clean?"

"Mother has been giving me away, I see," he laughed. "Let's see. Come nearer the light. Yes, it's quite clean."

Without realizing what she was doing, evidently, she looked down at her ankles. Then she and Steve laughed together.

"All whole," he assured her. "It's upsetting to have people grow up when you're not looking, though. Let me take you home in the flivver."

In the yard he made sure there was sufficient gas in the tank and helped her in.

"I want to thank you for what you did for Charley," she said as they went down the slope.

"Oh, that was nothing. You've heard about my wonderful dairy farm that's about to astonish the natives, haven't you?"

"Yes, I've heard about it. And I'm wondering if you really are so very much enthused about it."

"I seem to be a most unconvincing sort of person."

"It's rather vital for me to know how real your enthusiasm is," she said with a firmness and a directness he liked.

"I should hate to leave Melford. I should hate to live anywhere else. I think, deep in his heart, Charley feels the same too."

Steve shot one quick, understanding glance at her. "You don't think Charley is going to make good."

"No, I don't."

"You think he will want the farm back."

"I am sure of it."

"So am I."

There was a gentle sigh of relief beside him. "Somehow I knew you felt that way," she said.

They had reached her gate. He helped her out, but he saw she was in no hurry to say good night. She seemed waiting for him to tell her more.

"Charley, as I see it, hasn't been making good with the place the past few years," he said slowly. "I'm not sure he has used the best judgment. That's why I'm starting this dairy business. I have got enthusiasm enough about it to believe that it is the best bet for farms in this vicinity. It seems to me Charley is discouraged, in a bad rut, and if he tries something else for a while maybe the place and what he might do with it will take on a different aspect.

"Mother doesn't play any favorites, but Charley is the baby of the family. I think Mother would be happier with him on the place than with anyone alse. Oh, yes, I surely do think he's coming back. And when he does come back I want him to find the place in a condition to bring him in a good income, so he'll be satisfied and want to stay."

Her hand was on the gate, swinging it slowly to and fro on its creaking old hinges. She did not speak for a few moments.

"That's pretty fine of you, Steve Trask," she said at last. "And if I can help in any way, I'd like to do it. I should feel I was working for Charley, you see."

"Well now, perhaps you can," said he. "And if so, I'm just going to sing out. Good night!"

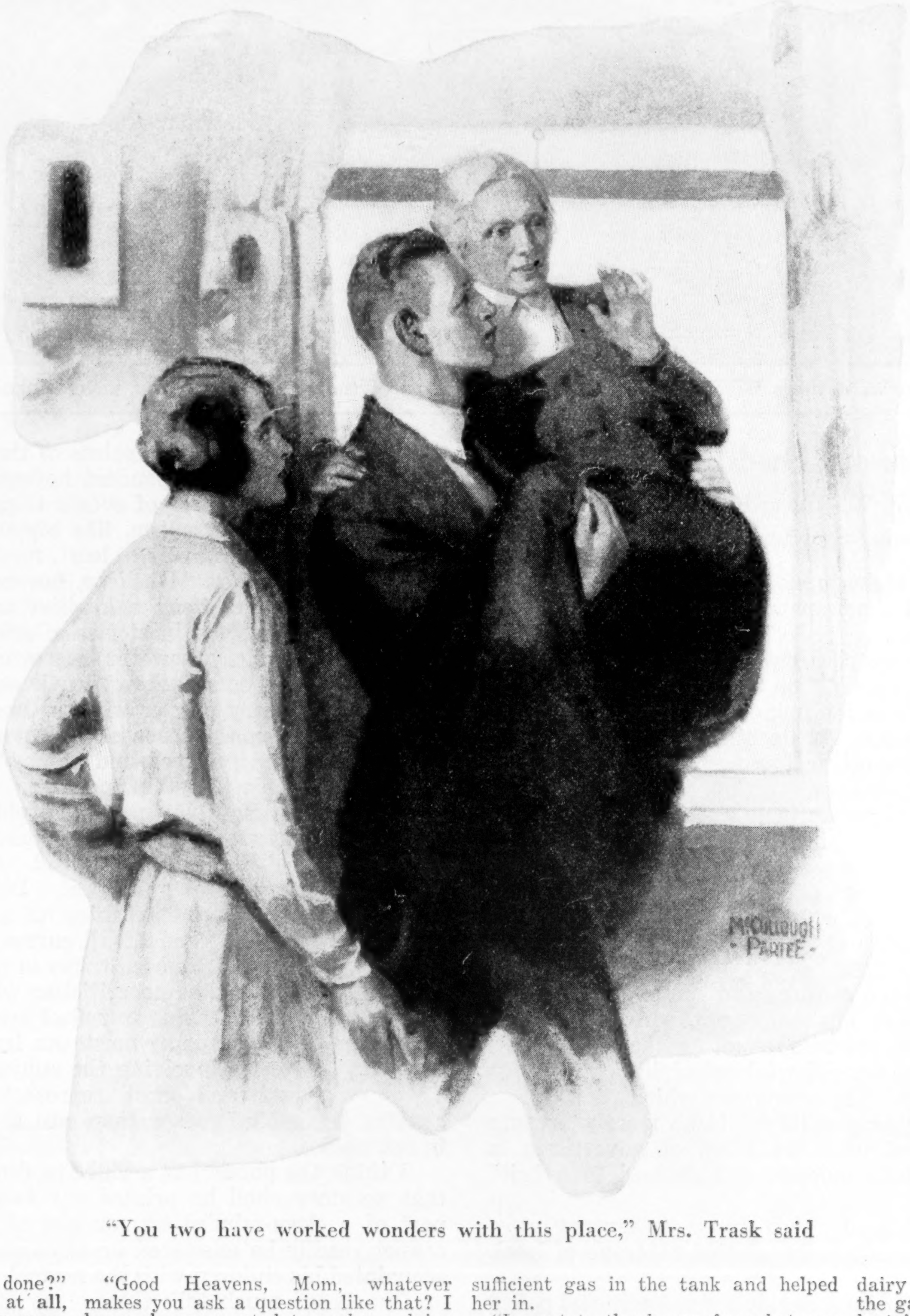
STEVE found two small herds of cows that suited him and promptly bought them. Already the new dairy building was well under way. At her window Mary Trask watched a local contractor hustling an unusually large gang of men. Crates of machinery were already arriving. Steve was flying about madly in Charley's rattling old flivver.

There were two big hotels in Rockridge, the next town—summer hotels of long standing which now were year-round houses. It looked like a good field for part of the output of his new dairy, at least. It looked even better after he had had a long and convincing talk with the managers of the respective houses.

Then he had to get hold of four men who either knew something about a dairy farm or would be able to learn the game quickly. It looked easy until he tried to find them. However, he took on the last of this necessary staff just as the final machinery was set up in the new dairy house, and he had located and bought another herd of cows, which was all he wanted for the present.

As he was passing the Stowell place one afternoon he saw Eve weeding a hopeful young flower bed, and promptly brought the flivver to a rather violent stop.

(*Continued on page 30*)



"You two have worked wonders with this place," Mrs. Trask said

GET-RICH-QUICK EXCURSIONS

HOW I MADE MONEY *in Wall Street*

As told to WILLIAM C. LENGEL

ILLUSTRATED BY F. G. COOPER

YOU have heard a lot about how to lose money in Wall Street. I am going to tell you how to make money in Wall Street. How to make money by losing it. Yet, when you read my story, I do not believe you will want to go through my experience.

I was a clerk in the office of a big wholesaler. Our salesmen came in contact with all sorts of live-wires who know what is going to happen at the races and whether the market is headed up or down. One of our men told me to buy Shore Oil. He had had a straight tip that Shore Oil was going up twenty points. Of course I laughed at him and didn't buy Shore Oil. Then it went up thirty points and he had the laugh on me.

A few weeks later he came and told me that he had a straight tip on Wireless stock. It was a fairly new stock and was traded in the Curb Market. The Curb Market is made up of brokers who used to do business out in the middle of Broad Street in New York, but who now have a building of their own.

Wireless was selling for a dollar and a quarter a share. Every day my friend would come in and show me the market quotations. "This stock will go to fifteen dollars inside of a month."

I saw the stock run up from $1.25 to $2.50 and the sales were mounting into the thousands each day. So at last I took $250 out of the savings bank and bought one hundred shares of Wireless.

You can imagine how happy and excited I was when I saw that stock crawl by eighth and quarter points up to $6 a share. Then I did about the only wise thing I ever did in the stock market. I sold my hundred shares, making a profit of about $350, after the commissions and interest charges had been deducted.

Here I had $600 where I had only had $250 before! I felt rich, or at least on the road to wealth. Why, this thing was easy! All you had to do was to buy for a small figure and sell for a big figure.

My salesman friend was very much put out because I sold at $6. He wanted me to hold out for $15. But my hunch was right, because the stock went up to $6.50, then dropped to around $3, where it has been ever since.

I was persuaded to leave my $600 at the broker's, where I was told it would draw as much interest as in the bank—or more. Also that if anything else good came along I could take advantage of it quickly.

That sounded reasonable, but I have since learned that brokers do not like to have money lying around on which they have to pay interest.

In about two weeks one of the brokers, Mr. Mayflower, called me on the 'phone to say that he had been making a study of Iron Sulphite and the stock showed fine possibilities; that if I bought Iron Sulphite I should no doubt make money.

Mr. Mayflower seemed very kind and thoughtful and I told him to go ahead and buy 100 shares for me.

Now Iron Sulphite was selling for $38 a share, which meant that I would have to put up $3,800 to buy it outright. But in buying on margin you do not have to pay the full value of the stock. You put up a part and the broker puts up the balance. He does this not with his own money but by borrowing on the stock.

Now when you buy a hundred shares you are supposed to put up enough cash or margin to equal ten points. In other words, if you have one hundred shares of stock selling at more than one dollar per share, and it goes up one point you make $100 and add to your margin. If it goes down one point you lose $100 and so reduce your margin and increase your risk and chance of loss.

A ten-point margin is the smallest you are supposed to operate on, and if your stock goes down you must put up more money to keep your ten-point margin of safety. There are a lot of brokers who will not accept less than twenty to thirty-point margins.

Of course it is pure gambling. You are betting that your stock will go up and not down. And you are gambling against an unseen opponent.

I did not have enough money for a ten-point margin. With $600 I only had enough for about a six-point drop. But my broker did not object. He bought one hundred shares of Iron Sulphite for $38¼ per share and the next day I saw it go up to $39¾.

But that was the last good news of that stock I have to tell. The next two days saw it drop to $36, then it went up to $38; and then. . . .

And then! Heaven only knows how I survived the mental and physical strain I have been through—torture and worry such as you cannot understand unless you have undergone the same ordeal.

In one day that stock dropped from $38 down to $33, and at the end of the day my broker called and, still very suave and pleasant, said: Mr. B., the market has been very weak to-day. Iron Sulphite has felt the effects of the general condition and dropped to $33. That leaves you with practically no margin and you had better let us have $500 more by to-morrow morning."

I was flabbergasted. All of the money I had made on Wireless was gone, as well as all of my original savings account fund. When I got my breath I asked Mr. Mayflower if he thought the stock would go up again and he said the stock was sound, there was little likelihood of much further decline. So, as soon as the office closed, I went to Dr. Strausburg, an old friend of my father's, and told him I needed $500 for six months—that I would give him my note for it, but I wouldn't tell him what I wanted the money for.

"All right, George," the doctor said, "if you need $500 I'll let you have it for six months."

It was the first time I had ever borrowed money and I was amazed how easy it was to do when you needed cash desperately—and had a real friend.

But now the burden of debt was hanging over me and I began to worry.

Up to this time I had been content to wait for the evening papers to see what had happened in the stock market during the day. Now on my noon hours I would gulp down a sandwich and a cup of coffee and hurry to the board room of some broker where the quotations were posted as soon as a stock transaction was made on the floor of the Stock Exchange.

The price of Iron Sulphite stayed about the same for a week, then it went up a couple of points and I felt somewhat relieved, but the excitement increased.

Then, just on the day when other things kept me from the broker's board, another crash came. Mr. Mayflower called me up a little after three to say that our stock had dropped to $28 and that he was very sorry but it would be necessary to have another $500 to protect my account.

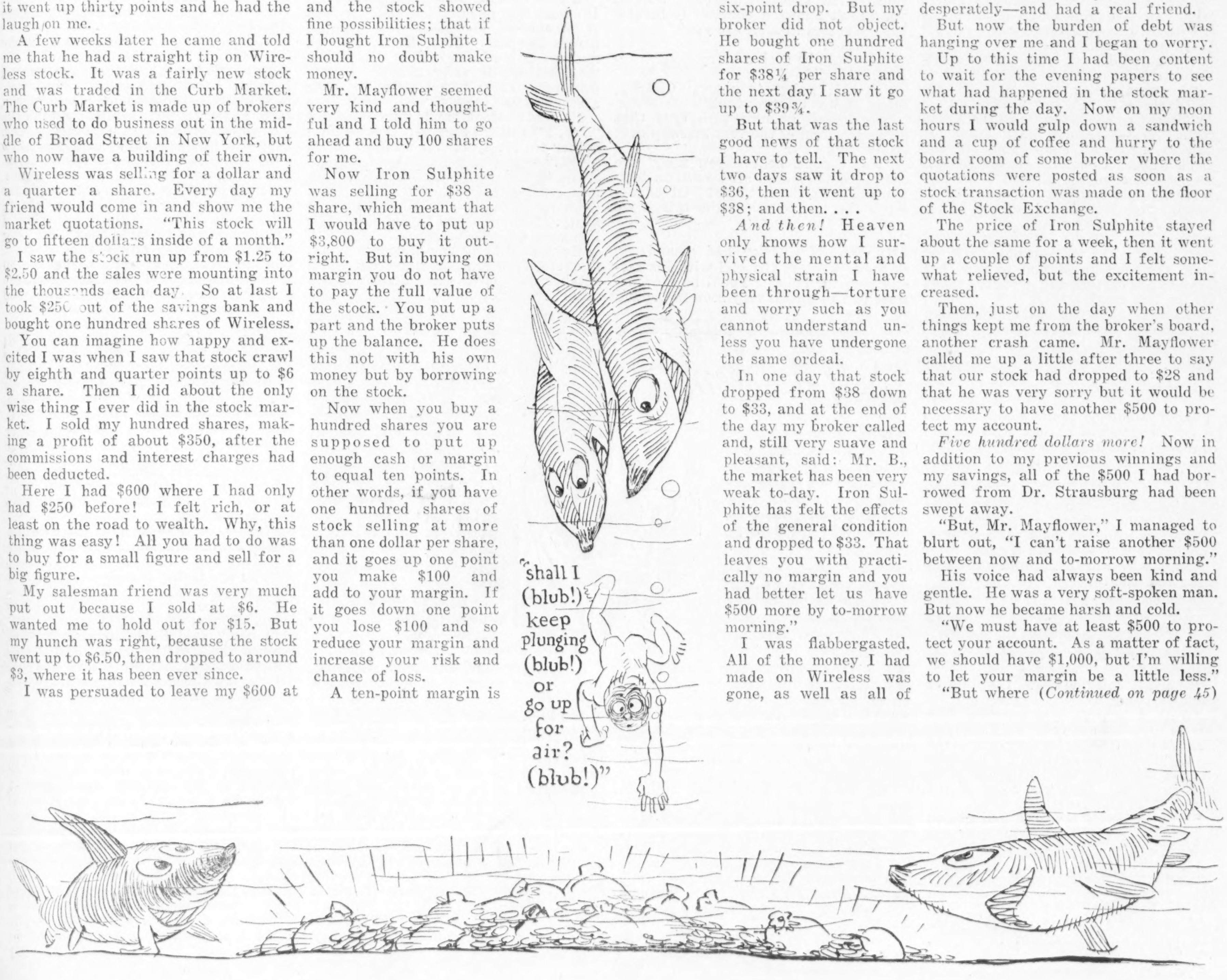
Five hundred dollars more! Now in addition to my previous winnings and my savings, all of the $500 I had borrowed from Dr. Strausburg had been swept away.

"But, Mr. Mayflower," I managed to blurt out, "I can't raise another $500 between now and to-morrow morning."

His voice had always been kind and gentle. He was a very soft-spoken man. But now he became harsh and cold.

"We must have at least $500 to protect your account. As a matter of fact, we should have $1,000, but I'm willing to let your margin be a little less."

"But where (*Continued on page 45*)


"shall I (blub!) keep plunging (blub!) or go up for air? (blub!)"

Not in the Contract

Continued from page 28

"Help!" he called in mock distress.

Eve put down the clawlike implement with which she was doing her weeding and came toward the gate.

"I think you once said, Eve, if you could help me get my project, or rather the project for Charley, started, you would be glad of the chance."

"I surely did, Steve, and I meant it. What can I do?"

"I'm so much of a grasshopper these days, jumping here, there, and everywhere, I'm afraid I'm neglecting Mom," he explained. "Don't get much time to sit and talk with her, you see. Wonder if I could get you to drop up to the house and cheer her up a little now and then. She's very fond of you, Eve."

"Of course I will," she assented readily. "I should have thought of that myself, shouldn't I?" she added in self-reproach. "I'll go up every afternoon. Wait a minute, Steve, and I'll go right back with you now."

She ran into the house and was out again in a few minutes. The gingham dress she had worn for her gardening was replaced by a simple gown; something crisp and white.

"Charley is writing me very glowing letters about his job," she said. "Suppose he should fool us both, and make good, and like the work."

"He won't," Steve comforted her. "Or, if he does, he'll lose a whole lot of enthusiasm for his job when he sees what the dairy business is bringing in. And about that time I'm going to want my old job back pretty badly."

"Is it really going to pay so well?"

"Bigger proposition than I ever dreamed," he confided.

"But it's yours. It isn't Charley's at all. You should have the benefit of it."

"Eve, I'm a lumber salesman. That's what I like. I think I'd go off the hooks if I stayed here in Melford many years."

He said it as if he meant it, but somehow the girl did not seem wholly to believe it.

"Anyway, it's nice of you to say that," she said in a low voice.

Thereafter Eve went up to the Trask farm every afternoon. Mary Trask began to notice an added color in the girl's smooth cheeks whenever Steve's step sounded on the kitchen floor. She kept her own counsels, but decided to watch developments, should they come as she feared they would.

Steve, for all his mad rush, found time to show Eve the new dairy and explain the machinery, and to take her down to the pasture and proudly exhibit all the new cows.

"I think," said Eve as they walked up the old cart path to the house, "Charley Trask is one lucky man."

"I often think that same thing myself," he said with a meaning there was no mistaking.

THEN Charley came home for his first visit since he left. He looked, round-eyed, at the new dairy and the frame for the addition to the barn and the herd of cows.

"Gee, whilikins, Steve!" he said. "You're either going to get rich or bust up the whole shebang, aren't you?"

"I'm not going to bust up anything, Charley," Steve said with a grin.

"Say, why didn't I think of something like this?"

"Couldn't say. Want to take this over and go on with it?"

"What do you think I am, Steve? This is yours. You've done it. Besides, Melford looks pretty dead to me just now."

"Charley, tell me how the lumber game is going."

"Well, I haven't got anything like this in my clutches yet," he waved his hand toward the dairy house and the barn. "But I guess maybe I'm going to make a fair little old living out of it, give me time. Here are some of the things I did last month."

He pulled out a notebook and passed it to Steve. The latter ran over the pages.

"'Atta boy, Charley!"

"Pretty fair for a greenhorn—what? Guess I'll take the flivver and run down and see Eve now."

"I would if I were you. She's probably been looking for you these past two hours."

The flivver bounced out of the yard. Steve heard his mother's voice summoning him. He went to her room.

"Did you ever see such a change in anybody, Stevey? Charley's a new man."

"He does seem pretty well satisfied, that's a fact."

"Where is he now?"

"Gone over to Eve's."

"Steve, you look worn out. You've been working too hard getting all these things under way."

"It will be easier now, Mom. I'm getting all the loose ends tied up at last."

"Steve, I've been looking over those figures you gave me. I believe you're going to make a lot of money out of this venture."

"Don't see how I can help it, unless I'm more of a fool than I think. And by the way, Mom, I haven't spent as much as I expected getting started. The house looks shabby inside, don't you think? Suppose we freshen it up a little? Paint and paper and new draperies and some new furniture. What would you suggest, Mom?"

"Fix it to suit yourself, Steve. You know I'd like it."

"Me? I wouldn't know what paper to choose nor what kind of furniture to get. Perhaps we'd better ask Eve to do it. She'd know what we wanted."

"I suppose she would, dear."

"So I'll ask her. I know she'd be glad to help us."

"Stevey," Mrs. Trask swallowed twice. She seemed to find it difficult to finish what she had started. "Stevey, you aren't allowing yourself to become too interested in Eve, are you?"

"Mother!"

"It would be such a sorry little tragedy if you did—"

"Eve is going to marry Charley, Mom. I won't forget that."

She looked at him with eyes that seemed searching the very secret places of his soul.

"No, I don't believe you will," she said. "What makes all women so foolish and suspicious, Steve? Of course Eve's the one to select the things we want for the house."

SO, WHEN Charley had gone back, Steve went to the girl with his second plea for help. "You'll be the mistress of this ranch very soon now. It's only right you should have it as you want it, Eve," he said.

"It's good of you to think of that," she told him.

Presently painters came and paperhangers and Eve to superintend things in general and see the work was done to her satisfaction.

It was late in the fall before all the work inside the house was finished. He lifted his mother in his arms and carried her through the various rooms. Eve was with them.

"Did ever a mother have a better son than this?" said Mary Trask.

"I doubt it," said Eve.

"And Charley too," Mrs. Trask added.

"And Charley too," Eve repeated.

"You two children have certainly worked wonders with this place," the older woman went on. "I'm very pleased with it, and very happy."

They carried Mrs. Trask back to her room and Steve took the girl home in the flivver.

"When did you hear from Charley last?" Steve asked her.

"Yesterday. He didn't write much. He's awfully busy, he says."

They stopped at the Stowell gate. Gorgeous leaves were sifting down from the maples along the fence. A cold, sharp sunset heralded frost. He lifted her from the car and stood with her a moment at the gate.

"Thank you, Eve, for all you have done," he said.

"Thank you, Steve, for all you have let me do," she replied.

A gust of wind moved the heavy gate. It struck her, pushing her closer to him. A strand of her hair was whipped across his face. Steve Trask felt the muscles of his jaw growing tense. His mother's words rang sharply in his drumming ears: "That would be such a sorry little tragedy!"

He said aloud and very thickly: "Eve, I'd better be going. You're altogether too lovely at this minute. Good night!"

He turned away as he spoke, then swung sharply about. Eve clung to the gate, her shoulders sagging, her eyes misty. Then she was in his arms. His lips were pressed to hers.

He pushed her away almost roughly. She stood there, her hand drooping, yet her eyes on his for all that. He saw she was trembling.

"Eve, child! Good God, what am I doing? Forgive me!" he muttered.

"There—is—is nothing to forgive, Steve," she said unsteadily, and then ran up the path to the house.

After a time he got into the car and started up the sloping road. Eve's faltered words, "There is nothing to forgive," began to fill him with a vague sense of panic. Whatever he had been trying to do he had brought down to-night in a heap of ruins. "Such a sorry little tragedy!" His mother, as usual, was right.

He swung the zigzagging flivver into the yard. His lights flashed upon another car standing there, and upon Charley, bag in hand, just settling with the driver.

Somehow he was shaking his brother's hand; they were in the house; Charley was jollying Annie Lang; then he had gone into his mother's room.

And somehow supper came and was over, and Charley was again in Mary Trask's room. Steve paced up and down the kitchen, waiting.

There was the usual call for Annie Lang. Steve went in to say good night to his mother. He came out and found Charley in a front room.

"We made a bargain a while ago, didn't we, Charley?" Steve began. If Charley had been less preoccupied himself he would have noticed perspiration starting out on Steve's forehead, although the room, fireless, was decidedly chilly.

"We sure did, Steve."

"I think you said then that any time I wanted my old job back I was to sing out and I could have it."

CHARLEY started. His mouth hung open in surprise.

"I want that job back right away, Charley."

"You do, Steve?" Charley was making a funny, half-choking sound in his throat. "Honest? Say, that's queer. I rushed back here to-night to ask you if you'd be willing to let me have the farm again. Felt like thirty cents asking you anything like that too. And here you jump at me to give you back your job. You bet you can have it, if you'll help me get back here."

"Help you? I won't have to help you. I want to get out of here instanter. To-morrow morning. So it's all simple enough for you to come back."

"Not so simple, either, Steve. Say, you know how to do things. You've got a head on you. You're the greatest little fixer in the world, Steve. I haven't got any right to ask you to lend a hand in this mix-up, but what I'm driving at is this: There's a girl in the office, Johnson's her name, Fanny Johnson. Maybe you know her."

Steve nodded.

"Well, I've got pretty well interested in her. Fallen head over heels for her, if you will have the whole story. Such a darned nice girl, Steve. My kind."

He paused. He seemed waiting for Steve to upbraid him. To his surprise Steve merely stood there, looking as if his face was about to break into beatific smiles.

"But—you see—darn it all, Steve, I guess I am a fearful rotter—there's Eve."

"You are trying to ask me to smooth things over with Eve, Charley?"

"Steve, boy, you sure are an old brick. If you could—"

"I can," said Steve in a voice that boomed through the house, and forthwith tore out of the room, leaving Charley by the empty fireplace, staring in dazed fashion after him.

IN THE back yard a flivver coughed and sputtered. Then it departed, apparently taking the first corner at a pace that bade fair to wreck it. It stopped at the Stowell place after a wild shoot down the slope. Steve broke all records getting to the front door and belaboring the old brass knocker.

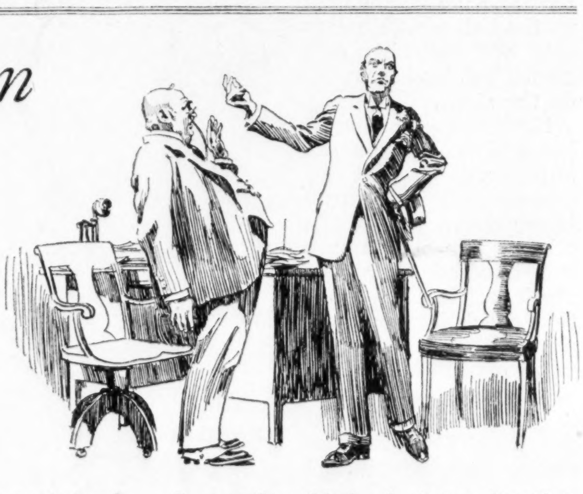
Ten minutes later he gently lifted Eve Stowell's brown head from his shoulder and grinned down at her.

"But I understood you never wanted to go away from Melford," he chuckled.

"It makes all the difference in the world who you're going with, Steve," she said.

Self-Esteem in the THEATRE

By
FRED C. KELLY



IN THE kind of comedy drama standardized and justified by George M. Cohan and one or two others, we always find certain characters and certain situations. These are put in because they are bound to please. They will make everyone in the audience pleased with himself.

One character who seldom fails to make the audience happy is the stingy old man with a fondness for foreclosing mortgages against widows or orphans on Christmas Eve. Every hiss for this miserly old character means that somebody is having a good time patting himself on the back. Perhaps everybody in the audience is unconsciously saying: "What a contemptible old scoundrel he is! But what a generous person *I* am, by comparison!"

In another kind of stage situation, we gain our sense of superiority by a vicarious process which includes, first of all, putting ourselves in the place of the hero. We always like to see the hero have the audacity to be downright impudent to a dignified, haughty old banker. Every one of us has at some time wished to be outspoken and sassy to a banker or professor or somebody dignified, and it gives us a thrill to see it done by proxy.

We often see a dignified stage character with side whiskers who is eventually exposed by the hero as a scheming old hypocrite. The majority of people resent seeing a man with side whiskers and are delighted when they find that he is indeed a scoundrel, just as they suspected.

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 23

responded the girl tersely. "Where's that guy we had with us?"

"I hope he's drownded!" was the unfeeling answer. "The big stiff—he was a Joner! Hey, who's in charge of this tub?" he added to McTish.

McTish turned to look at Lacy, who, rope in hand, was in controversy with Mr. Pooch.

"Stick out your arms like a nice little boy," suggested Lacy. "I'm going to tie you up in a neat little package and ship you somewhere where you'll be more appreciated!"

Mr. Pooch slowly arose to his feet. He surveyed the slighter man contemptuously and then his roving eyes took in the little group in the bow who were watching the tableau with various emotions. As his glance fell on Connemara, his eyes brightened. Mr. Pooch had a one-track mind.

"Gimme that fifty grand!" he demanded hoarsely, staggering toward her. The big man and his girl companion started and looked at each other significantly.

"Do what you're told!" exclaimed Lacy impatiently—and dropped Mr. Pooch to the deck with a perfectly timed left hook. Immediately stooping, he began the process of tying up his victim.

"Where's that gun?" whispered Doc, shaking Sweetie's arm.

"I lost it when this scow hit us," Sweetie answered—then warned, "Don't start nothin' you can't finish, Doc!"

Ignoring her advice, Doc strode over to Connemara and grasped her arm roughly. "So you *did* get the jack, hey?" he growled. "Well, that makes things easier. Gimme that dough or I'll croak you!"

Lacy reached Connemara's side as though shot from a cannon, and while Sweetie's warning shriek was still on the air his right fist shot out and thudded against Doc's jaw. But Doc did not go down, à la Pooch. Instead, he returned the compliment with much vigor. In another instant the two men were thrashing about the rolling deck, while McTish, in response to Mr. Lacy's shouted command, held the struggling, clawing, howling Sweetie, with both arms tightly pinioned at her sides. From his prostrate position on the floor, Mr. Pooch watched the proceedings with mournful interest.

A FORTUNATE blow from Lacy, who even to Connemara's inexperienced eyes seemed to be something of a boxer, sent Doc crashing to the deck. The big man's head struck a projection with a resounding and soul-satisfying bump. He lay still and unresisting as Lacy deftly bound him, and with the help of McTish rolled him alongside Mr. Pooch. Released during the process, Sweetie leaned against the rail and glared at each in turn.

"If I don't tie you, will you make an attempt to act like a lady?" Lacy asked the girl.

"Leave me and Doc go and we'll call it a night," answered Sweetie, apparently succumbing to Mr. Lacy's smile. "To-morrow's another day!"

"And you may put *me* ashore also, while you're about it!" broke in Connemara, annoyed at the half-admiring glance Sweetie bestowed on Lacy.

Lacy let out a few more inches on his smile and surveyed both ladies thoughtfully.

"I cannot leave you young ladies as abruptly as that," he said. "*You* have interested me strangely—eh, *Sister?*—while *you*, Sweetie, made a decided impression on me back there in the dory!" And he rubbed a noticeable lump on his head gingerly.

"What *are* you going to do with us?" asked Connemara anxiously. The mocking light in his eyes disturbed her.

"I will decide *that* later!" he answered mysteriously. "Just now I want to know who you all are and what this inane nonsense is all about!"

"Well, first," smiled Connemara, "you can take this beastly money. That may prevent any further attempts on my life!"

Lacy stared at the bundle of banknotes in her outstretched hand. So did Mr. Pooch and Doc. Mr. Pooch emitted a baffled groan and rolled on his side, as if to hide the scene from his view. Doc, who was swearing with great heartiness, stopped abruptly.

"I don't want this. What is it—how much?" asked Lacy.

"It's more than I'm going to be responsible for," said Connemara firmly. "Please—please—just stick it in your pocket—or anywhere."

"We-ll," said Lacy, "it's very irregular, but I'm always anxious to do what a lady requests."

He took the money and stuffed it carelessly in the pocket of his wet coat. As he did so out of the darkness came a gruff hail. A shapeless hulk grated against the yacht's side.

Chapter IX

By Sophie Kerr

McTISH and Lacy, Connemara and the Sweetie person, were galvanized into attention and rushed to the rail. Pooch and Doc could do nothing but stretch their necks anxiously in the direction of the hail, and squirm uneasily.

"Ship aho-o-o-y!" sang out Lacy. "Look out, you'll run us down, you poor goofs. What're y' doing? Where's your lights?"

There was silence for a moment, and then the voice, much less gruff, came from the darkness, accented in amazement: "By the great horn spoon, that's Dave Lacy and his old tub, the Bloody Nuisance. Dave, you scoundrel, what are you doing here?"

"Listen—say!" Lacy's voice was just as much amazed, and quite hilariously joyful. "Why, Bob—"

"S-s-s-s-t!" said the other voice, sharply. "*Don't call my name!* I'm looking for somebody, somebody in a little foolish boat, maybe two of him, sneaking round these waters and being as inconspicuous as possible. Seen anything like that to-night?"

SOPHIE KERR
Novelist

"I've only been aboard a few minutes. I'll ask McTish. What about it, Mac?"

"Not a sign nor a soond," declared McTish. "An' I've been on the lookout too."

"Oh, damn!" went on the unseen voice. "Just my rotten luck. Say, Dave, you going to anchor here?"

"I might, if there was any inducement," said Lacy. "Why don't you come on board? I've got Scotch and rye."

"I'm going to take a little quiet run round, for half an hour or so, but I'll be back and go you a couple down the hatch," said the voice. "You stick right here, old son, and wait for me. And keep a weather eye out for any little boats with two or three people in 'em. If any such come round, and you can inveigle the folks on board, lay 'em out with a marlinespike, and hold 'em so's I can look 'em over. I mean it. I'm out on a big thing, and any first aid I can get will be welcome, even if it comes from a chump like you. So long, old dear—see you later."

"Wha is yon talkative laddie buck?" asked McTish dourly, as the boat beside them slipped away quietly into the night.

"One of my college friends—he's in the government service. Let's get that anchor out. She's drifting like seaweed in this tide."

As the Bloody Nuisance swung to the tide, Lacy got a cigarette and lit it greedily. "This has been something of a night," he said. "I need stimulant. McTish, you keep on watch and I'll gather myself a drop of coffee and get on some dry clothes. Ladies, how's your various thirsts?"

"I'd love a cup of coffee. I heard about it when I first came on board, but it never appeared," said Connemara. "I'm hungry too."

"So'm I," confided Sweetie. "I could eat a hot dog made out of my own pet kiyoodle."

"Oh, do you like dogs?" asked Connemara, interested. "I'm frightfully fond of them—I have the most adorable police dog named—"

"Named Rex, I'll bet a million," said Lacy.

"Then you lose. His name is Athos."

"What d'you know about Athos, Sister?" asked Lacy wonderingly. "Did someone suggest the name to you?"

"Don't be silly. Why shouldn't I know about Athos, even if it was ages ago that I read 'The Three Musketeers'?"

"This *is* interesting. I didn't know that girls in your walk of life had definite literary tastes. I must look into this further. In the meantime, please excuse me."

HE DISAPPEARED into the little bunk room at the back of the cabin. Sweetie looked understandingly at Connemara: "It ain't the only thing he don't know, I betcha. He sounds to me like an awful bunch of ready language. But swell, too, in a way, if you get what I mean. Class, you know. I always like 'em classy. Gawd, I wisht I had some dry clothes. I'm soaking. And I've lost my lipstick, and my gum—" she hastily explored her left stocking, and came up beaming. "Say, what d'you know! Lookit!" She displayed a small shiny vanity case and a package of chewing gum. "They ain't hurt a bit neither."

She took a piece of the gum and passed another to Connemara. "Here," she said, "nobody ever said of me that I wasn't square with other ladies."

"Thanks," said Connemara. "Thanks awfully, but—well—the fact is, I don't chew gum."

"Oh!" said Sweetie, frankly staring. "Why not? Got false teeth?"

"No," said Connemara, improvising wildly, for she could see that Sweetie was all ready to be offended at the refusal of her offering, "but I've got an awfully fussy old-maid aunt and she made me promise I wouldn't ever chew gum. You know," she went on, to change the subject, "I imagine that man"—she nodded toward the bunk room—"that man would lend you some clothes and you could dry yours. Mine are dry enough, but they're in rags, thanks to that wretch." She indicated Pooch.

"The dirty dawg," said Sweetie sympathetically. "Say, why don't you grind your heel in his face now he's tied up? I would, believe me, if he'd roughed me. If I had a needle and thread, I'd mend you up like a streak o' lightning. I'm quite a girl with the needle. I used to be head skirt hand at a big Fifth Avenue shop. Honest, I did."

"Well, for Heaven's sake," said Connemara, "why did you ever leave a good job for a wild life like this?"

"I got sick of it. Sewing, sewing, sewing all day long on nicer clo'es 'n I could ever have myself, and the forelady findin' fault—reg'lar poison ivy she was—an' all day long in the house at woik! Then, when I'd get out to the movies, at night, I'd see life like it ought to be. You know—somethin' doin' every minute. An' then Doc, he come along—an' here we are."

H. C. WITWER
Humorist

"Here we are indeed," said Connemara. "And I wonder when we're ever going to get away. Women can certainly do impulsive things, Miss Sweetie. I don't like to call you that, it sounds too—too—"

"Don't mind that. You can call me Gloria-Swanson-Mary-Pickford-Lillian-Gish, if you wanta, but there ain't goin' to be no honest-to-Gawd monickers spilled on this party. Say, I do wisht I could mend you up. You look like somethin' the cat brought in, in that old coat and that dirty white stuff hanging out below. Hey, mister, in there—you—"

"Coming, Sweetie," said David Lacy, sticking his head out of the bunk room. "Just waiting for the coffee to boil up for the third time."

"You got any sewing things, needle and thread and scissors?" demanded Sweetie. "If you have, clear out o' that hole down there and let us ladies have it. We got to do a little private work, her and me."

DAVID LACY appeared now, with a tray containing steaming coffee in cups without saucers, an opened can of condensed milk, and some stray lumps of sugar. In his other hand he had a large tin of crackers. He was dressed in fresh dry clothes, and his hair, though still wet, was brushed, and the wetness gave rather the effect of fashionable slickness.

"Class," said Sweetie, whispering to Connemara. "What'd I tell you? He's class. Oh, boy, that coffee smells good! Come to mamma, darling!" She seized a cup, half emptied the condensed milk in it, added four lumps of sugar and seized a handful of crackers. Naturally she at once became incapable of further speech.

The coffee smelled and tasted good to Connemara too. She drank it gratefully, but her mind was on Sweetie's offer of a moment before. Connemara was suffering acutely from the knowledge that she was grotesquely dressed. Lacy had taken coffee to McTish and stayed beside him, talking in a low tone. This was Connemara's opportunity.

"Let's go into that place—where he was, and see if we can't find some dry things for you. And if there's anything to sew with, and you *would* get me together a little, I'd be eternally grateful."

Sweetie gulped the last of her coffee, crammed the last of her crackers in her mouth, "Awri," she said, "I'm strong enough to do anything now."

The two girls moved together to the bunk room. A little rummaging brought to light some of Lacy's clothes, and with considerable giggling Sweetie was presently changed into a smallish, dapper youth in correct yachting get-up of white trousers and blue coat. The clothes were large for her, but the general effect was good. She spread her wet things to dry as best she could in the limited space, and then looked about

(*Continued on page 32*)

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 31

her capably. A small box on the shelf that was evidently the dressing table—for there was a mirror above it and a comb on it—caught her eyes, and she opened it and brought out in triumph a huge needle, a spool of white thread, and a pair of scissors.

"No thimble—but it don't matter. Say, take off them things and let's see what we can do."

Connemara was obedient, and watched Sweetie, fascinated, as the girl shook out the ample breadths of the nun's robe. "Lot's of stuff here, even if it is kinda ragged out. Listen—I'm going to cut you a new dress, a one-piece slip, and sew it together so you'll look human. You can't go round here with all this mess flapping round your feet, specially when you got such good-looking feet. Lemme hold this up to you. Gee, you certainly got swell underclo'es."

She held the stuff against Connemara, and then hacked away at it boldly. She seized the needle and thread, and made stitches so swift that Connemara's eyes could not follow them. She was fiercely concentrated and did not speak, except once, to murmur, "Gee, this brings back the days at Madame's."

Connemara, watching her, realized that Sweetie was really a very pretty girl, and that with her bold bandit manner laid aside she was rather a nice one with considerable strength of character in her features.

It took Sweetie hardly half an hour to do her work. She stood up and slipped the garment she had made over Connemara's head. She tore off a long strip of the stuff that was left and tied it deftly about her waist. "'Course I haven't hemmed it, but fringe around the bottom of the skirt is good enough style. And it ain't got sleeves, but that's style too. And believe me, girlie, the sewing ain't any worse than lots I've seen in French models. Say, you look swell; honest you do. I always was the one to get good lines, if I do say it myself."

Connemara craned her neck at her reflection in the little mirror. The dress in the essentials was exactly like many others hung in her wardrobe at home, a sleeveless one-piece slip, with a simple tie belt. "Pretty nifty, eh?" said Sweetie. "I'll tell the world it is. Say, you and me—we look like a high-class boating party now. This shingle bob of mine goes grand with pants."

SHINGLE BOB! At the words Connemara turned and looked at her companion, her eyes distended—it might have been with fear, or perhaps merely excitement. Her hair—it must be hidden. But how? Sudden decision seized her. She stooped and gathered up the remains of her nun's costume, and tore another strip off it.

"I need a hat to go with my dress," she said briefly. "Look—a woman in Paris showed me how to make a turban right on your head. She used tulle, but this will do." Deftly and carefully she folded the strip of white stuff. Deftly and carefully she bound it round her head with a clever twist over in the front that gave it character and shape. "It's on the same principle that the Hindus wind their turbans," she explained, not remembering that Sweetie's knowledge of Hindus and their turbans was probably nil. The little box that had held the sewing materials yielded several big pins, regular man's size spikes of pins. Connemara tucked the ends of the strip under at the side and secured them with two of these pins. A pin on the other side, and one in front held the rest of the turban perfectly taut and trim.

"There," she said to Sweetie, "what do you think of it?"

Sweetie was moved to genuine admiration. "Kid, you're there!" she exclaimed. "If you didn't get into a strong light, anybody'd say you looked like a million dollars. That's the niftiest bonnet I've seen in a thousand years. Show me how to do that trick some time, will you?"

"I certainly will," said Connemara. "The best of this is it hides my hair completely, and that's what I want. There's a reason, Sweetie, and though it seems remote now, during a night like this I feel that I must prepare for any contingency. But I haven't thanked you for making my dress. It's a wonderful dress, Sweetie, and you're the cleverest girl I ever met. And oh, how different I feel with it on!"

"To say nothing of how wonderful you look," added Sweetie. "Say, take a piece of the left-over goods and use it for a scarf. A scarf's all you need to make you right up to the minute and a couple seconds beyond."

She rummaged through the wreckage of the nun's costume once more. "There musta been twenty yards of goods in this rig," she exclaimed. "Lucky there was too. Here, how's this?" She brought out a long piece and laid it over Connemara's shoulders. "Throw it round your neck sort of swell and careless. That's the idea. Well, come on, let's go and see what the babies on deck are up to. I'll bet their eyes will pop when they see us."

They came out of the bunk room into the dimness of the deck, and as they did so David Lacy came forward.

"I've missed your sweet society, dear ladies, very much," he started to say, and then his voice sharpened to amazement. He was staring at Connemara, metamorphosed from a nun into a modern girl, white frock, white turban, white scarf. "Why," he exclaimed breathlessly, "why—you are—you *are*—I did see you at Auteuil—I could swear—but no, it's too fantastic—"

He broke off, aware that the girl was staring past him with puzzled eyes.

"What's the matter with that little light on the mast?" she asked. "It's been giving the queerest flashes for the last two minutes—long and short ones like somebody signaling."

Chapter X

By Robert Gordon Anderson

"FLASHES from the mast!" Lacy's words were half-startled ejaculation, half question, his glance following the direction of hers. Sure enough, the lantern winked once, then relapsed into its usual fixed white stare. The signaling, if signaling it was, had ceased.

Perplexed, for he had never rigged up any such outfit on his boat, he looked around for the cause. McTish was again bending over his engine; Pooch and Doc were still lying hog-tied, forward. But no! Doc *had* moved from his position—undoubtedly by rolling—several widths of him, aft to the heel of the mast.

"Didn't I tell you to stay where you were put?" Lacy demanded of the recumbent Doc, and tried to prod him away. Doc, however, proved stubborn, but under threat of a kick moved reluctantly, and Lacy, bending over, discovered a button sunk a little below the level of the deck so that no passing heel could depress it.

"SO, THAT'S it!" he exclaimed, "McTish must have installed it, and on my own boat; he has his nerve—" Then to Doc, "What have you been trying to do? Signaling?"

"Far be it from me. I did see some little flashes like, comin' from that there stick" (indicating the mast with a jerk of his head sidewise) "but I didn't think they meant nothin'. Who'd I be signalin' to round here, hey?"

"Well, see you don't try to find someone," Lacy said grimly. "And get back to where you were before. Quick!"

"I didn't see the flashes," Lacy explained to McTish, "but he must have been sending off something. Have you any idea of our bearings?"

"We're aff Sea Cliff noo," McTish replied, pointing abaft; "yon's Execution Light, an' this is the mooth o' Hempstead Harbor."

"We're not far from Bayville, then," Lacy commented. "Now I'd suggest that we pull up anchor and head north, hugging the shore. I don't like the idea of your Swedish friend catching those signals."

The Scotchman's jaw fell in disgust. "Why, mon, that's what we want!" he exclaimed.

"Mac," the other returned, "I've a wholesome admiration for your canniness and fighting ability, but you told me yourself that 'The Swede' had a half-dozen bruisers aboard. We can't tackle them all. I hope Bob will succeed in locating them first."

"Weel, lad, I'm sorry if ye are afeared, but if ye'll just pick oot *one* o' them—ye can pick on the saftest—I'll tak' care o' the ither sax." In moments of excitement McTish became very Scotch indeed. He added, as if in mollification of his charge of cowardice, "But I see what's fashin' ye. It's the lassie."

"I suppose she's one of them," assented David gloomily. "But why should she have told me about the light in that case?"

"Because she's a smarrt lassie an' able to pu' the wool ower your eyes fine if ye gie her half a chance," McTish declared with conviction.

"No," David insisted. "She was surprised. As surprised as I was. She wasn't acting."

"Maybe," the little Scot said dryly. "But I'd not put it past her."

"We're losing time," Lacy reminded him, ignoring this thrust, "which is what you're playing for, of course. You do what I say and head north or I take back the boat. You've bagged enough now with those two birds and Sweetie, to say nothing of the fifty thousand—"

"Which I see that ye keep in yer troosers," broke in McTish, grinning, "an' a fine crook ye are yersel'. I'll start her up, laddie, on one condeetion—that ye warn the girrl as far awa' frae that button as ye do the rest. I'm trustin' nane o' them the nicht."

Lacy consented with suspicious readiness, and after they had got under way hurried aft to Connemara.

The latter greeted him with a little smile, the gayety of which was slightly forced.

"Look here," she said, "I've been thinking. I believe I've guessed the riddle. Only you'll have to tell me when it's to be released. I'm horribly curious."

"If by 'it' you mean your friend Pooch, I should say in about twenty years—though sometimes they do get off for good behavior."

He was suddenly quite sure she was making a tremendous effort to keep her lips from trembling, but she continued to smile unconcernedly.

"This *is* a movie, isn't it—in thirty-seven reels? That's why I wanted to know when it was to be released, so that I could see the results. I've never taken part in one before. And here we all are, Pooch and Doc, two perfect duckies of villains, and Sweetie, the soubrette—isn't that what you'd call her, or am I going back to Aunt Celimena's days? Then there are cars being stolen and spilled all over the landscape, and messages in cipher, and flashes from mastheads and motor boats popping up out of nowhere. I'm properly thrilled, and, besides, I'm the star, I suppose. And the salaries are true, too—I never believed 'em—but whew! fifty thousand a night!"

"As long as you're casting us, would you mind telling me my rôle?"

A MOMENT she studied him, slightly to his discomfiture. Then, "Let's see your profile—h'm—"

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Yes, every bit—and you're the handsome juvenile"—he bowed—"or else one of those ridiculous sheiks." Here he did not bow, but instead answered, "And I'll play opposite you—on the other side of the bars."

"You mean?"

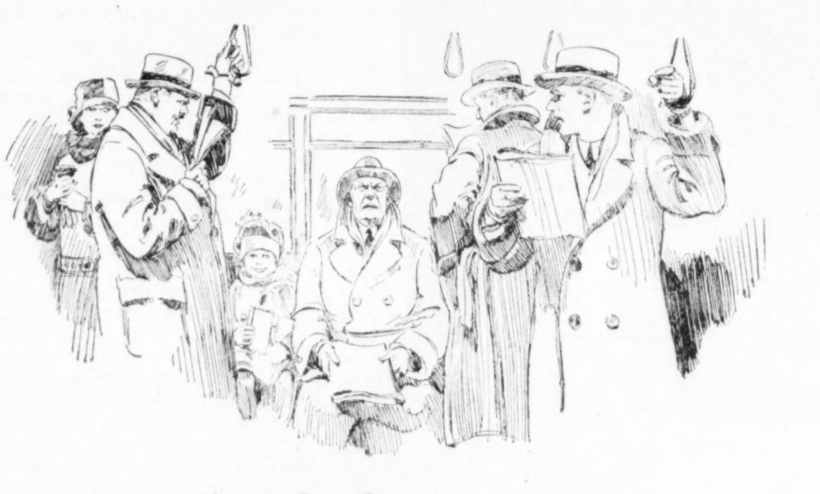
"I'll give you one guess. It ought to be easy, for you've been lucky if you haven't looked through them before."

"Something actually criminal then; how much more thrilling, when all the time I've been looking for the camera man!" She paused dramatically. "Oh, I get it: you're not the handsome juvenile—you're the director, and trying to put me in the spirit of my rôle" (she looked down). "But where are the puttees?"

"You *are* clever!" he returned, perhaps with not as much aplomb as he would have liked, "but you're too good for this game. Why don't you try something less desperate? With your talent you could go far on the stage."

"Farther than fifty thousand?" Con-

(*Continued on page 34*)



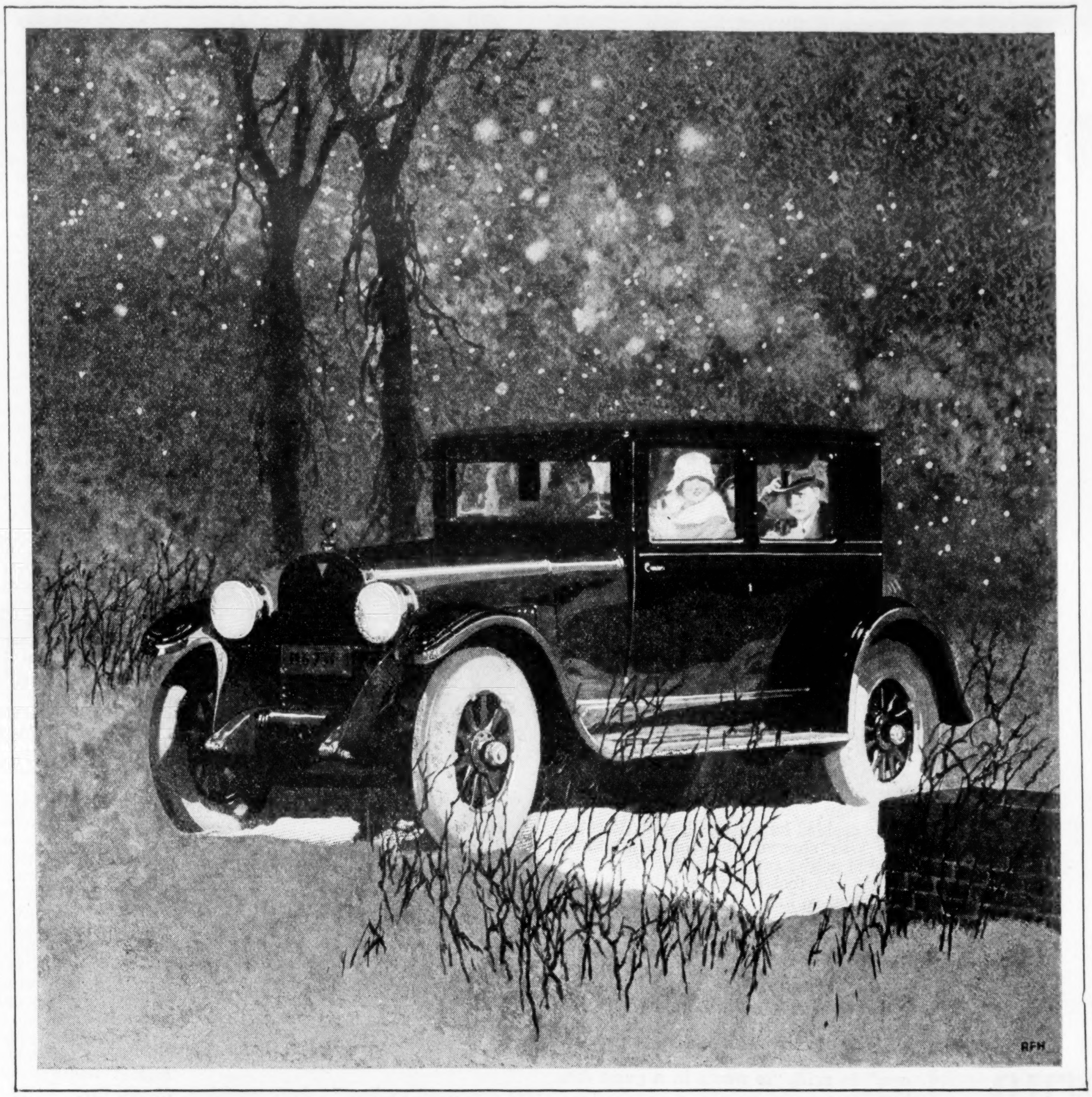
Avoid the Sprayers

By DR. ALLAN CRAIG

WHILE going home on a street car one day last week, I sat opposite a man who seemed to be suffering from a severe cold. With red nose, bleary eyes, and flushed cheeks, he looked decidedly miserable.

The car was crowded and during our short journey that man sneezed eleven times. Not once did he cover his mouth or nose even with his hand. Folks were closely packed in the car and many were standing balancing themselves by the straps. I counted ten persons quite close to that man. All received the full benefit of his sneezes. Two of these ten were children. It was a rainy day and the car was not well ventilated. Every time that man sneezed, he scattered a fine spray which floated in the stagnant air and was inhaled by everyone near. That spray from the mouth and nose was loaded with a fine type of germ, a germ which amuses itself by settling in the noses and throats of people, causing severe irritation or what we commonly call a cold. Often it goes further than that and invades the chest. What may be a simple cold for an adult may result in a severe or fatal case of pneumonia in a child.

I thought of this as I looked at those two little children in that crowded car. They were likely to be the victims of that man's carelessness. He was spraying his neighbors—a very dangerous passenger in a crowded car.



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Jeshurun

By ELMER DAVIS

Dr. Jeshurun Bean, superintendent of the Universal Law Enforcement League, enters into the life of Punquit, Conn., as the bite of the apple into the lives of Adam and Eve. Not only does Jeshurun wax fat, but he kicked too. "What's wrong with dressing to swim when you go swimming?" Punquit people wonder. They don't ask Jeshurun, but he tells them, for he knows. He knows all the laws—except one.

Collier's

for January 31st

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 32

nemara challenged him with a laugh. "Aren't you optimistic?"

"Say," remarked a voice just behind them, its tones a trifle shrill. "I guess I wouldn't harp too much on that fifty thousand if I were you, Sister. Not in present company, anyhow."

With a queer sense of shock, Connemara and Lacy spun about to behold the pert little figure of Sweetie, seated nonchalantly on the prostrate Pooch, her hands in her pockets, swaying to and fro, entirely unmoved by his protesting grunts and writhings.

"To think Sister'd tie the double cross on Poochie," she informed the night about them with an air of commiseration that made her unwilling cushion writhe afresh. "An' him lying here all nicely roped up like he was doin' some Lon Chaney stunt. An' you gotta nerve too, Mr. Klassy Klothes" (this to Lacy), "tryin' to steal poor Poochie's skirt away from him, when he can't look out for himself." She paused a moment to illustrate her pity by digging her exaggerated French heels deep in the paunch of the prostrate Pooch, then addressed him directly this time.

"Just tell the flip gentleman what you'll do to him, when you get loose—pretty now, an' polite, ol' dear. Aw! that ain't pretty, Poochie! Say, Sister, you'd better stick your fingers in your ears. When Pooch is sore, what he says ain't fit for publication in the 'Police Gazette.' "

It was all very incomprehensible, Lacy reflected uncomfortably. Sweetie's charge of intimacy on the part of the girl at his side with a grotesque figure like Pooch was impossible, and made purely through malevolence, of course. But with him she must be connected in some way.

He decided he must talk with Sweetie. She was shrewd but voluble, and if voluble might say too much. However, he did not feel so much like pumping her when he had left the other girl and had joined the slim figure now at the rail. Pert as were her sharp little features, hard the snappy black eyes, her face was attractive, pathetic as well—almost that of a child, he thought, yet as old as the ages with a wisdom it should not have had. And feeling the pity of it, he made a bad beginning.

"You've got too good a mind, little one," he said, "to waste in a game like this."

"For Gawd's sake, haven't you any other line?" she retorted tartly. "You was handing that to Sister a minute ago. But I notice, like most sky pilots, you pass the hat first, and fifty grand's some c'llection, I'll tell the world."

"That's so. Well, I'll can the sermon. It's your lead—or, is this any better?" And, muttering to himself, "Rotten taste with the other looking on, but I must find out about that ship," he placed his arm around the tight little waist, and not at all tentatively. At which Sweetie yielded to his embrace and her arm stole round him in turn.

A MOMENT or so they sat, conversing in slangy and inconsequential nothings, she snuggling closer, when suddenly his hand closed on hers, like a vise.

"No, you don't!" he exclaimed.

She giggled. "As a dip, I'm a dumbbell," she said, not at all embarrassed, "but never mind; go on, don't let a little thing like that break up a petting party."

"You're right. Such a *contretemps* but adds the needed spice to love."

" 'Country town adds spice!' Say, are you thinking of going ashore to Bayville? You are the limit," she added, "and no three miles to you neither; you stretch clear to Bermuda."

"Speaking to that motion," he replied, "I wonder if that ship'll be where the Swede promised."

"Wise, aren't you?" she asked sweetly. "You think just because you've loved me up a little I'll give you that info'. Well, you can leave your fin there awri', but that's all the good it'll do you."

Now, during this conversation Connemara had first looked volumes, then, tossing her head, again returned to study the darkness over the lee rail. Several times she repeated this maneuver, though discreetly, as she pondered over his status with the gang and, what seemed more important, with the girl. He was undeniably charming; but, then, charming men were sometimes strangely interested in girls far beneath them. And, too, charming men made, so those experienced said, the most expert of criminals. He was brave, handsome—of course that was not to the point—but he seemed so eminently well-bred and—well, anyway, Connemara also was finding things a bit incomprehensible.

BUT what was that staccato *put-put* off their quarter! She made out the lines of the oncoming hulk. It was longer and beamier than Bob's little craft; larger even than the Bloody Nuisance. And that gruff hail was not at all like the gallant Bob's.

"Stand by, or we'll fire!"

"Golly!" said Connie. "They're looking for my salary again. I knew it was too good to last." And reaching for support, instead of the rail, she clutched the hand of Lacy, who, at the sound, had sprung to her side.

ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON
Columnist and Novelist

The bald pate of the Scot, like a moonlit desert with an auburn mirage, appeared once more over the cockpit. He chuckled audibly. "Ye've lost, Davie; there's the Swede."

"Yes, confound your Scotch dourness, or whatever you call it! I believe you monkeyed with that engine on purpose."

He shrugged his shoulders hopelessly, adding, "All right, I've picked my man; you pick your 'sax,' old Scot. And I hope you get killed."

But immediately the demand was repeated from the leader of the crew whom they could dimly discern through the murk, and Lacy turned to the girl.

"Can you swim as far as that shore—if we get in trouble?"

With her nod of assent, he picked her up bodily and almost threw her into the cockpit, growling out, "Lie low; they may fire;" then, tossing a life belt after her, temporized with Fate as personified in that insolent voice, by running to the wheel and ordering McTish to address the newcomers as they circled round them.

"Wha is it speakin' us?" roared the latter through cupped hands. "Are ye some o' them damned revenooers?"

"You bloody Scotch stool pigeon, bring that seagoin' hack of yours alongside or we'll blow you to—" The wind muffled this last, but the speaker's geography, Connie was sure, was impressively accurate.

A moment Lacy reflected, as he caught the gleam of a six-pounder. There were seven against the two, nine if you counted Doc and Pooch, who would be freed the moment the others came aboard. His brain, working with lightning rapidity, showed him only one possible way out—a chance in a hundred, at that. The Swede's craft was an old tub, the nose of their own of steel. It was a desperate expedient he had in mind, but it might succeed.

"All right," he called, "we'll go about. You heave to and wait for us." And whirling the wheel, he swung the nose of the Bloody Nuisance around, going at full speed.

Amidships the Bloody Nuisance struck, stoving in her enemy's side, and blunting as she did so her own gallant nose. There was a crash, the shearing of shorn timbers and plates, a wild medley of oaths, and the smaller boat backed out, as the other craft listed, the water pouring through the gaping wound in her side. But at this point their own engine balked; and time had been lost in the extrication. There was not enough clear water now between the two craft to repel boarders.

Up chain and rope and over the rail they swarmed, six of them, the seventh falling backward with the bark from McTish's revolver, which, however, was instantly knocked from his hand.

For a second the eyes of the girl under the white turban, no whiter now than her face, peered over the cockpit, trying to make out the types of those engaged in the mêlée. A glimpse of the one in advance she caught—a big thick-chested man, coatless, with a vest over a flannel shirt, his suspenders showing, and a battered derby on his head, two big hams of hands flailing.

TO THIS fight, out on the lonely water, the Celt in Connie rose with a queer exultation. Suddenly she was excited rather than frightened. Her breath came faster, and at that moment she became aware of Lacy engaged with the leader. The Swede was the heavier of the two, but Lacy seemed to Connemara's anxious eyes to be more than holding his own, in spite of that handicap. There was a sure drive to his arms, left and right, left and right, to ribs and face, several blows almost landing on the point of the jaw, which, she remembered to have heard, was important; and all this while he kept lightly inside of the other's wild swings which flailed around him, missing him entirely or else only shaving his well-modeled head.

It was pretty, she thought, even in the midst of her concern; she could almost understand why women could attend prize fights. Then a little cry escaped her and her whole body tensed. The Swede was falling, like a bull she had seen once in a Spanish arena—that same keel and shudder, drop to the knees, the same sickening thud! He was down—motionless.

Impulsively Connemara clambered out of the cockpit, and at once regretted her precipitousness. She had entirely forgotten the others on the deck, who for reasons of revenge had piled on the doughty Scot, and now, having apparently finished him, were climbing all over Lacy from behind.

But it was too late to retreat to her refuge in the cockpit. She was conscious of a pair of eyes in the ugliest face she had ever seen, glaring at her. The owner of the eyes, with a gorilla-like hunching of head, neck and shoulder, started toward her. Back, back she retreated to the rail and reached it just as McTish, coming to, slid overboard.

A moment only she calculated, though "calculated" is hardly the word—it was her instinct that was functioning quite as rapidly and as wildly as her heart was pounding—then she did it. There was another splash overboard. McTish, just breaking water after his long dive, heard the splash, and an instant afterward the sound of someone swimming a few feet from him, with easy, strong strokes that kept up effortlessly with his own. He had a wild hope that it might be Lacy; instead, the voice of Connemara reached him across the blackness.

"I don't know where we're going," it announced, "but I'm on my way too."

(To be continued next week)

Chapter XI is by Kermit Roosevelt, Chapter XII by Bernice Brown, and Chapter XIII by Wallace Irwin.

We Can Fly to Peace

Continued from page 6

must be destroyed or held at bay. Such a problem can only be solved by a fleet of the most complete character; a fleet with raiding, scouting and heavy fighting units coördinated and made effective by an adequate air force. Yet for this gigantic task our fleet has only one aircraft carrier—the experimental Langley, a ship of thirteen knots' speed —and less than 250 naval aircraft fit for even nominal duties at sea.

Experts here and abroad are no longer relying upon permanently mounted guns, except in a few isolated positions, as effective in present-day coast-defense projects. Mobile units are required, aircraft, coast-defense, submarines, and railroad batteries; these and the deep-sea mine barrage promise more real protection than thousands of big guns, fixed and immovable.

With mine barrages shutting off our great seaports and holding big-gun ships beyond shooting range at sea, with railroad batteries plying parallel to the coast between these ports, and with coast-defense submarines and coast-defense aircraft to serve and protect these units and to deliver their own deadly blows, we would have a potent deterrent against frontal attack on our shores. But while we have a few small coast-defense submarines, we have no railroad batteries, and we have no such weapon as coast-defense aircraft.

Aircraft and Men, But no Money

ONCE having landed upon our shores, or having crossed our northern or southern border, it is an army problem to stop an enemy invader. Again adequate air forces are necessary. For aviation is the same vital factor in land wars that it has become in naval warfare.

We have not enough air strength at this moment to serve properly a single army corps. All our world's aircraft records have been made with few planes, not more than ten at the outside. Records, however inspiring, do not constitute an air force. Actually we cannot place 300 well-equipped army planes on a battle front to-day. France has 3,000, with a reserve of 2,000 more. Italy has 2,000; Japan, 750. Great Britain can throw a thousand into the breach of national defense, while the German-Russian air organizations, with their factories in Russian territory, can muster, at this writing, 1,200 effective planes.

Air-service officers estimate that the peace-time squadrons of our army require 2,400 planes of all types: pursuit, bombing, scouting, and special service aircraft. Unless we get funds for new production this year, next year will find the army air service with less than eight per cent of the planes needed.

Naval aviation demands, together with coastal air stations, including Panama, Hawaii and Alaska, letting the Philippines trust to diplomacy for safety, another 2,400 planes of special types. Add a fleet of ten rigid airship scouts, and the necessary aircraft carriers to keep the Fleet planes and airships at sea, and you have the minimum needs of over-water aërial defense. Here, again, aircraft and men of superior character are available, but money is lacking to procure them.

By the wildest stretch of imagination, we cannot credit our air forces with more than fifteen per cent of the present requirements, taking account of the stock of planes, and the stations, airships and carriers now in commission.

Finally, the backbone of any fighting force is formed by the industrial organization behind it. Moreover, the industrial power of any nation is directly supported by the spirit of the people behind it; *morale*, we call it. We cannot have battleships and guns to man them without a steel industry, a shipbuilding industry, an electrical industry. An army must have arms, it must have food and uniforms, it must have transportation. But we cannot have these contributing industries unless our people are mechanically trained and industrially minded. It takes years to develop essential industries and make them adjuncts to the national welfare. All this is true of the new industry, aviation. We cannot have airplanes while we have scarcely any aircraft industry; we shall have none worthy of the name until our people are airminded. For to-day we scarcely have any aircraft industry; what we have leads the world in all branches of aëronautical development, but only in skill, not in numbers. We are far behind Germany in this respect: a single German factory in Moscow employs more mechanics than all our aircraft factories combined!

It is a trite remark that aviation was given to the world by Americans; that the Wright brothers, twenty-one years ago (on December 17, 1903), were the first to fly in a heavier-than-air machine. But what have we done to develop flight in the twenty-one years? We have allowed alien hands and brains to build and utilize this climax of human achievement. We have permitted our aircraft industry to starve and shrink to insignificant size; we have denied our army and navy the essential aircraft units with which to coördinate the national defense; we have spit in the face of devotion and achievement on the part of our air-service personnel. Worse yet, we have established a precedent for the conduct of arms reduction conferences which places us, in our aërial impotency, in a critical situation if we take part in the armament conference in Europe in June, 1925.

At the Washington conference for the reduction of naval armaments, we made a ruling that "them as has gits," and carried it through, giving Japan, a youngster among the powers, but with more battleships than either France or Italy, a ratio in capital ship tonnage of 3.0; while France and Italy got ratios of 1.75 each!

It is Not Yet Too Late

THE precedent of Washington, set by ourselves, will rule the proceedings at the forthcoming conference, and aviation will be the first item on the agenda. So unless we repudiate our own offspring, and cram that repudiation down the stiff and unwilling throats of the other powers, we must subscribe to the inevitable, that for the life of the treaties, there made, those nations having large aviation establishments will gain high ratios, while those lacking in air strength will be forced to accept low ratios. Thus we shall fall in behind Japan, England, France and Italy, and we shall have less air strength than some powers outside the conference.

We must accept this ruling or stay away from the conference altogether. If we stay out, we shall be in the position of having our future efforts to build up an air power for our own defense, however meager, branded as a hostile gesture. Moreover, attacks on our good faith, we having instituted these post-war arms conferences, will tend to defeat much of the real effort being made to establish general peace and actually to reduce armaments.

It is not too late to remedy these distressing conditions if we attack the problem with characteristic American acumen and energy. But we must make haste. We, as a people, must become air-minded and air-mounted; there is no other way to build up an aërial defense without overwhelming taxation. Let aviation pay its own way; it is an essential to rapid transportation and can do so. That's it, commercial aviation on a grand scale will provide a reserve of planes and pilots and will maintain aircraft factories for quantity production in time of national emergency. Yet this is not all—our military and naval air forces must be enlarged to meet the demands of the national defense, first as fighting units and then as the nucleus around which our reserves may rally in time of war.

WHY IS THIS GENERATION FLOCKING TO

Williams Shaving Cream

1. *Because Williams is strongly advertised?*

No. This generation probes deeper than printed claims.

2. *Because Williams is made by the oldest shaving specialists in the world?*

No. A thing to-day stands on its merit—not on its past.

3. *Because Williams alone has the unlosable Hinge-Cap?*

No. This speedy, convenient device is only an extra. This generation demands first of all quality in the contents.

4. *Because Williams makes better shaving easy?*

Precisely. It's *lather* they want—this generation. Heavy, moisture-laden lather that won't dry. Lather that's still moist at the end of the shave.

THEY want lather that goes straight to its work—that softens the beard, every hair of it—at once and efficiently.

They want lather that gives the face not only a shave, but a treatment—lather that makes daily shaving almost a pleasure.

That's why this generation "from Missouri" is flocking to Williams.

For Quality with Economy, buy the Double Size tube for 50 cents. It contains twice as much Cream as the regular 35c size.

Free sample tube, enough to last a week or more, will be sent on request. (Sample does not have the expensive Hinge-Cap)

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Dept. 31-B, Glastonbury, Conn.
The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd.
St. Patrick Street, Montreal

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a *scientific* after-shaving preparation. Write for free trial bottle.

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C

The Tube with the Unlosable Hinge-Cap

Husbands

Magistrate Jean H. Norris, New York's famous woman judge, has gathered some interesting information about husbands in the course of her work in domestic relations.

Some husbands, she feels, should be cured or poisoned, and she tells why in her article next week. But for the millions who *want* to be happy she has written

Ten Commandments for Young Husbands

in

Collier's

January 31st

Magistrate Jean H. Norris

considered that for all practical purposes it was inferior to England.

On the second morning of the long journey when she entered the breakfast car, with that false vivacity and vigor which comes of two consecutive imperfect nights in two different trains, Cliffe was already there and eating a Spanish breakfast—consisting, strangely enough, of fried eggs and something called ham. Although there were plenty of empty places in the car, she was bound by one of those conventions which hold the structure of society together to seat herself at his table. It was a very bright morning, and Cliffe was very bright, and they were in Andalusia, the land of sunshine and love, oranges and lemons, cactus and judas trees. They talked of all these matters (except love), and of the nearness of Seville and the marvels of Seville. And then the conversation sagged, and to lift it Cliffe began on the subject of his old father, who was gradually, in an amateurish and obstinate way, losing his fortune in the enterprise of raising farm stock. And the conversation sagged again, and Lucy in her turn lifted it by a discourse on her fragile, hypochondriacal aunt, whose new maid she was taking out.

Then she asked whether Cliffe had got a room in Seville, well knowing that he had not. She told him with cynicism that there would assuredly not be a room to be obtained anywhere at any price in Seville for Easter—there never was! He laughed and replied that in a city of a quarter of a million inhabitants a room, and many rooms, would beyond doubt be discoverable.

She said, "Very well, you'll see"—yawning.

And to herself she said, "This youth is beginning to bore me, like all the others."

The arrival in the romantic and burning city of Seville was extremely trying. The train seemed to throw out all the tourists in the world. Rows of hotel omnibuses and rows of hackney carriages blistered in the sun, and scores of uniformed men were shouting the names of hotels. The porter of the Hotel de Madrid assumed charge of Lucy and of many other travelers. Cliffe vanished into a mass of humanity. Presently he came with his two suit cases to the crowded omnibus of the Hotel de Madrid.

"Have you any rooms?" he blandly asked the porter, who was busy with hand luggage.

Lucy waited with a superior smile for the answer.

"I could perhaps find a room for you outside," said the porter in good English.

And Lucy ceased to smile superiorly and pretended that she was smiling benevolently.

"How much?"

"Sixty pesetas, sir."

"Not a night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Rot!" exclaimed Cliffe impatiently.

The porter shrugged his shoulders.

As the omnibus drove away Lucy saw Cliffe hail a one-horse victoria and put his bags into it.

"He is an idiot," she reflected. "What does he hope for in Seville at Easter? And he does bore me—terribly."

But her diagnosis of her mental condition was wrong. She was merely very, very exhausted after forty-eight hours' continuous traveling.

THE circumstances which led to his taking her to the great Easter Sunday bullfight—perhaps the greatest annual event of the kind in Spain—were as follows: It was Saturday night. The large Moorish restaurant of the Hotel de Madrid was just a little less crowded and tinkling and noisy than it had been half an hour earlier. Lucy was dining at a small table in the company of an old gentleman, who presently rose to his feet.

"I must go and see how your auntie is getting on," said he.

"I'll just finish my cigarette, Uncle," said she.

"Aren't you coming now?" he asked, suggesting by his tone that she certainly ought to come now.

"I shan't be long," said the obstinate

The Toreador

Continued from page 8

creature, with a deliberately seductive smile.

The old gentleman glanced at his watch, sighed, and departed with much dignity. Anybody would have guessed him to be a general rather than an army clothier.

Lucy, resplendent in a newly-given gorgeous Spanish shawl, was determined to await events alone. She had seen Cliffe Forrest eating by himself at the distant other end of the restaurant. She knew "intuitively" (that is, she guessed, and hoped or feared) that he had noticed her presence, but he had shown no sign of having noticed it. Three days and two nights had passed since he had left her in order to hail the victoria, and she had had no least glimpse of him. Odd! Exceeding odd! Especially having regard to the fact that his declaration about coming to Seville because she was coming to Seville had presented itself to the singular Lucy almost as a declaration of love! He knew where she was staying. Why pursue a girl over a thousand miles of mountain and plain if you practice a policy of neglect at the end of the journey? But men were always thus illogical! . . . Anyhow, the enigmatic youth could not get out of the restaurant without skirting her table. She lit a cigarette and draped her flashing shawl afresh, and waited.

AT LENGTH Cliffe folded the newspaper which he had been reading, paid his bill, and stood up.

"She's alone now," thought Cliffe. "I'll have a shot at her. A couple of days to herself won't have done her any harm. She may be rather glad to see me."

"Hel*lo*, Cliffe!" she exclaimed, looking up as he stopped, hesitatingly and innocently, at her table. "You staying here, after all?"

He rose high over her, very fair and ingenuous in appearance, and she thought, "What fun to bring him down!" She pulled the shawl more tightly about her, held the cigarette loose between her lips, and imagined herself as a sort of super-Carmen.

"Rather not!" he answered. "Sixty pesetas a night! I got a room without any trouble in a house in the Calle Gomez—six pesetas a night."

"But what kind of a room?" She spoke with an ironic inflection, though she was impressed by his skill in falling on his feet.

"Well, it's clean," he said shortly. She looked lovely to him, and dangerous, and he thought, "She mustn't be allowed to get above herself. And why doesn't she ask me to take a chair?"

"And what have you been doing with yourself?" she demanded negligently.

"Oh, everything! Seeing life. Gallery. Gardens. Cathedral. Midnight service. Torchlight processions. And so on."

"I saw Thursday night's procession from the front of the town hall," said she grandly.

"So did I," said he.

"I suppose you're going to the bullfight to-morrow afternoon?" she ventured.

"I certainly am. I hear it's not at all a nice spectacle, but I think it ought to be seen—once."

"So do I," said she. "And I wish I was going to see it." She then told him that her hypochondriacal aunt, the most charming of middle-aged ladies, considered herself to be ill, and that her uncle would not dream of leaving her, his wife being his passion, and that therefore the bullfight was impossible for her, Lucy.

"But surely you wouldn't *care* to see it!"

"Oh, wouldn't I! And why not indeed? It's just like a man, that is, especially a young man! Uncle would have taken me. If a male can see it, why can't a female?"

"Oh, no reason at all," he admitted, with an enrapturing smile. "I only thought—"

"Not a bit!" she stopped him. "You merely didn't think. Sit down. Here! Have a cigarette!"

He sat down and accepted a cigarette from her tiny jeweled case.

"If only you were holding a rose in your mouth, you'd look just like Carmen," he said.

"Oh, should I! A working girl and a bad lot! Thanks!"

"Still, you *would.* . . . I say, I wish I could take you to the bullfight."

"But you can't!"

"No, they wouldn't let you go!"

"That's not why!" she retorted quickly. "Do you think I'm a baby in arms? Of course they'd let me go. To begin with, I shouldn't ask them. I should just go."

"Well, do, then—if you mean it. But you'd have to ask them, and I don't think they *would* let you go. They don't know me."

"No, they don't. If they *did* know you, they naturally wouldn't consent."

She laughed. He laughed.

"Come, then."

"No!"

"Listen," said he. "It begins at five. I'll call for you at four."

"Have you got seats?"

"No. But I'll get them."

She was about to say that seats were unobtainable, but profiting by her experience of him, she refrained.

"No, thanks, I won't come."

"They wouldn't let you."

"You can't catch me like that," she said easily. "But I won't come, thanks. If I really wanted to go—"

"You just said you did want to go."

"I was only joking. If I wanted to go, there are at least a dozen people in this hotel who'd take me quick enough. Half London's here."

"Well," said he, "I'll call for you at four with a carriage."

"But I've told you I won't go."

"I know," he said. "But you might change your mind. There's a hundred-to-one chance of your changing your mind. And I'll call for you on that chance."

"Oh, will you?" she murmured. "Well, I shan't change my mind."

"I don't care," he said smoothly. "I'll call for you all the same and risk it."

"She's the goods!" he reflected afterwards, in the dark, mysterious southern street full of tram cars and mantillas and venders of lottery tickets.

"There's something steady at the back of that youngster's silly eyes," she reflected, in bed. "I'm sure he's deliciously dangerous."

THE bull ring. Two minutes to five in the afternoon. An enormous amphitheater, with a tawny sanded ring in the middle large enough for the final of the English football cup. Fifteen thousand people, mostly men, on the boundless rising tiers of the amphitheater. The tower of the Giralda jutting up into the blue sky beyond the mountain of spectators to the east, and a hot wind shaking the lofty awnings that topped the mountain of spectators to the west. The sun ruthlessly blazing down upon the whole of the ring and upon more than half of the spectators. A brassy orchestra making a great deal of noise. The flutter of a thousand fans. The raucous calls of men in white selling water, peanuts, and strange sweets. The air vibrating with heat and excitation.

Two of the fifteen thousand were Cliffe and Lucy. She had come. She had nearly not come, but Cliffe's coachman was especially dressed in toreador fashion, and that splendid detail had decided her. She had entrusted herself to Cliffe.

In the matter of seats he had not succeeded quite as well as she had expected. The fashionable seats were on high, and Cliffe's seats, though happily in the shade, were rather low down, among the populace. Lucy was the only woman within fifteen yards. Still, she did not really mind. He would protect her from the primitiveness of the populace. The dark faces near to her were too clear, the faces a little further off were clear; and gradually the faces dwindled off into the distances, so that on the upper rows across the ring they were mere pinhead blobs of white punctuating the mass of clothes. Lucy felt herself to be in the midst of a frightening, heaving ocean of humanity. Cliffe alone was her life belt. And even he—What could she make of a young man who had followed her from the Channel to Seville and then carefully avoided her for two full days? He was—he must be—in some secret and undiscovered way, formidable. She put on a courageous and defiant air, but she had her own private and exquisite alarms.

"You'd better take that shawl off, I think," said Cliffe. "Too conspicuous down here."

She took it off. Above and behind them in the select *palcas*, similar bright shawls hung over the balconies.

A bugle. From the east there entered the procession—espadas, banderilleros, picadors on horseback, and all the train of performers—gorgeously attired, the espadas in gold. The procession advanced with slow dignity across the ring to the west, bowed deeply to the presidential box, and broke up into units, each to his proper station. The glittering units were like dolls on the sand.

Suddenly a magnificent black bull rushed into the arena and stood still, lonely, friendless, and terrible. Lucy's heart throbbed and she thought, "I am at a bullfight. It has begun." And Cliffe's heart throbbed and he thought, "Well, here goes, anyway!"

The bull was thinking, "Where am I? This isn't a field. I've never been here before. What's all this about? It's so bright I can scarcely see."

Then in the shimmer of sunshine he saw something offensively pink and dashed for it, head down. . . .

CLIFFE watched the proceedings with extreme intensity. Lucy divided her gaze between the proceedings and Cliffe, whom she glanced at every now and then sidewise. He was oblivious of her. The toreadors teased the bull, tempting him with their rich pink cloaks and springing away at his onset. He was bewildered, could not select his prey, ran first at one and then at another, aimed his horns at cloaks instead of at bodies, and soon had a sensation of fatigue and boredom.

Another bugle. The bull, near the side of the arena, saw a horse with a man on its back. "This, at any rate, shall not escape me," thought the bull. And he was right. The horse made no attempt to escape. He just stood, broadside on. The next instant the bull lifted horse and rider into the air. The rider fell on to the bull's back and rolled into safety and scrambled up. Part of the horse walked quietly away. Lucy drew her breath in sharply and lowered her head.

"Steady on!" whispered Cliffe, without looking at her. "The nag has been doped."

Then the moving part of the horse dropped down, agitated its legs violently, and died, and was covered with a cloth. And the bull saw other horses.

Lucy glanced behind her, up the mountain of spectators, as if looking for a way of escape.

"No, you don't," breathed Cliffe. "You wanted to come, and you've got to stick it."

When the tangled remains of three horses had been covered with three cloths, yet another bugle sounded and the banderilleros came forward and stuck long colored darts, two at a time, into the bull's back, as, missing his aim, he lunged past them. The bull mistook the darts for stinging flies, but he was now too tired to occupy himself with such trifles, and indeed he had a more important matter to attend to. For presently the golden espada or matador himself, with a long sword and a cloak more exasperatingly red than any of the other offensive cloaks, was facing him.

"Well, surely they don't call this bullfighting," murmured Cliffe, when the espada, having taken careful aim, hit the bull in the wrong place, so that the sword flew out of the bull into the arena and the bull ran off, while the fifteen thousand yelled their derision.

"If he'd done that right," said Cliffe, "the sword would have disappeared and the bull dropped down dead."

"You seem to know a lot about it," observed Lucy sarcastically, recovering herself.

"Yes. Out of the guide book.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed contemptuously when the illustrious espada had missed again and yet again. And to himself challengingly: "I'm not going to have any of her sauce."

At length the bull, bored and indifferent, did drop dead.

"Sixteen minutes," said Cliffe, looking at his watch. Teams of brightly draped mules cantered into the arena and cantered out again, dragging over the stained sand what a quarter of an hour earlier had been a living bull and three living horses. A few people cheered. The band played.

"Some of the cloak play was goodish," Cliffe remarked judicially. "The fellow in gold, the matador, he was the best with his cloak; but what a rotten swordsman!"

"Oh, indeed!" said Lucy, still being sarcastic concerning Cliffe's assumption of expertness in the art of bullfighting.

"Yes, 'oh, indeed!'" said Cliffe. And then to himself, "I must teach her a lesson. But she's coming through rather well."

The whir of fans was heard again and the calling of hawkers. Part of the arena was now in shadow.

"THAT bull isn't five years old, I swear!" said Cliffe, when bull No. 2 sprang into the arena, stopped, blinked, and charged after a flaunted pink cloak.

"Oh! how do you know?"

"Well, I can tell."

"And what does it matter, anyway?"

"One of the rules is the bulls must be five years old. More difficult to deal with when they're mature. Anybody could play *that* bull."

"You, for instance?"

Cliffe was conscious of a rush of emotional resolve, similar to that which had actuated his change of direction from Paris to Seville. He was subject to these singular and surprising waves. He made no retort to the irony of Lucy's tone, except to snatch her shawl (which lay folded on her knees) and scrambled down the few steps. He vaulted easily over the first barrier and less easily over the second one. He was in the ring!

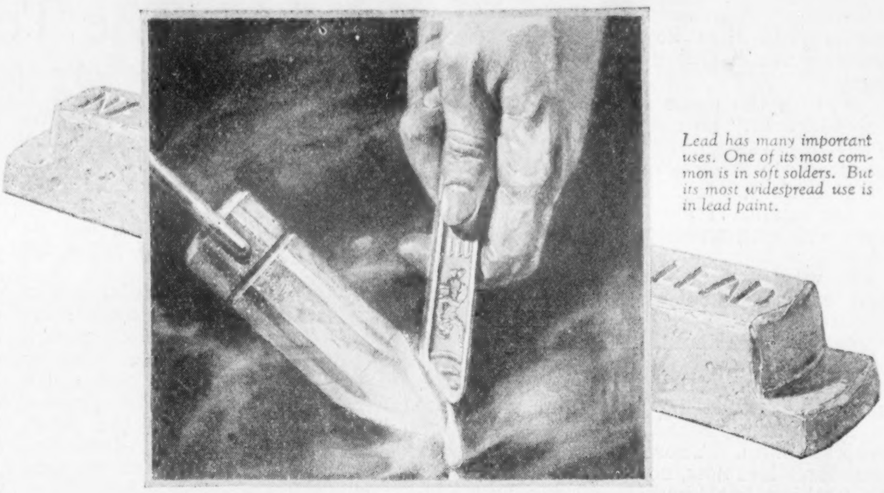
"I *will* teach her a lesson!" said he to himself, and unfurled the shawl—his one defense against the bull. The bull was now mysteriously standing hesitant close beside him. The toreadors seemed a long distance off. He noticed that one of them was looking at him; the rest were giving all their eyes to the bull. The arena was limitless. No sign from the assembled populace; a million mute dolls!

"I'd better get away from the barrier," he thought, and ran. The bull saw something new, insolent and attractive and rushed for him. Cliffe stopped and flung outward the shawl. For the bull which, like all bulls, was really an ass and not a bull—for the bull the shawl was the enemy, and he lowered his head and aimed furiously for Lucy's precious wrap. He flew past Cliffe in the manner of an express train, of an elephant, of a mastodon, so close that the youth might have smacked his huge and shining flank.

The youth felt the warmth of the bull's breath and the wind of his passage, and felt also, in an awful flash of understanding, that he had never realized till then the capacity of a bull as a self-impelled projectile. The youth did not withdraw the shawl quickly enough. He heard a rending. The bull bore off a fringed fragment of the shawl on one horn. Laughter from the grim populace!

The toreadors were now attending carefully to their own safety. Cliffe was exceedingly frightened. He was aware of the great heat of the sun on his head, for his Homburg hat had left him—he knew not when. Also he heard a loud knocking. At first he thought

(*Continued on page 38*)



Lead has many important uses. One of its most common is in soft solders. But its most widespread use is in lead paint.

"SODDER"

The Glue of the Metals

WE pronounce it *sodder* and spell it *solder*, though there have been as many different ways of spelling it as there are letters in the word. *Soder, sawder, sowder*—have all been used. The origin of the word solder means "to make solid." Lead mixed with tin makes this solder, whose use is to join metal to metal, to seal metal containers, and to patch holes in metal. Lead-tin solder is to the metal worker what glue is to the cabinetmaker and the bookbinder.

Why is lead used in soft solders? One reason is that pure lead combined with pure tin produces an alloy whose melting point is below that of either of these metals alone, and therefore is below that of the metals to be joined, even though these metals be lead and tin themselves. This alloy also adheres to zinc, copper, brass and even iron and steel, joining them in a perfect union.

Dutch Boy solders

Thousands of workers use the soft solders made under the Dutch Boy trademark. The Dutch Boy series of solders has been carefully and scientifically selected to cover every possible requirement of the solder user. Dutch Boy Solder 111 is the acme of solder quality. There is nothing better. It is 50% lead and 50% tin, which is not true of many so-called "half-and-half" solders. In the grades from 222 to 888 the proportions of lead and tin vary according to the number, but each number is always uniform in composition and quality. The Dutch Boy trademark guarantees absolute uniformity at all times.

National Lead Company also will furnish solder according to any formula required, in a variety of shapes, sizes, lengths and weights. It makes bar, wire, ingot, triangular, drop, segment, round, half-round, strip and ribbon solders.

If you are interested in the many uses to which solders can be put, or are concerned with the use of solder for any particular purpose, we will be pleased to send you complete information. We will also send you free on request an illustrated leaflet, which tells in non-technical language how solders are made, what they are used for, and the importance of lead in these alloys that contribute to your comfort and safety.

Lead in paint

Of all the important uses of lead in the arts and industries of civilized peoples, the most general of all is the use of lead paint. From lead is made white-lead, famous for generations for the protection it gives to the surface it covers. Manufacturers use white-lead as the principal ingredient of their best paints. Professional painters use "lead-and-oil," a mixture of pure white-lead and pure linseed oil. House-owners more today than ever before save the surface of their properties by covering them with constantly maintained coatings of white-lead paint.

National Lead Company makes white-lead of the highest quality and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, as Dutch Boy white-lead.

Other Dutch Boy products

In the famous Dutch Boy series of products, besides white-lead and solder, there are red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil and babbitt metals.

National Lead Company makes, in addition, lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put. Among these products are sheet metal, lead tubes and tubing, calking lead and US cartridges and shot shells.

If you desire specific information about any of these or other uses of lead, write to the nearest branch of National Lead Company.

"Save the surface and you save all"

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State Street; Buffalo, 116 Oak Street; Chicago, 900 West 18th Street; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Avenue; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut Street; San Francisco, 485 California Street; Pittsburgh, National Lead and Oil Co. of Penna., 316 Fourth Avenue; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut Street.

The Toreador

Continued from page 37

someone was hammering on the wooden barrier, and then he discovered that what he was listening to was his own heart.

"Why in the name of heaven didn't I go to Paris?" he reflected. And then, "Confound the girl! Well; she's got something to think about now! I wonder if she's fainted. . . . I may never see her again. I am an idiot. There never was such an idiot as I am." And so on.

The return of the bull from several short excursions cut short his meditations.

"No," he muttered in despair. "I couldn't possibly do it again." The mere thought of the bull, the whole vast bull, thundering past him with red eye, lowered horns, and flying tail, paralyzed him. There were no gorgeous toreadors now, no populace; there was nothing but himself and the bull in the interminable and shelterless arena.

HOWEVER, Cliffe awoke from his paralysis in the nick of time and by force of cruel necessity did do the shawl trick again—and the bull got no more of the shawl. From this moment he received full confidence from the skies, and took his turn with the other toreadors in playing the bewildered animal. The faces of the other toreadors grew quite familiar to him. They grunted to one another in Spanish, but appeared to ignore himself. And then, as the bull terrifyingly overran Lucy's soiled and ripped shawl for perhaps the fifth time, Cliffe felt a touch, the slightest touch, on his leg. The bull's horn had frayed his trouser! Overconfidence, resulting in a quarter-of-an-inch grazing of death!

Cliffe lost his head. Confidence, all of it, exuded from him like an escaping gas, and he ran for the barrier. The bull swerved round and was after him like a streak. The bull was the better sprinter. Cliffe knew that he was doomed. He knew that he ought to stop and turn and use the shawl, but he could not stop. Reason had fallen off her throne.

Then he saw in front of him one of the wooden hoardings placed at intervals round the ring, with width enough between them and the inner barrier for a man to pass, but not width enough for a bull: refuges for pressed toreadors. He slipped into the interstice and found salvation. Instantaneously confidence came back to him. The horns of the baffled bull were within a foot of him, and yet he was safe. Rage seized him and angrily he flung the shawl at the bull's colossal head. The bull tossed his head and ran off with the shawl, half-blinded by it. Roars of laughter from the populace. Cliffe was appeased.

He leaped lightly over the barrier into—no, not into safety, but into the receptive arms of two Spanish officials in funny hats. He was a captive. In doing what he had done Cliffe had transgressed the statutory law of Spain and subjected himself to grave penalties. His offense, indeed, was not uncommon. There was no going back to Lucy. He was separated from the entire world by the power of the law.

What the herculean Spaniards said to him he could not in the least comprehend. But in less than a quarter of an hour he comprehended that beyond the slightest doubt he was locked up, hatless, in a Spanish prison. The remainder of the bullfight had no interest for him. He forgot the heat of the sun in the chill of the cell, where he had leisure to wonder what the other toreadors thought of him.

IT WAS not till after a highly unpleasant night in the indescribable cell that Cliffe Forrest resumed contact with the great world. The authorities had other occupations on Easter Sunday night than to show mercy to malefactors. He might have been released earlier if the British consul had not been out of town.

Lucy, having learned, as much by intuition as by anything else, the nature of Cliffe's fate, had hurried to her uncle and begun by confessing a clandestine visit to the bullfight. Mr. Brest had the brilliant idea of searching for the consul, but was not unduly disturbed by the consul's absence from home.

Indeed, Mr. Brest contemplated with amazing equanimity one night's incarceration for Cliffe Forrest. The criminal's release was preceded by a bed of justice, sinister interviews (by means of an imperfect interpreter) with the alcalde and the chief of police of the city of Seville, and a cash payment of 500 pesetas plus some important sundries. After which his crime was purged.

That afternoon, while Mr. Brest was allaying his fragile wife's alarms in the latter's bedroom, Lucy had a conversation with Cliffe in a secluded corner of one of the endless winding tiled corridors of the Hotel de Madrid. The noise of a little fountain and the song of a canary in a cage accompanied their talk. Both of them had a comically guilty air.

"But you might have been killed!"

"I might, of course. But, you see, I've baited my old father's pedigreed bulls with a horsecloth before now in a field three times the size of that blooming bullring."

"Oh! Then you were a bit of a toreador. You ought to have told me before you started. D'you know I nearly fainted?"

"Served you right if you had fainted!"

"Why? It wasn't my fault."

"Of course it was your fault."

"But I never challenged you to go."

"Not in words! But you did! And you jolly well know it!"

"Indeed, I didn't! I never dreamt of such a thing. And, what's more, I'll never speak to you again. You simply aren't safe."

"Yes, you will. You must come with me to the shawl shop by the Alcazar and I'll buy you a new shawl. After that you needn't speak to me any more."

"You just won't buy me a new shawl then. I've got one."

"Already! You don't lose time!"

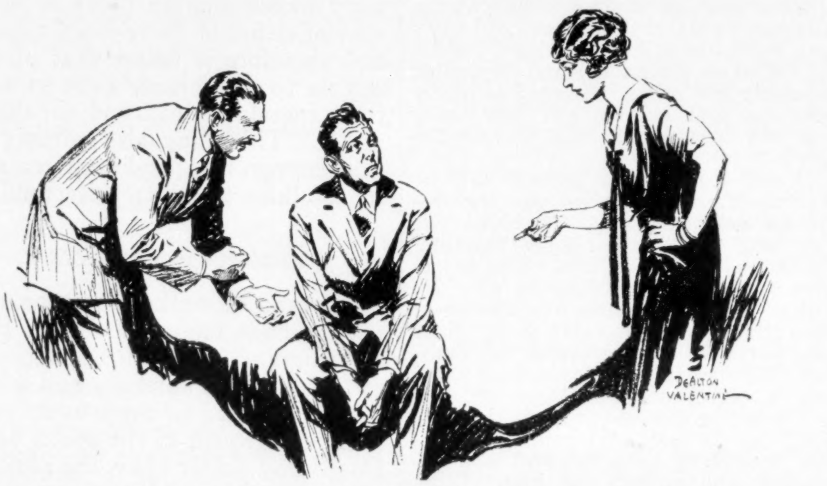
"I've got the old one and the bit that fell off the bull's horns, and I've started to mend it, and I shall never wear any other shawl, dirty as it is, as long as I live."

"Oh!" murmured Cliffe, transfixed by her words and her downward glance.

Lucy said: "Naturally I'm bound to marry you now, seeing how seriously you take me. You aren't safe. However, I must risk it. I'm in for a lively time." But she said all this to herself, with her gaze on the large black and white tiles.

I'm Getting Tired of Arguments

By DAVID WILLIAM MOORE



All of these birds beat me to a frazzle in our arguments

IT SEEMS to me that nearly every day some bright fellow takes an hour or two of my time to prove to me that such and such a thing is wrong. Clever logic, keen deductions, unquestionable conclusions—these are the weapons of the boys who argue.

One day I hear that Coolidge is a mediocre person, who, except for the hand of fate, might be keeping books in a wholesale grocery.

Another day a learned individual proves to me clearly and indisputably that baseball is rotten to the core and that I have been a sucker these many years for sitting through the games that I have seen.

Only to-day one of these loquacious pests took up my lunch hour and made my corn fritters turn sour by showing me how and why the motor car is a nuisance and will, very probably, have to be suppressed within the next ten years.

He seemed to be quite right. In fact, all of these birds beat me to a frazzle in our arguments.

That's what gets my goat. Bit by bit they are knocking the foundation from under my mental and spiritual comfort. They are beginning to ruin my life. Why, I can't even go to a simple little movie any more without feeling that I must be a moron to get such a thrill from it.

It's getting so a man can't believe in anything without feeling that he is old-fashioned. Put up any sort of institution and just as sure as the world somebody comes along and knocks it over.

I Can't Even Own My Home!

DURING the past fifteen years I have paid rent on all the houses in America except the White House.

I began to figure up a bit a few months ago and decided that I'd try a little of the well-known fee-simple stuff. I bought a house. I got a bargain. The property stands to-day as the best investment I have ever made, not to mention the satisfaction of being able to stand on the front porch and throw cigar stubs into the flower beds and tell the world to trot along and mind its own business.

Even so, a friend of mine (a man who wouldn't for the world try to do me a dirty trick) spent six hours explaining definitely and conclusively why it is better business to rent than to buy.

Imagine him pulling that stunt on me, who had paid out more rent money than is in the United States Treasury! I wanted to murder him. But I had to admit the sound logic of his cold figures. He had the dope. He was too smart for me. That's all there was to it.

Finally, I simply had to put my foot down and say boldly that I was going to keep that house even if, sooner or later, it broke me flat. That was the only premise that he couldn't shatter.

I have a boy. He gets into mischief. I lick him. He's been continuing his mischievousness more or less all his life, and I have been licking him off and on all his life. He's a pretty good kid to-day. I've been rather proud of the fact that I could rear a child in the good old-fashioned way and manage to instill a bit of the desired character into him.

But my friends all say I'm a hard-hearted brute. They declare that even if I knew my boy were another Abraham Lincoln I would go right ahead and make him do his sums on the back of a shovel and wear high-topped boots. True, their youngsters come over to our house and turn on our water faucet and run away with our porch chairs and beat our dog.

But those things are only pranks, and the normal exuberance of a healthy child, I am given to understand. I notice that most of the exuberating is done to our property, and I relish the thought of being permitted to render to them some of the discipline that my boy gets.

However, I know I'm wrong. I am out of date. I do not believe in the correct method of rearing children. My boy minds better than any children with whom he plays; at least so it seems to me. Yet he is too mechanical, they say. He lacks individuality!

I'm Only a Moron—They Think

LAST evening there were some folks at our home. They talked themselves eventually to the subject of books. Have you read the latest work of Gerald Blah-Blah? Isn't it wonderful? Didn't you just love it?

No, I didn't just love it. I thought it was piffle of the most tedious sort, and I risked my reputation by saying so perfectly frankly. I brought the heavens down upon my head. What in the world did I want in a book, anyway?

Well, I explained, I want a book to be interesting, clean, and a help to me in maintaining the few worthy principles I'm trying to keep alive. I don't care about reading trash, even though it happens to be written in a beautiful style.

But when I venture the assertion that some of the modern books aren't what I like to read I am stared at. I become an object of pity, if not of scorn. I like Tom Sawyer, David Grayson's little books, and Eddie Guest's verses. Call me narrow, ignorant and simple-minded, if you wish, I'll still like them.

What I'm driving at is simply this: that I wish these wiseacres would leave us simple-minded folks alone. Let us enjoy our baseball, our movies, our puny literature, our narrow-minded churches. Let us think that the whale swallowed Jonah if we wish to believe it.

I want to go on believing that a sunset is beautiful without a couple of lovers going into a clinch on the hill top.

I want to go on believing that there is a God and that I'm not going to die and go nowhere. I want to go on believing that most folks are honest and that they're doing about as well as can be expected. I want to go on believing that the old world is a fine place to live in.

I don't want to know so blamed much that I'll be unhappy over it.

WE SEE BY THE PAPERS
RAY
ROHN

THE curiosity of a motorist on a country road near Washington, Pa., was aroused by the lettering on the spare tire of a car ahead of him too small to read.

Anxious to know what it said, he put his foot on the throttle and read: "If you can see this you are too d— close for comfort."

* * *

CLARENCE WHITE of Philadelphia struck his first good luck with dice in some time when he was arraigned before Magistrate O'Connor of that city on a charge of participating in a crap game.

Clarence pleaded that the winners had all escaped and that he, the only loser, had been caught.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the Magistrate. "You roll and I'll give you as many months in jail as there are spots on the dice."

Praying for a deuce, Clarence promptly rolled double sixes. Whereupon the judge, convinced of the truth of the bad-luck story, took compassion on a steady loser and released him on probation.

* * *

TAKE 99 pounds of sugar, 46 pounds of butter, 127 pounds of flour, 730 eggs, 14 quarts of milk, 28 ounces of soda, 9 ounces of salt, 3 pounds of baking powder, and 85 pounds of sugar icing, and you have the recipe for the 620-pound birthday cake that was baked for the centennial of Elkhart, Ind.

* * *

IT TURNS out that the Chinese chair of literature at Columbia University was founded by General Horace W. Carpenter, class of '48, out of $100,000 he saved by stopping smoking.

The New York "World" suggests that General Carpenter must have been a smoker on the order of Mark Twain. Mark, who had a cigar in his mouth from morning until night, was once asked if he considered himself an excessive smoker. He replied that he did not. Asked what he considered an excessive smoker, he said he thought a man who smoked two cigars at once might be so classified.

* * *

EVERYBODY knows that grass is as rare as diamonds on Manhattan Island, perhaps a little rarer, and that only a handful of rich New Yorkers can afford the luxury of a lawnmower and a bit of yard.

There are several grass-plots in New York that would readily bring a million dollars. One of them sold recently at the record-setting figure of $2.11 a square inch.

* * *

IS MAN a careless creature in all things, or is there something about crockery that instinctively excites his fury?

Thirty thousand dishes, weighing nearly five tons, were broken every six days by patrons of the restaurants at the Wembley Exposition, London.

* * *

WRITING in one of the British weeklies, J. B. S. Haldane of Cambridge University predicts that within the next century sugar will be as cheap as sawdust.

"Many of our foodstuffs, including the proteins, we shall probably build up from simple sources such as coal and atmospheric nitrogen. I should be inclined to allow 120 years, but not much more, before a completely satisfactory diet can be produced in this way on a commercial scale. This will mean that agriculture will become a luxury, and that mankind will be completely urbanized."

* * *

GEORGE C. BASTION, whose business in life is editing the news, sums up the job as follows:

1 ordinary man+1 ordinary life=0.
1 ordinary man+1 ordinary wife=0.
1 ordinary man+1 auto+1 gun+1 quart=News.
1 bank cashier + 1 wife + 7 children=0.
1 bank cashier−$100,000+1 chorus girl=Headlines.

* * *

BERNARD SPOONER, a New Yorker claiming No. 37 Front Street as his address, has been shot at two thousand times, hit in the chest two thousand times, and never batted an eyelash.

Spooner's curious job in life is demonstrating a bullet-proof steel vest. In that capacity he has let police all over the country blaze away at him—his chief difficulty, he explains, being to find somebody willing to pull the trigger.

* * *

AN APPLE hit Newton on the head, and set him thinking out the laws of gravity. Here is a stray fact for professional psychologists:

Tests in the great Siemens Works in Germany indicate a definite relation between left-handedness and stuttering—one left-handed man in every four suffering from that affliction, while the right-handed stutterer is a rarity.

* * *

Politeness Are
FREE
Vittels Is
CASH

So reads a sign, says a writer in the "World," swinging in a Negro restaurant in New York City.

* * *

THE radio discloses unexpected possibilities.

One Edward Murphy was sitting on the stage at a political gathering in Manchester, N. H., when he interrupted the speaker of the evening with a cough.

Mrs. Murphy, tuning in on the speech with her radio, heard that cough a mile away and recognized it. Fifteen minutes later one of the Murphy boys arrived with Father's favorite prescription.

* * *

DESPITE the world flight of the American aviators, Wilbur G. Voliva, head of the Cult of Zion, refuses to concede that the earth is round.

True, the flyers flew in a circle; but Mr. Voliva insists it was a circle on a stationary plane. The world is as flat as a pancake, he declares, as is proved by the fact that "all standing water is level."

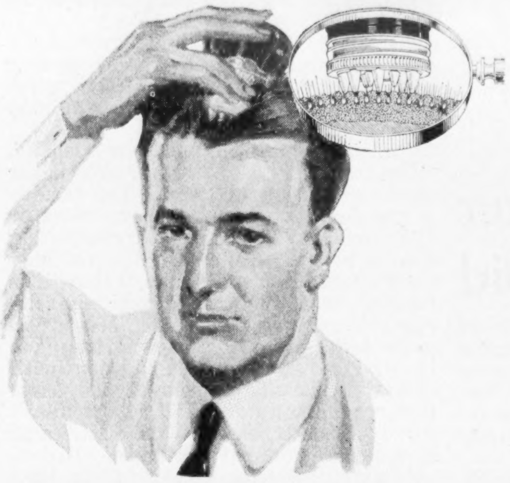
Not until somebody flies around the earth from top to bottom at the same moment that somebody else is flying around from east to west will Mr. Voliva concede that the earth looks like an apple.

* * *

IF YOU want proof that times change, consider the fact that a factory in Maine has received by radio from Japan an order for a carload of toothpicks.

800,000 Men

have made this test



Costs Nothing

Unless we grow hair. The Van Ess 3-bottle treatment is absolutely guaranteed. You are the sole judge. The warrant is given by your own dealer. All we require is his signature showing you have purchased a ninety-day treatment. If it fails, we refund your money. Hence you assume no risk making this test.

Written Guarantee to Grow New Hair in 90 Days—or Money Refunded

Science has recently made some unusual discoveries regarding treatment of the hair. One authority states that over 90% of falling hair comes from one cause. A cause that now can be remedied.

Hair Guaranteed This New Way

This is to offer you, under money-back guarantee, the new Van Ess treatment for the scalp. Under actual test, it grew hair on 91 heads in 100.

Our proposition is simple. Your own dealer gives the warrant. You take no chance of loss. Either this treatment starts a new growth of hair for you or we refund your money.

Hair Roots Seldom Die

Records show 4 men in 7 either bald or partially bald at 40.

Yet science proves only 9 men in 100 need ever be bald.

That is because hair roots seldom die from natural causes. Dermatologists used to think baldness denoted dead hair roots—that the roots could not be revived and new hair grown.

We proved otherwise. Highest authorities agree. Great dermatologists are now using a similar basic treatment. Hair on 91 heads in 100 is the record.

VAN ESS
LIQUID SCALP MASSAGE
VAN ESS LABORATORIES

NoteThis New Way

You can see from the illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic," it combines a massage and lotion. You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massage cap. The nipples are hollow. Just invert bottle, rub your head, and nipples automatically feed lotion down into follicles of the scalp. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.

Kills the Infected Sebum

We have traced about 91% of falling hair and baldness to a simple infection of the scalp oil (Sebum).

Sebum is an oil. It forms at the hair follicles. Its healthy function is to supply the hair with oil.

But frequently it becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp. It plugs the follicles—forms a breeding place for bacteria. Then germs by the millions start to feed on the hair. Baldness soon follows.

You can see this Sebum on your scalp, either in the form of an oily excretion, or, when dried, as dandruff.

You must combat that infection— must remove Infected Sebum. If you do, hair will grow. Remember, the hair roots are not dead.

This new method—this Van Ess method, combats the Sebum—kills the infection. We guarantee it. It stops falling hair—it grows new hair in 90 days. If not—your money back.

We thus guarantee our treatment, because it is safe for us to do so. We know the statements we make are amazing—know the public will be skeptical. So we ask no money unless we succeed. You are the sole judge of results.

Where to Obtain It

Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage is sold at all druggists or toilet counters. Or—by mail. $1.50 per bottle or $4.50 for a 3-bottle 90-day treatment, with which we will send you a written money-back guarantee. Send no money; we will supply by parcel post, collect. Orders from outside U. S. A. must be accompanied by postal money order.

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130 E. Kinzie St. Chicago, U. S. A.

Did the Reporter Suffer? He Did

THOMAS D. SCHALL, the blind man who recently defeated Magnus Johnson for the United States senatorship from Minnesota, once tied up a Washington newspaper correspondent on the biggest story of many months.

At that time Schall, a Progressive member of the House, apparently held the deciding vote in the speakership contest between Champ Clark, Democrat, and James R. Mann, Republican. Leaders of both sides struggled with Schall in an effort to induce him to commit himself. Newspaper correspondents begged Schall to tell them how he would vote. He declined.

About a week before the new speaker was elected Schall met a newspaper friend at the Capital and asked him to come into his office.

"I want you to leave your newspaper connections outside," Schall said. "You are coming in here as my friend."

So Schall and the newspaper man sat down and Schall began asking questions about both Clark and Mann and the general political situation. The interview, with the reporter on the unaccustomed end, lasted about an hour. When it ended, Schall said:

"The reason I asked you in here was because these political leaders have pulled and hauled me and lied to me until I didn't know where I stood. I cannot see their faces when they talk to me, and, hence, I don't know whether they are lying or not. I don't trust them, but I do trust you because you never have lied to me. Now I am convinced from your answers to my questions that I should vote for Clark. I am going to do it. But don't say anything about it."

For a week the reporter carried around the secret of the outcome of the speakership contest and did not dare to write it. Nor was the story written until Schall cast his vote on the floor of the House. Did the reporter suffer during that week? He did. I know it. I was that reporter.

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The Mentor Association
Springfield, Ohio

Commandments for Wives

Continued from page 16

husband as if he were omnipotent—and then complain later because he believes it himself.

A certain warring young pair were hopelessly alienated. Chronic quarreling was their trouble. They were at it morning, noon and night—about anything and everything. They habitually finished at such pitch that finally neighbors complained to the landlord.

"He starts every fight," asserted the wife. "Everything he thinks or says or does is entirely right, and if I so much as dare to express a contrary opinion there's trouble."

"It's not true!" snapped the husband. "The trouble is all with her. We never used to quarrel this way. The trouble is she doesn't care for me any more or she wouldn't oppose me in everything I do or say."

"They're *both* to blame," the girl's mother said. "He's a conceited, self-opinionated ass, *but she helped to make him that way*. The way she gave in to him at first and agreed with everything he said made everybody sick. But when it got so bad she couldn't stand it herself, she took the other tack. Now *nothing* he says is right.

"Judge, when a woman feels that way, and her husband still expects her to be an echo, they're hopeless!"

Too Much Management

IT IS the little things, mostly, that slowly wear down the patience of a husband, or bore him, or cause contempt for his wife, or make him feel that he is being exploited.

Here, then, is an admonition that every enthusiastic bride will do well to memorize at the very outset of her married life: *Don't treat your husband as if he were a trespasser in his own home.*

There had been a raid on a disreputable road house and among the prisoners was a young professional man. His wife was in court, ostensibly to stand by him in his troubles, but in reality to see a way to restore him to his one-time steadiness.

"He's not bad, only weak," she concluded; "but I can do nothing with him, your Honor. I thought maybe you could suggest something."

The husband came willingly for a confidential talk.

"You haven't an excuse on earth," he was told. "Your wife is a splendid woman who thinks only of your welfare—and there isn't a better managed home—"

"That's just it!" he interrupted. "It's too infernally well managed.

"My wife always seemed to think more of the home than she thought of me. There were so many things I should do and so many things I mustn't, it kept me dizzy. I mustn't sit in my shirt sleeves no matter how hot it was, and it was slovenly to scatter the Sunday papers about. I felt like a criminal if I forgot to wipe my feet; and I heard so much about the harm tobacco smoke and ashes did to the draperies and rugs that I stopped smoking in the house altogether. Then I started going to the corner saloon to meet the gang."

That wife took her lecture in good spirit; and though the suggested cure entailed a bitter prescription she swallowed it gamely. It worked, I know, because a few months later her husband came to invite me personally to one of his regular card parties.

Since we are dealing with the early pitfalls for the bride, no list of commandments would be complete without this: *Don't sing the praises of other women's husbands, suggesting how much more generous they are than your husband.*

Distinct in my mind is the case of the young husband who had ruined his chances in life by stealing from his employers. The expensive clothes and jewelry his wife wore furnished the clue. Investigation showed that the pair had lived at three times the scale of his income.

The man explained that his first inspiration to steal came when his wife began to tell him how fine other men were to their wives and how happy the latter were.

"I loved her," he said, "and I was afraid of losing her."

Then too I recall very clearly the young wife of intelligence and evident good breeding who came to court privately for advice.

Her husband, she explained, was a technical engineer, highly trained, and intelligent. But he lacked initiative and was lazy; and he was resentful when his wife urged him to brace up. He had drifted from promising positions to mere jobs. Then he had begun to drink and idle away his time. He worked only occasionally now and wasted the little he earned.

"When you were first married did you try to reason with him?" the wife was asked.

"Try!" she said. "Why, your Honor, I never stopped trying."

That was the trouble.

Here was another of a myriad of marital failures that might have resulted otherwise with the application of this commandment: *Don't everlastingly preach that your husband is a failure, thinking it will inspire him to success.*

That is what this wife had done. "The way she talked would take the heart out of anyone," her husband said dismally. "You couldn't start a conversation but what somehow or other it would get around to how strange it was I didn't get along when so-and-so's husband was doing so wonderfully—and how any man was a failure who couldn't keep up with the procession.

"I got disheartened after a time, and when I began to realize I was just what she said—a failure—I got disgusted with myself and started to drink."

In this endless procession of cases of marital discord there crops out with startling regularity the avowal of the wife that the trouble started about the time the husband ceased to confide in her. It would seldom be said if young wives would abide by this admonition: *Don't tell all your private business to your women friends.*

As long as a man can safely confide in his wife he will not stray into trouble. I remember the frank explanation of one man who had drifted from his wife.

"When we were first married I was always with her," he said. "I discussed everything with her, even my business problems. But by and by the husbands of her women friends used to drop hints that made me know she was talking over our private affairs with their wives. Then I stopped confiding in her.

"About that time I met a young business woman—keen-minded and close-mouthed. She just fitted into my need for sympathy and advice. Is it any wonder we became close friends?"

The mother-in-law situation has been a joke so long that people think it is only a joke. In truth it is one of the most serious causes of marital dissension.

And though the mother-in-law gets all the blame, she is far from being always in the wrong. The young bride could dodge a lot of worry if—before she gets her mind inflamed with the mother-in-law bugaboo—she would add this to her list of commandments: *Honor your husband's father and mother—especially his mother.*

Whenever there comes up a case of marital trouble in which the difficulties of the pair seem influenced by financial problems, it is often possible to cleave directly to the cause. It isn't always the wife's fault, of course; but there would be fewer such cases by at least fifty per cent if all brides would heed this warning: *Don't preach economy to your husband while you spend extravagantly on yourself.*

There are young wives who think nothing of spending four or five dollars for a pair of silk stockings, yet complain bitterly at their husband's "waste" of fifty cents for cigars. They will argue that for the money they spend they have something, while what he spends goes up in smoke, besides being harmful to his health. To such wives, every extravagance of the husband is harmful or improper or wholly unnecessary; while the money they spend for unessential things is justified—even if it be on the favorite score that it was "such a wonderful bargain at the price."

The earliest menace to marital felicity is disillusionment. First one then the other of the pair discovers that marriage isn't all it might be, and, further, that the other isn't by any means a paragon.

But disillusionment like this has its distinct compensation, as most sensible couples find out. For instance, when it appears that the loved one isn't a semi-deity, it is easier to relax from one's own tiresome pose of perfection.

But when, as frequently happens, the bride refuses to relinquish her amatory ideals, there is trouble in the making. Here's a commandment worth serious consideration: *Don't hold your husband to a strict accounting of all the promises he made as a lover.*

Ask the average person to name the tie he thinks most potent to hold married pairs together and the answer probably will be "children."

It is true. Yet in the entire lexicon of matrimony there could be found no more misleading generalization.

While thousands of hopelessly alienated pairs only refrain from taking their troubles to the divorce courts on account of "the children," yet in countless cases the children are solely responsible for the state of "private divorce," in which the parents, though sticking it out for appearance sake, are actually as far apart as the poles in spirit, in mind, in body!

Here is a commandment sifted out of a multiplicity of marital cases: *Permit no other loves to come between you and your husband—not even the love of your child.*

In the first enthusiasm of maternity the normal young mother will put her babe before anything or anyone else in the world. It is nature's own provision—an immutable instinct. But even a benign instinct can be carried too far. And many a wife who permits mother love to become an obsession learns this to her sorrow.

A Mother Instead of a Wife

I RECALL the prosperous middle-aged man who had been detected in an affair with another woman. His wife was amazed, not only because a good husband such as he, steady, sober, thoughtful, was guilty of infidelity, but—and chiefly because he seemed so little concerned that she had found him out.

"If she had been paying any attention at all to me," said he, "she would have suspected me long ago. But she was too wrapped up in the children to notice anything I did."

Then out came a barb that, apparently, had rankled in his mind for years.

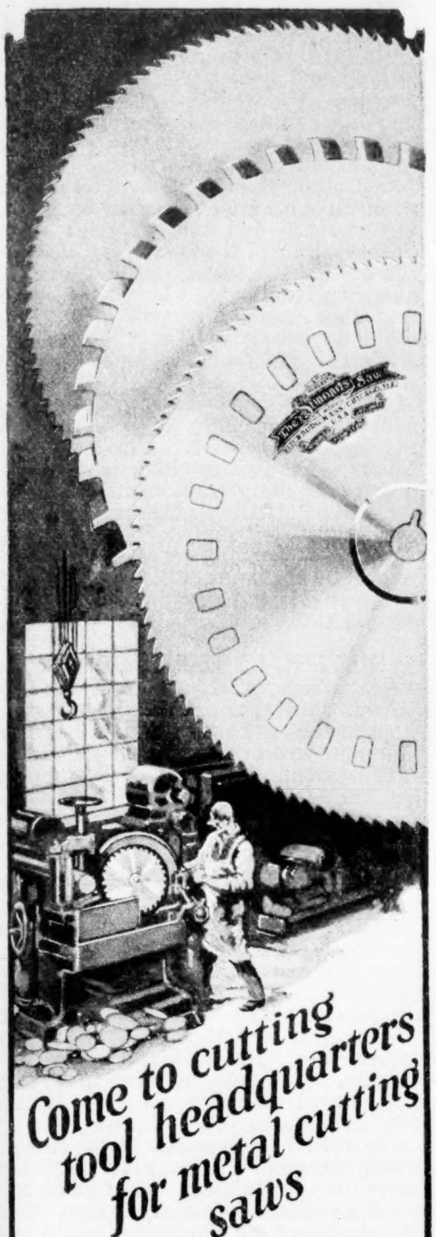
"Judge," he said, "she won't care as long as I supply enough money. She never cared. I remember a few years ago when I was on the verge of business failure. I was worried to death, couldn't sleep, was crazy from suspense, expecting the crash any moment.

"And what do you suppose it was that worried her all the time? Why, how it would affect our children! The boys couldn't study law and medicine and our girls might have to work for their living. And somehow *I was to blame*—at least I should have been careful! Not a damned bit of pity for me, though I was almost crazy!"

Of course the wife who reaps the bitterness of marital failure through devotion to her children will always have the sympathy and the admiration of the world.

But if she would prefer continued marital happiness to that sort of honor she would do well to determine on her wedding day that being a mother should never make her forget that she is first a wife.

Miss Jean Norris, New York's famous woman magistrate, has written "Ten Commandments for Young Husbands"—which will appear in next week's Collier's.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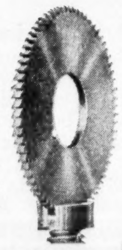

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He Likes to Face Lions Alone

Continued from page 9

of man, this makes no difference to the lion. He will walk into your house, if the door happens to be standing open, just to see what is there. I have had lions walk all around my tent at night when I have been sleeping. But lions will not attack at night unless they happen to be man-eaters.

"Much depends on the conditions under which you approach a lion. If he is hungry he is ready for instant battle. If he happens to have gorged himself he is more or less at peace with the world and may make off at your approach, just because he would rather avoid trouble than seek it.

"The man-eater is an accident. Perhaps he is a very young lion whose mother has died before he has been properly coached regarding the right kind of game to kill. The young lion has killed a man and has found it easy, so he continues to kill men. Or perhaps the man-eater is a very old lion who has taken to killing men because there is no wild game available."

Hunting lions is like trout fishing. One has to know just where to go for them and what their habits are. There are men who have lived for ten or twelve years in a lion country but never have seen one of the animals. Mr. Klein is now getting them in country where a few years ago he could not find any trace of them. Their cleverness in hiding is such that it was only through his increased knowledge of their habits that he eventually found them.

The theory that the female of the species is deadlier than the male does not hold true in the case of lions. Mr. Klein says that male and female are equally savage. Only maned lions, suitable for trophies, are killed by Mr. Klein. Contrary to widespread opinion, lions are not hunted for zoölogical gardens or the menageries of circuses and motion-picture outfits. They are too easily raised in captivity.

Outfitting for lion hunting has come to be a highly specialized business. Also it is expensive if the lion hunter demands the best.

"If a lion hunter is content to travel light and to live pretty much on other game he kills," said Mr. Klein, "he can get along on an expenditure of about twenty-five dollars a day. From that the cost runs up to one hundred dollars a day."

The best weapon is a double-barreled rifle, shooting a .470 bullet. There is no time to manipulate a magazine rifle when a lion has started to charge.

"With the double-barreled rifle," said Mr. Klein, "you can let him have it with both barrels, even if he is right on you. If you don't get him with two shots, you are gone."

Next to lion hunting, Mr. Klein likes to go out after rare specimens of any sort. He has supplied museums with much material—notably the American Museum of Natural History, the British Museum of South Kensington and the Pietermaritzburg Museum in South Africa. He has taken motion pictures of lions and other wild game and has some photographs which cost him many hours of dangerous stalking.

As a boy Mr. Klein became interested in the naturalist's calling through visits to the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. He hunted in the fields and woods of his home district, in Rockland County, N. Y. His work as a collector for the American Museum and for the government has taken him into the far corners of the United States. He is of medium stature—the quick-motioned, wiry type that one sees among Western plainsmen.

After fourteen years in the wilderness of South Africa, the chief pleasure this great lion hunter finds in coming back is to hunt—not big game, but ducks, as he used to hunt them in Rockland County.

The Engineer

Continued from page 18

wildest exponents of the theory of personal liberty would not agree that a locomotive driver should have the right to exercise his personal liberty and take two or three drinks before starting out with the limited."

No body of men can meet the test of such responsibility as the engineer carries without coming into a certain amount of honor. Rightly enough I found him the king of the round-house, the prince of the yard.

"Psst! Here he comes!" my buddy would whisper to me while we tapped our inspection of the engine just before the driver took it out to the "ready tracks" to wait for the road's crack train. "Now you just watch! After he gets them fresh overalls over his swell clothes, he'll be down here goin' all over this again just as if you and me was dead! And I don't blame him! Yes, sir, I think you'll find her in good shape this evening, sir. Yes, sir."

This kotowing helps. Though some engineers make $225 a month or slightly more, about six dollars a day is the average for most of them.

"Here am I," protested one of them one night, "in charge of this engine worth mebbe $50,000, and these coaches worth another $150,000, not to mention the lives of all the people back behind us. Yet right up there in that office are clerks that couldn't do any more damage than spill a bottle of ink onto a sheet of paper—and gettin' almost as much as I do. What's the answer?"

Naturally enough, however, such a time-tried and crisis-tested kind of earner makes good use of his savings. Lately I was near when Chief Stone and the head of a big railway greeted each other. I watched to see what would follow between the big employer and the big labor leader. This is what I heard:

"By the way, Mr. Stone, I was almost on the point of wiring you—to make sure that your bank had been granted its proper quota in our last issue of —— millions of bonds."

In Cleveland they are admiring the new 21-story, four-million-dollar skyscraper which dwarfs the earlier B. of L. E. building and which will house the organization's Coöperative National Bank. It is hardly necessary to mention this famous institution's phenomenal jump from resources of about a half million to a present twenty-eight millions in almost exactly four years! During that period it has paid a one-per-cent dividend on all savings deposits in addition to the usual four per cent interest. Hardly less unique or successful are the Brotherhood Investment Company, the Brotherhood Holding Company, the Coal River Collieries and other banks and enterprises, including part ownership in the Empire Trust Company of New York City.

No wonder that some of the other organized workers twit Mr. Stone and his fellow engineers as the "aristocrats of labor." (Not long ago Collier's told of Mr. Stone's recent refusal to sign, for the present at least, an agreement with the miners in the engineers' $3,000,000 coal properties.)

To the twitting and the fears of these groups, Mr. Stone would doubtless reply that "after twenty-five years of sitting in a locomotive cab, peering into the night, with a train-load of sleeping passengers behind him, an engineer is pretty sure to be conservative"—whether he looks it and whether he—or anybody else—likes it, or not.

Be that as it may, I for one submit that he and his fellow engine drivers are at least entitled to a larger freedom over their own right of way. Now that the sheep have pretty much ceased from troubling, I vote that we make unanimous the sentiment I saw recently on the number plate of a passing automobile: *"This Car Lets All Locomotives Pass!"*

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Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

Time

Continued from page 15

pool of unfathomed depth, like a quagmire, insatiable for more. It would be conquered perhaps, but would exact its own price and fall only in its own time.

As he grew older John Shisler grew calmer. He still hated the desert, but outwardly he was unmoved by it, ignored it. He went east to college. He came home again and increased the holdings of his fathers. He grew restless at times, but he did not go away to sea or to war. The Shislers never laid down a task once they had taken it up. And though John did not understand that at first, he knew in time that why he remained on the desert edge and fretted was because the family must finish what it started.

He continued always to hate the desert. But after a while its calmness and quiet shook him. He would ride out to the sand edge again and curse it. It challenged him now. He offered once to finance a party to cross it, but even the Indians were afraid.

It had never been crossed since legendary days when the great kings had ridden up from the south.

JOHN SHISLER brooded, and after his son was born sleep no longer came easily to him. He lay awake at night and thought of the desert out there, waiting for him, yawning and laughing at his futility. It had taken his father and his grandfather. The old men round the growing township looked at him queerly. He knew they were expecting him to go out one day and follow the trail of his forbears. Well, he wasn't a fool. He was a college man, a dealer in facts, and he wasn't going to fling his life away on a mad venture from which no good could possibly come.

Eventually, as his blood cooled with the years, calmness came. Tranquilness flooded him now as he brooded on the desert. He felt the challenge and all the innate arrogance of the Shislers rose to meet it. His wife found him cleaning his guns and later giving an Indian orders in a strange, hard voice. A week later, in the night, he went.

The rifle he carried was the latest model. His revolver was a thing of beauty and capable of dealing death seven rapid times. His mules were the best in the state. His food was cunningly condensed into cans and tablets. He carried twice as much water as his father had carried, five times as much as his grandfather. His clothes were lighter and stronger, made by scientific methods for just such a journey as this. He had nothing with him that was in any way like his father or grandfather, save the rugged Shisler nose and the soul of the family.

He made between twenty and twenty-five miles a day with astonishing regularity—astonishing because he was three generations removed from pioneer stock, because he was more a creature of colleges and books and orderly kept ranches. He had not been schooled by the winds and the rain and adventure as his forbears had been. The Shisler soul carried him through.

On the sixth day he had to pause and rest up for a full twenty-four hours. His skin was cracking and peeling with the unrelieved sun. His nerves were frayed. He had started to curse the desert again, aloud and with fearful vindictiveness. But after the rest he felt better and went on. It was significant that he had no thought of going back. He was true to himself, after all. On the ninth day he found his grandfather's rifle, a broken-down barrel sticking plainly from out a pile of rocks. He knew it was his grandfather's because of the name "Hiram Shisler" still clear on the steel. He saw near a heap of small rocks, with sand sifting through and sage growing between, and from the shape he guessed they were a grave. Thought came to steady him. He camped by the grave as his father had camped twenty-five years before. And during that one camp all the silk and culture and softness civilization had coated him with fell away. It was already worn pretty thin, that was true, but now it fell completely to nothingness, and with the dawn it was a pure reincarnation of the old Shislers who faced the desert.

The hate within him, the vindictiveness, the sullen anger that had been his was swallowed up in a new grim determination, in a new terrifying curiosity to find out what was over the purple hills. He went on . . . on. He found, on the eleventh day, a muddy pach of ground in a hollow where the sage was green. How his father had missed it there was no telling. He went on his hands and knees and scraped until thick water trickled into the hollow. There was enough to water his mules and half fill one of his bottles. That was all.

ON THE twelfth day he found his father. The bones were on a little rocky plateau in the center of what was a dry river bed. They were white and naked under the sun. The rifle near them was in a fair state of preservation. Between the bones was a thick buckle of a belt, a tall ship fighting a sea devil. And John Shisler knew that buckle. There was record of it in the family diary and an ancient picture of Hiram Shisler wearing it.

He broke down and cursed the desert again then, and he piled small rocks over the bones of his father. Only he kept the belt buckle. He did not stop to camp, but pressed on. Both mules broke away and disappeared back in the direction of the water hole. John Shisler shook his fist at them, but did not turn back too. He went on. The moon came and he walked like a new man in the icy cool of the night. He stopped just before dawn and swallowed a little water and chewed some beef cubes. He discarded his revolver. He discarded everything that was heavy save his rifle and his water bottle and a handful of metal boxes of beef cubes.

The fourteenth day saw him creeping up the slope of a stubby hill. He was a gaunt skeleton driven on by an inward fire. He had flung away his empty water bottle, flung away his rifle. He was the Shisler soul, and that was all—a soul moving forward without conscious intent or volition.

He reached the crest of the hill and dragged himself so that he could peer over. The main mountain range was still far away, heavy with forests and green with fat vegetation. But the valley between the hill range and the mountains was like a park, grass lands and tiny lakes and clumps of fat trees. Antelope ran here and there, deer browsed. Birds wheeled in the diamond sky and they were not of prey.

But John Shisler did not see. His eyes were blank and staring and his hands were hooks that clawed into the living rock until the slow thick blood tried to ooze forth. He was seeing men, many men; men in armor and chain mail and leather jerkins; men with swords and axes and old guns; men with beards and deep, quiet eyes; men all with the rugged nose of the Shisler race. And John tried to laugh, and thought he did, though only a cackle issued from his swollen throat. And he tried to laugh because he knew the desert would be conquered by the Shislers in the end. The family would finish what it began. John Shisler would die, but his son would finish the thing.

His son would take water and mules, or perhaps some special sort of conveyance. And he would have better equipment and more scientific aids behind him to help him. He would start into the desert, over the sage and past the queer animals and the graves of his father and grandfather. He would plod on, through the burning days and the icy nights. He would brave thirst and hunger and hold a rigid face against despair. He would spend all his life and his hopes and his dreams in one great effort that should lay the mocking desert low. The son of John Shisler would accomplish the thing. He would go out like a hero of old, like an avenging presence, and find out what lay on the other side of the mountains. Yes, the son of John Shisler would carry on the glorious traditions. He would show men that there were still breeds who could adventure and dare and return from the jaws of death, out of the stomach of the desert and the heart of terrible things—thirst, silence, sun, and eternal hopeless distances. John Shisler died content. His son would follow and justify him, suffer and brave the aching trail. And the shades of other Shislers nodded and beamed and muttered approval. The old spirit was not dead. There was still a son to follow. There was still a Shisler left to smash a way through. He would accomplish the matter. . . .

BUCK SHISLER did. But his method was not what his forbears expected. He was a sleek young man with pomaded hair and laughing lips. His muscles were white and slack. He played tennis, sometimes. But mostly he danced and drank with queerly painted girls. He went into the desert sometimes on moonlight rides, but he never lost sight of the town lights.

He had far too much money for his age. He had no sense of proportion. He thought the world was mad, and he was right, but at eighteen that should be a hidden thing. One day his aunt took the trouble to tell him completely the tale of his forbears and the desert. He laughed and thought it was very interesting. "Tough old fellows, what?" he said. He quoted a verse in French and paused to watch a girl with slim silk ankles step into a waiting car.

He said to his aunt, as he rose to watch the girl, "I'll trot over the desert some time." He meant it. But he forgot his promise for nearly a year. And the shades of old Shislers frowned and muttered among themselves. The young man could not shoot or walk or read his course by the stars. He was an indifferent rider. He allowed a manager to run the huge ranch. He didn't know a thing about desert lore, nor did he try to learn.

He didn't need to. He decided to "trot over" the desert a few days before he was twenty. He took just one pint of water and one pint of whisky in a silver flask. His food supply consisted of four chicken sandwiches in a silver case. He took no weapons. He took no mules. The only good-by he said was to kiss half-a-dozen painted lips. He started at ten in the morning and he was back before sunset. He crossed the desert in just four hours in an airplane, a cigarette dangling from one corner of his mouth and silk underclothes next his delicate skin.

We've caught the culprits who started the cross-word puzzle fad—ticketed and finger-printed in next week's Collier's.

A Modern Pirate Walks the Plank

Continued from page 13

O'Bannion was written on the records of the Chicago police department!

The men were released on bail, and it was then that the O'Bannion who amazed, terrified and corrupted Chicago really began to come into existence, take definite shape.

Certain persons knew that O'Bannion had the proceeds of his first hijacking venture salted in a bank. From these Dean found out what he could do with that money. They told him he could buy an acquittal with it. Perhaps buy is too direct a word. Arrange is better.

Dean learned that there were some —many—public officials who could not be influenced by money. But he learned too that these honest men could be swayed or nullified by officials or political powers whose favors *were* for sale. It was all a matter of paying the right sums of money to the right men at the right time.

There was one obstacle. Ox Reiser! Money could not spring The Ox. He was an old offender with a record of convictions as long as a tall man's arm. The Ox would have to take a fall. That made it awkward for the others. How frame it for The Ox to do a jolt in Joliet and free O'Bannion and his two young companions charged with the same crime on the same evidence? Even if it could be framed The Ox might get sore and squawk. It was awkward.

The problem was solved with a gun. The Ox was shot.

He was a tough Ox, however, and the first shooting didn't take. The doctors at the hospital to which the wounded man was borne reported that he would probably recover. Following which optimistic statement The Ox was again shot, and this time killed, while he lay on his cot in the hospital. The cot was near a window. Outside the window was a fire escape. Inside The Ox's head was a bullet. It was spoken of as a mysterious shooting!

Freed of the moral burden of The Ox and his long bad record, O'Bannion and his two young companions stood trial and were acquitted. Supposedly they had been caught in the act, but they were declared not guilty. O'Bannion later told an acquaintance of mine that that acquittal cost him the seven thousand dollars of hijacker liquor money he had in the bank. As O'Bannion phrased it, "It stood me seven grand to fix it."

His method of fixing it was typical of the way he worked from then on. The following might well have been his personal slogan from that time forth: *Bribe whoever you can whenever you can and shoot whoever you must whenever it's necessary.*

O'Bannion learned a lot from that experience. Safe-blowing had got him into trouble; bootleg money and a gun had got him out. The moral was plain: Stick to bootleg and a gun!

From then on until his death O'Bannion confined himself to handling booze and bullets. He was arrested and indicted time after time but never convicted. Always he bought or shot or bluffed his way out of any trouble he got into. His reputation as a ruthless killer became so great that it was of incalculable value to him. Where bribe money failed to corrupt, that reputation often served, terrorizing men who could not be bought.

It was an earned reputation. The Chicago chief of police said he was certain that O'Bannion was directly or indirectly responsible for at least twenty-two murders. One of Dean's boldest exploits was the shooting of the Miller brothers, Max and Dave, gang antagonists. O'Bannion shot them as they were coming out of the La Salle Theatre after a night performance.

There was no attempt at concealment. Scores of people in the crowded lobby saw the shooting. The Millers, neither of whom was fatally wounded, offended gang etiquette by identifying Dean as their assailant.

O'Bannion was not even tried. A few minutes after he did the shooting he limped into the office of a man I know and told him about it as a man might describe an interesting automobile accident in which he had figured.

"I don't want to go to the police until I see some people and get this thing fixed," he said in conclusion.

What's $49,000?

A LITTLE later O'Bannion met this man again and told him more.

"They stung me forty-nine grand to fix that Miller thing," he complained. And then, with a shrug, "Oh, well!"

He had got to the point where he could dismiss the thought of a forty-nine-thousand-dollar loss with a shrug and an exclamation! That sum was not so hard for him to pick up by then, and perhaps, after all, the Miller shooting was worth it in advertising. It made the name O'Bannion more than ever a name of terror, the name of a man who could and would shoot you if you got in his way and do no more than pay for the privilege.

For a year or more after he started in the bootleg business in earnest, O'Bannion got his liquor by hijacking trucks on the highways around Chicago. He was in gun battle after gun battle, and came through all unwounded. No one knows how many lives his gun accounted for on lonely roads at night. In one month when the hijacking was good, thirty unidentified bodies of men who had been shot were found along the side roads over which liquor was driven.

But O'Bannion then, as later, was as ready to pay as shoot. One night he and his gang were lying in wait for a load of liquor when another gang arrived at the same spot to wait for the same truck. It was O'Bannion who prevented a fight by arguing that there was enough for everybody and suggesting an alliance.

That was the beginning of his work as a gang organizer and harmonizer. Plenty for all and union in strength—that was his argument. Why fight each other? And so he kept a sort of peace in the gang family so that this gang and that gang all went along, knocking off the outsiders but wasting little ammunition on each other.

When the pickings got thin on the highways O'Bannion began raiding stored liquor in the city. It became a matter of wide knowledge that if you called O'Bannion on the phone, gave him your name and address and told him where liquor was stored, you would not lose thereby. After a few days he'd call on you with some such message as this: "It took four of us to pull that job. You're in on it, so that makes five. We got twenty-five thousand for the stuff, so your bit is five grand. One, two, three, four, five. That right? Good! If you ever have another tip call me. So long."

That was O'Bannion. Always willing to pay where he was helped. It was his brag that he made his money by outcheating cheaters and outshooting shooters. He had no bent for cheating or shooting tame, semi-honest folk.

Lots of people made lots of money through O'Bannion. Each one who made money through him was a friend and an advertisement. There wasn't much about hidden liquor that Dean didn't know before he got through with that game!

From that he went into beer-running and then he purchased breweries. He produced beer for less than two dollars a barrel and sold it for forty. Lots of people got lots of cuts on every barrel sold, but there was always a generous profit left for O'Bannion.

He was really getting into the big money then. When he passed the hundred-thousand mark he had set for himself a man I know asked him why he didn't quit.

"It's a shame to get out when the money's so easy," Dean said. "I'm going to pick up two hundred and fifty thousand and then stop. With that much I can fix myself and all my folks for life."

He had picked up well over half a million when this man again asked him why he didn't quit.

"I wish I could," O'Bannion said wearily. "I've got more now than I'll ever need, but I can't get out. I've got too many irons in the fire. You know how it is."

The man he was talking to *did* know. He knew that O'Bannion literally could not get out. He was as much a prisoner as if he were in jail. He had made a lot of powerful friends, but he had also made a lot of enemies. The friends were friends only so long as O'Bannion kept going and made money for them. The enemies were enemies forever. If he quit and lost his friends, his enemies would snuff him out. The farm he had started out to get for himself and his wife was a long way off!

With the attainment of wealth O'Bannion successfully changed his mode of life. He moved to a fine apartment on the North Side just on the edge of the famous Gold Coast. With his wife and friends he took to riding horseback in Lincoln Park in the morning. None was more correctly clothed, none presented a more discreetly definite appearance of wealth and position than Dean, his wife and friends.

O'Bannion regularly dressed for dinner, inaugurating the era of the Tuxedo gangster in Chicago. With his wife and friends he became a habitual first-nighter.

A safe blower or an ordinary stick-up man couldn't have gotten away with that. But a bootlegger—that was different. So many people buy and drink the stuff. How do that and successfully snub a personable, wealthy young fellow who only stole and sold it? Not so easy.

O'Bannion, incidentally, in addition to being a model husband, was an example in temperance. He was not a teetotaler, but he drank seldom and sparingly.

He Wanted to Quit

HE BOUGHT a half interest in the florist shop across from the cathedral because he wanted a respectable front.

Just a few weeks before he was killed he drove, in company with his wife, Louis Alterie, his first lieutenant, and fifteen friends, to Alterie's cattle ranch near Denver. They stayed there for a couple of weeks and O'Bannion bought a big ranch near Alterie's place.

That was the farm at last. It was a long way from Chicago. Maybe after all a man might quit and go out there and be safe. Alterie had thirty-five cowboys on his place. They were good, tough, loyal fellows. Perhaps with a crowd like that around as a bodyguard a man might relax and settle down.

O'Bannion wanted to do that. That is sure. He wanted to quit alive and enjoy life on the money that was cursed with the guilt of so many deaths! The last lesson he learned was that that can't be done.

I don't know why he was shot. There were a thousand reasons why he should have been, and it was inevitable that he would be. It was probably the result of gang jealousy.

Anyhow, he was killed and there were scores of thousands of words written about him. Some of the newspaper stories of his life were good. The best one I read was the briefest. It was lettered in ink on the back of a manila envelope in the morgue, or reference room, of a Chicago paper. The envelope was fat with clippings on which were recorded the many, many stories of Dean O'Bannion and his doings. And there, on the back of that envelope, was the real story boiled down to what it would be worth if the world were what it ought to be. The story was this:

DEAN O'BANNION
(BOOTLEGGER)
SHOT NOV. 10TH, 1924

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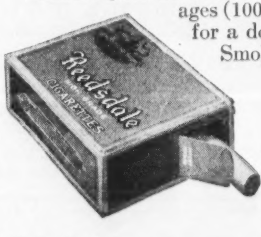

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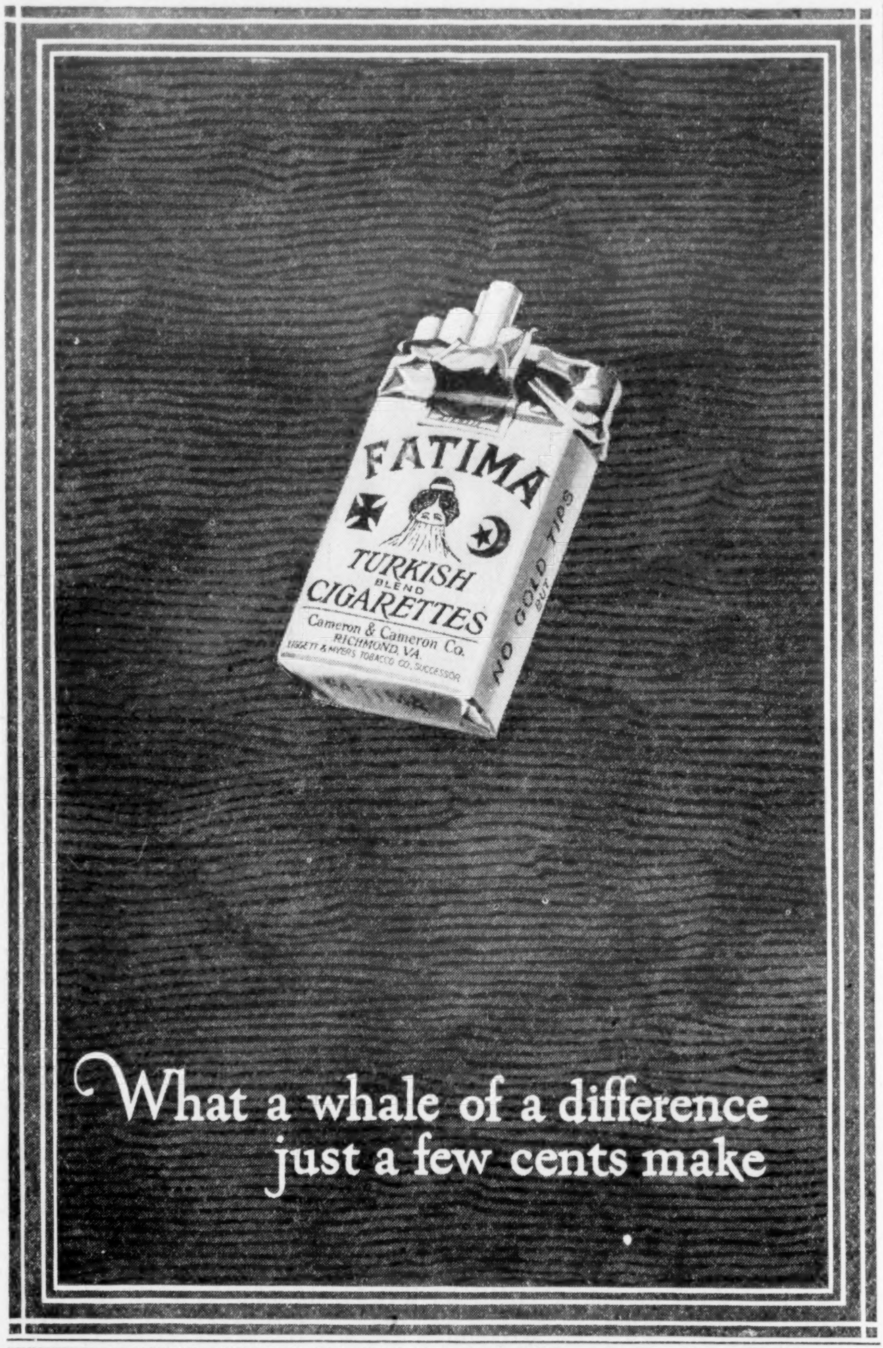
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PICKED OUT OF THE AIR

By JACK BINNS.

A Whale of an Idea

THE whaling vessel Sir James Clark Ross, which recently left Glasgow for the Antarctic, has been equipped with a powerful radio-phone transmitter. Each of the whaler's lifeboats carries a small set, so that at any time it is left out in the open sea after nightfall, it will have no difficulty finding its mother ship. This is an old adventurous industry modernized.

It Won't Work

THOSE ingenious experts who sought to thrust the term "Radiocasting" upon the fandom of the world have been disappointed. New slang is created spontaneously out of necessity, and must have either simple brevity or rhythmic swing. It cannot be deliberately framed.

Was It a Daily Dozen?

WE SAW an advertisement of a certain radio set to-day featuring a letter from a purchaser in Pennsylvania. In it the latter stated he had received 2LO, London, England, at 2:15 o'clock in the morning. Of course we would not under any circumstances question the veracity of the writer, but we are just a little bit curious to know what kind of programs 2LO sends out at 7:15 A. M., London time. There is of course the other possibility: that the waves might have been delayed in their passage across the Atlantic, due to storms, which are prevalent at this time of the year.

Hello, Old Man!

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "A Collier's Reader" writes in that he is very much annoyed by "ham" radio telephone traffic during the hours when he is listening to broadcast programs. Some of the trouble may be due to lack of selectivity in the receiving set, but aside from this I must agree that much of the amateur conversation one hears is piffle.

The Salesman's S O S

G. B. R. at Bradford, Pa., wants to know why in—er, well, the name of common sense—manufacturers do not induce broadcasting stations to work more in the daytime so that he can really demonstrate their receivers to advantage when the store is open. The farmers all go to bed too early for an evening demonstration, he says.

Well, George, it will be easier and better for you to keep open house evenings and have demonstration concerts. Your farmer customers will stay up once in a while for really good stuff.

Well! Well!!

A NATIONALLY known corset manufacturer in Bridgeport, Conn., is now making radio apparatus. Evidently flapperism has sounded the death knell of his main product.

To Be or Not to Be

NEW ORLEANS is in a quandary over this question: Is a broadcast station a public utility? The local station is owned by the street railroad company, and is located at a summer resort which is now closed. So is the station. There is a public uproar. The local public service commissioner says: "If I receive enough petitions to have the station kept open I shall take the matter up with the corporation, treating the station as a public utility." In such an event will operation of the station be charged to the working expenses of the transit company by permission?

Three Stages of Radio

PATER FAMILIAS broadcasting:

January: "I'm going to buy a radio for my boy. He's handy with tools. Something cheap."

September: "Last night I had Chicago on the loud speaker on that Trixyplex I built."

Christmas: "You ought to see the swell set I just bought. It's in a console. The wife is crazy about it. Such volume. Wonderful tone. Oh! Boy!"

Save the Juice

ON ALL multi-tube receivers of standard design it will be found that one stage of audio is all that is needed for local stations. Sweeter music, clearer speech and greater operating economy will result from one audio stage.

Is It Impossible?

I HAVE come to the sad conclusion that no amount of education will teach us to tune our regenerative sets so that they don't squeal. Our experience in this country shows the wisdom of the British regulations which absolutely prohibit radiating receivers.

Moves by Radio

THE students of Haverford College are about to play a game of chess with the collegians of Oxford University. The moves in this interesting game will be sent back and forth across the Atlantic by radio. Haverford will use station 2BVN in this country, and Oxford will employ the British private station 2NM.

In Arctic Wilds

THE most northerly radio station in United States territory has just been erected at Wiseman, Alaska, by the U. S. Army Signal Corps. Its call letters are WXG, and will connect the sixty-four white residents and the local Eskimos with civilization. The station is seventy miles north of Fort Yukon.

40,000,000 to 1

"RADIO WORLD" in a recent article points out that a modern and fairly efficient receiver will pick up signals of as small a pressure as .001 volt, and with a very good antenna this will not produce more than .0000001 watt of energy.

It further states, very truly, that it is hard to imagine such a small amount of energy. It would take 40,000,000 receiving aërials to produce power enough to light one 40-watt lamp.

New Radio Map

A NEW edition of Collier's Radio Map has been issued for 25¢ a copy. The map itself has been brought up to date and shows all broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries, and gives a distance finder. The map is enclosed in a more durable cover than our original, cheaper edition. Send 25¢ in stamps to Collier's, Radio Map Dept., 416 West 13th St., New York City.

How I Made Money in Wall Street

Continued from page 29

in the world am I to get $500?" I asked him.

"I'm sure I don't know," he answered coldly. "But unless you have that amount here before the market opens we'll have to sell your stock and close out your account."

"And I'll lose all I've put in?" I asked.

"Unfortunately, yes. You must expect these fluctuations in the market. Unless you are prepared to meet them you have no business buying on margin."

"But you advised me to buy that stock," I cried.

"I did not. We never advise the purchase of any stock. I simply told you of the possibilities of Iron Sulphite based on our analysis. Will you have that additional margin here?"

"I'll try," I said.

Could I afford to lose all I had put in? On the other hand, could I afford to put in more and perhaps lose that too? Would it be protecting my investment, or would it be throwing good money after bad? My conclusion was to try to raise another $500.

In Loan Shark's Clutches

A SCHEME occurred to me during that sleepless night which I proposed to try the next day. So early in the morning I called Mr. Mayflower and told him if he would give me a little time I'd have the money to him before the close of business. Fortunately Iron Sulphite was stronger than the day before and he agreed not to sell the stock unless it had a bad break.

My father's name is the same as mine. I took his automobile to one of the concerns which loan money on cars, claimed the ownership, and tried to get $750 on it. They finally gave me $500, charging me with $600—the extra hundred being for letting me have the money at all—and then charged me an excessive, and I believe illegal, rate of interest.

It appeared that my only salvation was for Iron Sulphite to go up. But it didn't seem that it would, so I asked Mr. Mayflower if there wasn't another stock that had a better chance—if it wouldn't be better to sell Iron Sulphite and buy something else.

"I can't suggest anything," he answered. "The market is depressed. The stock you have is as good as any. No one can tell what this market will do. Better sit tight."

It was one of those Black Fridays in the stock market. Practically every stock was under pressure. I saw it happening as I watched the board at noontime. I went back to the office with my knees shaking and there was a request to call Mr. Mayflower at once.

"We will have to have a thousand dollars right away," he said.

"You might as well ask me for a million," I said.

"Then I'll have to sell you out," he yelled at me. "And send you an accounting for the $200 you will owe us. Sulphite went down to $21 on the last sale."

"Sell me out then, you crook," I yelled back at him.

But on thinking it over, I saw that he was no more to blame than I.

Fortunately it was the week-end. First of all, I took an accounting of assets and liabilities. Assets were $0.00. Liabilities were $1,300. There was the $600 for the loan shark on the automobile, $500 for Dr. Strausburg and $200 for the broker.

For some reason I became easier in my mind than I had been for some time. It is something to know the worst is over. Being out of the market and not having the fearful uncertainty of stocks going down was a relief in itself.

Saturday was a half holiday, and wishing to be alone with my problem I took a subway to the end of the line and started to walk along the state road. That was one of the most fortunate things I ever did in my life.

The automobiles were so thick that I had a difficult time keeping out of the way, and when I came to an intersecting road which seemed quieter I was about ready to turn down that way when I noticed a filling station.

The one man in charge had his hands full taking care of his customers. I stood there watching him until business grew a bit slack and he turned to me and grinned, wiping the oily perspiration from his face.

"Some job," he said.

"Why don't you get a helper?"

"Well, there's only a big rush on Saturday afternoon and Sunday, not enough to keep two men busy all the time and it's hard to get anyone for the two heavy days."

"I'll take the job," I said.

"Good enough," he said and lent me a greasy suit.

I got $8 for Saturday afternoon and Sunday. On Monday I went to the office of my broker and they accepted my offer to pay off the $200 I owed them at the rate of $10 a week and interest. In about four months I would be clear of my indebtedness there.

But the thing that worried me most was the really crooked trick I had played on my father, and the greatest mental relief I've ever known came when I went to him and confessed what I had done. I told him the whole story.

He was pretty mad at first and hurt and disappointed. But after a while he took me up to his room and got out an old envelope filled with papers. Then he took out some handsomely engraved stock certificates.

"I thought it might make you feel better to know that you are not the only foolish one in the family," he said to me. "These represent the folly of my attempts to get rich quick."

That did make it easier and I made an agreement with Father to pay off the loan on his car and then let me pay him $10 a week and interest until I had cleared myself.

While working at the filling station I often heard motorists wishing for a good lunch stand. I investigated and found that there were no roadside lunch rooms, of an inviting nature at least, within a mile either way. There was a vacant space adjoining the filling station and I soon had put aside enough out of the extra $10 brought me by my raise in salary to pay part of the cost of building a very neat and attractive little place to serve food.

Sorely Tempted

THE girl I was engaged to marry but who had been ready to throw me over for my neglect of her joined me in this new venture, a success from the start.

Then it occurred to my girl and me that by proper management we could establish more lunch rooms adjacent to other filling stations. We waited until we were sure of the success of our first venture and then, instead of little more than a neat wooden shack, we had our lunch places designed and built to be as clean and inviting in appearance as the really handsome architectural design of the best filling stations.

We often found that the oil company controlling the filling stations also controlled the adjoining ground, and our negotiations for a lease of one piece of ground brought me an offer from the oil company to give me charge of a filling station. I refused and then the company offered to finance any filling stations I wished to establish, provided the location met with its approval.

Then I was sorely tempted to gamble just once more. One of the officials of the oil company with whom we were doing business told me confidentially that the stock in the company was due for a big increase. But I had vowed that I would never gamble in Wall Street again and I kept my vow. I saw that oil stock go up in price, saw where I *might* have made some money. Then came the fight of the governors of several states against the high retail price of oil, followed by a great overproduction of crude oil, and now I saw the same stock go tumbling back to where it was—and lower.

I had learned my lesson in Wall Street.

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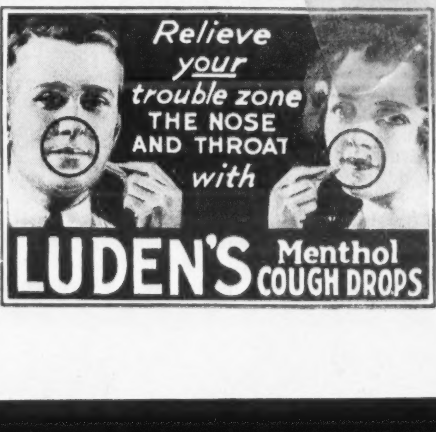

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

REMEMBER "Discouraged," who told how love had vanished from her marriage, and how, being childless, she had no object in life, although she was comfortably well off for material things? This is to let all the readers who addressed her in Collier's care know that their letters were sent to her. At the time of writing we ourselves have had no response from her.

The Too-Athletic Girl

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have just returned from a visit to California, where I have two nieces in a university. I hope I am not too old-fashioned, but I have become really alarmed at the extent to which sports are allowed to dominate the lives of our young girls. I tried to get some idea of the studies of my nieces, but they could or would talk of nothing but tennis, basketball, swimming, and even running and boxing. I believe in healthful exercise, but these girls (and I am told they are not exceptional) are going in for athletics to an extent that would tax the strength of men.

I can see with resignation if without pleasure the big feet and hands and the masculine shoulders which are characteristic of the young girl of today—but I believe that many of their sports must injure health in later life, even if the effects are not at once manifest.

As I understand it, many men who have won laurels as runners have died of heart failure in middle life. How much more injurious must overexertion be to women! That the girls look decidedly unfeminine when engaged in these sports is a minor detail.

(Miss) Vera Porter, Boston, Mass.

Miss Porter's letter takes us straight back to boyhood, when American golf and the Gibson Girl were new.

Dad's Dog Jep

To the Editor of Collier's:

Dad lived nearly twenty-five years on Swan Lake, in Montana. From the cabin on the west side of a bay to the east shore is about five hundred yards. There used to be no road to the head of the lake, simply a pony trail used mostly by Indians.

About 1902, from a trip to Big Fork, Dad brought back an English field-spaniel pup. From the first Jep showed the thoroughbred. He grew rapidly to about forty pounds, and at a year and a half, while as kindly as a kitten with his playmates, on the trail of game he was a wild beast. He would throw the largest buck and stop the biggest grizzly in that country, and they were plentiful twenty years ago.

One October day we were sitting in the cabin talking. The door was closed and Jep, near the stove, was apparently asleep. Suddenly he raised his head and gave a low growl. "Someone coming?" I asked. "No," said Dad, "probably some Indians on the trail." Sure enough, passing along the trail, fully five hundred yards away, was a string of Indians. As their ponies were unshod, and they in moccasins, Jep certainly could not have heard them, neither could I figure that it was his sense of smell. Often after that I noted the same thing happening.

Either Jep had unusual hearing, sight and smell or a "sixth sense." I have often wondered. His secret is with him, as he, like Dad, has passed.

"Lover of Good Dogs,"
Butte, Mont.

This interesting letter was inspired by "What Do You Know About Your Dog?" The existence of a real "sixth sense" in animals is by no means disproved, though its nature is not understood.

It Isn't Birnam Wood!

To the Editor of Collier's:

I sort of dislike protesting. But your issue of December 6th just deliberately gives away an Arizona possession of which we Arizonans are inclined to be proud. You refer in an editorial to "the Kaibab National Forest in Utah." The Kaibab National Forest is wholly and entirely in Arizona, unless the official map of the Department of the Interior has it wrong.

Charles M. Morgan,
Phoenix, Ariz.

We don't wonder at Mr. Morgan's protesting, and we appreciate his doing it in such a friendly way.

He Men as Cooks

To the Editor of Collier's:

A man may cook a good meal and still be a good he man, as your correspondent Miss Crossways desires to call them. I don't like to be personal, but here goes: For a man of 136 pounds, I think a straight lift of 675 pounds is not so bad. I have done some lightweight boxing, made five "letters" in college athletics several years ago in five different sports, use a sword fairly well and received a "Pistol Marksman" badge from the Canadian army during the war. In addition I think I can give Miss Crossways some lessons in cooking over a coal stove or a campfire. I am proud of it and it has come in very handy.

Once in the Yosemite Valley I met John Muir, the naturalist. When we shook hands his grip made me wince, yet later I ate as fine a meal as I have ever sat down to, cooked by this grand old man. He told me of having learned to prepare one of the dishes from John Burroughs.

Finally, in the summer just before the war, I had the pleasure of eating a meal cooked by Colonel Roosevelt. And, more disgraceful, I saw him sew a button on his shirt.

Allen Drake Bacon,
Douglas, Ariz.

The Business Woman's Wardrobe

To the Editor of Collier's:

Your correspondent "Mother Goose" rouses my ire at her implied opinion that women as a class are stupid in not insisting that fashions in their clothes be standardized as much as men's are.

As long as the social status of women is such that most of them can look forward, or desire to look forward, to no other career than marriage, it seems to me that the greatest variety in clothes, which are so powerful a stimulus to the sex instinct, will not only be accepted by woman but demanded by her. Your real business woman doesn't change her style of dress any more than her male associates do. But to the average woman who is looking for a husband dress is one of the most important things in life, and a change in dress such as the styles bring is a welcome aid.

Variety in styles is as necessary to the women of to-day as variety in arguments to the advertisers, or variety in "stunts" to the press agents.

Bobby Reynolds,
Baltimore, Md.

"Your real business woman doesn't change her style of dress." Doesn't she? We "heard different."

Jackie as a Laborer

To the Editor of Collier's:

I agree that a child laborer is a child laborer, whether he acts, sings, plays chess or works at the cotton mill or coal chute. On the other hand, should a Jackie Coogan be covered by an ironclad rule made to cover the millions? There is a child who has already earned himself an independent fortune. Is it fair and broad-minded to take this away from him as an individual, with the odds all against his duplicating it in the future? It doesn't appear to me that he could be given a sounder basis for an education than he has had to date.

George R. Thompson,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Has somebody been threatening to take away Jackie's fortune? As to child labor, he's often mentioned and proves nothing either way.

Another Girl's Doubts

To the Editor of Collier's:

I wish you would get my message to "Girl in Doubt," whose letter (about her dilemma, Fundamentalism or Evolution) appeared in your magazine. I am nineteen, a high school graduate, and have been bothered by the same problem of belief as she has, since I have been old enough to think seriously of such a subject.

I am American-born, but my parents are orthodox Jews. My mind has been swayed between the way of their teaching and the teaching of science until my brain has been so troubled that I have been sick. I finally worked out a solution with which I am satisfied. It is this: Do nothing over which your conscience bothers you, treat your fellow man fairly and squarely, above all else believe in *a* God, no matter to what religion you belong.

Darwin's theory of evolution invites us to believe that man has descended or ascended from an ape. Suppose God put man upon earth in the form of a male ape and then created a female ape. We may then believe both theories to be right, the Biblical and the scientific.

"A Believer," Port Chester, N. Y.

Collier's admires "A Believer's" solution, stated in her second paragraph, but is sorry to find her sharing the delusion, drearily reiterated by Mr. Bryan and others, that "Darwin's theory" is that man has descended from an ape.

He's Right About Jackknives

To the Editor of Collier's:

Thad Singleton, who wrote you of his disgust with the steel in present-day jackknives, wrote a mouthful! If others will make the same kick, far and wide, the jackknives will improve. There's nothing in tool steel processes to hinder their being just as good as ever. Manufacturers can get away with an inferior product—and that's all.

"Outdoor Man," Adrian, Mich.

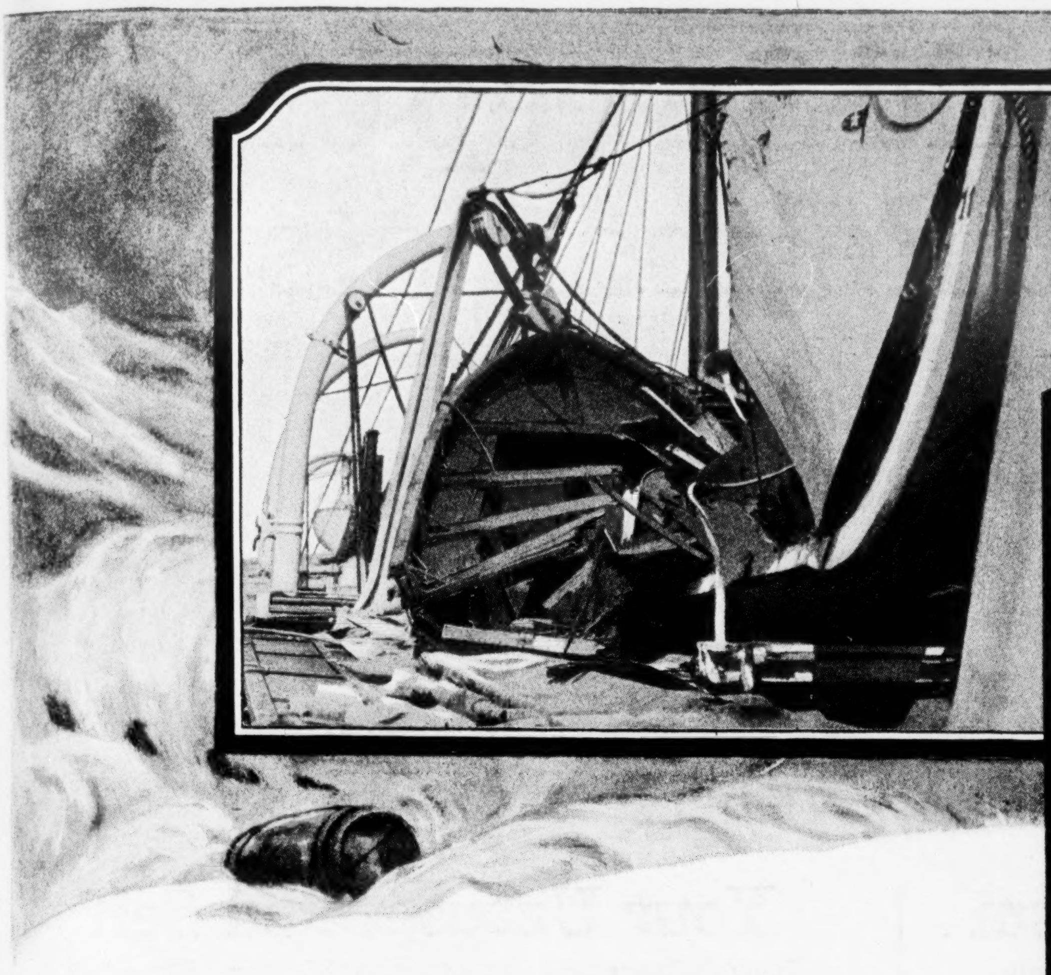
Small-Fry Autobiographers

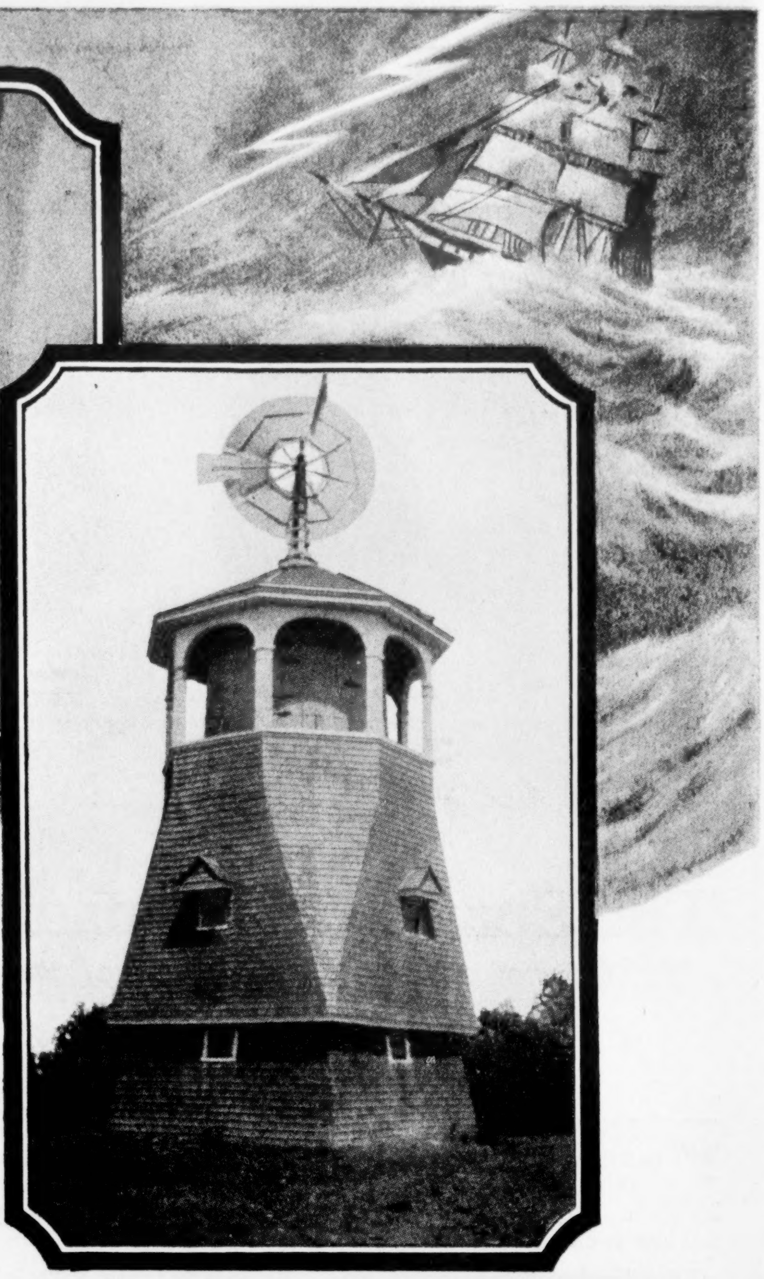
To the Editor of Collier's:

In a little more than a month I shall, if I live, have completed my eighth decade. I have lived a long life, and have yet to meet the person who is unimportant. Since reading a letter you have published, about less-than-great autobiographers, I have recalled some truly important people with whose autobiographies or biographies we have been more or less familiar. There are thousands of good women doing duty all over the country, settled perhaps on farms, bringing up families. Perfectly unimportant. But would not the intimate, personal diary of one of these go far toward removing the bad taste left in the mouth by the astonishingly frank autobiographies of some occupying the very highest positions?

"Reader," San Francisco, Cal.

It's an alluring idea—to us not so much for any value in "removing the bad taste" as because the complete and utterly sincere diary of anybody over forty—a garbage man, if you like, setting forth all that had happened in his life and all he had thought and felt, would be one of the world's great books; and the more "unimportant" the diarist the better. Unluckily, few people have real powers of expression, and even those who have share the common difficulty of writers in being sincere about themselves on paper.





They Stand the Gaff

ON August 26th last a hurricane of unrivalled severity swept the Atlantic Coast from Florida to Maine. Windows were blown in and roofs blown off. Great liners at sea did not escape. The lifeboat pictured above, on the upper deck of the S. S. Arabic, fifty feet from the water line, was wrecked by the huge seas which piled aboard.

On a high bluff overlooking the Atlantic, near Duxbury, Mass., stands an old windmill which felt the full strength of the storm. It trembled from top to bottom, under the assault, but it was damaged neither without nor within—largely because the Ruberoid Shingles with which it is roofed stood the gaff. Not one of them budged from its place. Not one curled or buckled.

Ruberoid Products always do stand the gaff. They are designed to meet unusual conditions successfully. The universal approval which they have enjoyed for over a generation is due primarily to this fact. On many a roof, Ruberoid Products have given *over* thirty years of continuous service. In Ruberoid Shingles and Roofing you get that ideal combination—high quality *plus* good looks. A Ruberoid roof is always an attractive roof.

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Lucas Malet

Daughter of Charles Kingsley and Author of "The Gateless Barrier," etc.

"The objects of PELMANISM are Initiative, Accuracy, Liveliness of Apprehension and of Thought, Mental Fearlessness and Hospitality to New Ideas."

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"PELMANISM ought to be the beginning of education."

Wm. Robertson Nicoll

Late Editor of The British Weekly

"PELMANISM is vindicated handsomely, in my view, by the astonishing record of its performances."

General Sir Robert Baden Powell

Head of the Boy Scout Movement

"The PELMAN system is not cram or trick, but a scientific method of training."

The Spread of Pelmanism

The Story of a Great Movement that Compels the Interest of Forward Looking Men and Women

By B. C. McCULLOCH

PELMANISM has made a record of 650,000 successes both in England and America. No new idea has ever had such a thorough testing.

Pelmanism is not a theory but a practice. For twenty years it has been teaching people how to develop and strengthen their known powers and how to discover and train their latent mental abilities.

I first heard of Pelmanism during a London visit in 1919. Pages of the newspapers and magazines were devoted to Pelmanism, and "Are you a Pelmanist?" was a common question.

Men and women in every walk of life—lords and ladies, cooks and clerks, generals, admirals, doctors, lawyers, business men—all were Pelmanizing. Heads of great commercial firms were enrolling their entire staffs in the cause of greater efficiency.

Pelmanism goes deep down beneath the surface emotions and buries its roots in the very centers of individual consciousness, for Pelmanism can and does strengthen ambition, self-reliance, will power, concentration, judgment and memory.

Pelmanism Develops the Mind Behind Memory

Twenty years ago Pelmanism was a simple memory training system. Today it scientifically trains and exercises ALL the mental powers instead of one function of the mind.

Pelmanism today develops mind as surely as a physical trainer develops muscle. It is a new practical application of truths as old as the history of the world. It substitutes head work for guess work. It puts science in harness for the doing of every day work.

Pelmanism develops individual (mark that) mentality to its highest power. It recognizes the interdependence of all mental faculties and trains them together. It corrects bad habits, and emphasizes the importance of personality and character in the development of mental activity.

Pelmanism gives the mind a gymnasium to work in. It prescribes the training scientifically and skilled educators superintend the work.

The Art of "Get There"

Science is the knowledge of truth. Pelmanism, the science, teaches the art of "Getting there" quickly, surely, finely, not just for men, but for women.

Woman in the home as well as in business has her ambitions and her perplexities. Followed honestly, Pelmanism will help solve woman's problems and aid her to realize her ambitions.

Never forget that there is no such thing as "standing still." Either you go forward or you drop back.

America needs Pelmanism as much as England needed it. There are too many men who are "old at forty"; too many people who complain about their "luck" when they fail; too many people without ambition or who have "lost their nerve"; too many "job cowards" living under the daily fear of being "fired."

Increased Incomes

Talk of quick and large salary increases suggests quackery, but in London, at Pelman House, I saw bundles of letters telling how Pelmanism had increased earning capacity from 20 to 200 per cent. And why not? Increased efficiency is worth more money.

But Pelmanism is bigger than that. After all, life is for living. Money is merely an aid to that end. Money without capacity for enjoyment is worthless. Pelmanism makes for a richer, more wholesome and more interesting life.

Too many people are mentally lopsided, knowing just one thing, or taking interest in only one thing. Of all living creatures they are the most deadly. I have seen eminent scholars who were the dullest of talkers; successful business men who knew nothing of literature, art or music; people of achievement sitting tongue-tied in a crowd while some fool held the floor; masters of industry ignorant of every social value; workers whose lives were drab because they did not know how to put color in them, and I have heard men and women of real intelligence forced to rely on anecdotes to keep up a conversation.

The emphasis of Pelmanism is on a complete personality. It does away with lopsided developments. It points the way to cultural values as well as to material success. It opens the window of the mind to the voices of the world; it puts the stored wealth of memory at the service of the tongue; it burns away the stupid diffidences by developing self-realization and self-expression.

Your Unsuspected Self

How Pelmanism Brings the Hidden, Sleeping Qualities Into Full Development and Dynamic Action

ARE you the man or woman you ought to be?

Beneath the Self of which you are conscious there is hidden an unsuspected Self, a thing of sleeping strength and infinite possibilities. That Self is the man or woman you ought to be.

It is this unsuspected Self that occasionally rises uppermost in some crisis of life and makes you go in and win. And then you say, wonderingly: "How strange! I didn't think I had it in me."

Let that Self be always uppermost. Resolve to be always the man you ought to be!

Discover Yourself

Search through all the muddle and chaos of wrong thinking, of doubt and self-distrust, and find those fine qualities, those powerful potentialities, all those slumbering talents which every one of us possesses.

Developed and used, they will lift you from the valley of vain wishing to the hill tops of achievement. The human mind, freed from slavery of slothful habits and trained to strength by proper exercises, has the drive of a mighty machine. It takes no account of obstacles; it refuses to be stopped by barriers.

Destiny or Decision

These statements are not advanced as empty speculation, but are stated as facts; facts that have behind them the testimony of more than 650,000 men and women who have studied Pelmanism, that science of Self-Realization which bids fair to revolutionize our conception of "Destiny" and Possibility.

Thus it is that one student says:

"When I think of what I was a year ago, it does not seem as if I am the same person."

"I have got into a position that I could never have managed a few months ago; in fact, I can hardly believe that this new self is really me, myself," says another.

Clearing the Fog

The minds of many men are veiled by a fog of misunderstanding. They think in a circle haphazardly—vaguely. They wander in the twilight of doubt. Pelmanism clears the fog. It changes doubt to certainty, misdirection to direction, guessing to knowledge.

Whether you measure Pelmanism by the standards of practical cash-bringing results, increased mental and moral strength, or every day happiness, it cannot fail to satisfy you.

The truth of this claim is proved by the books of the Pelman Institute of America. A study of enrollments shows that every part of this continent has its growing group of Pelmanists, and that the list includes every field of human endeavor. The home, the shop, the farm, the bank, the store, the factory, the bench and the bar, the office, all have their representatives, and the letters show that this great system of mental training comes as an answer to a tremendous need.

How to Become a Pelmanist

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the booklet which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and incisive observation. It has benefits of its own that will make the reader keep it.

In its pages will be found the comment and experience of men and women of every trade, profession and calling, telling how Pelmanism works—the observations of scientists with respect to such vital questions as age, sex and circumstance in their bearing on success—"stories from the life" and brilliant little essays on personality, opportunity, etc.—all drawn from facts. So great has been the demand that "Scientific Mind Training" has already gone into a third edition of 100,000.

Your copy is ready for you. Immediately upon receipt of your request it will be mailed to you absolutely free of charge and free of any obligation. No salesman will call upon you. Send for "Scientific Mind Training" now. Don't "put off." Fill in coupon at once and mail it to

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(All correspondence strictly confidential.)